May 30, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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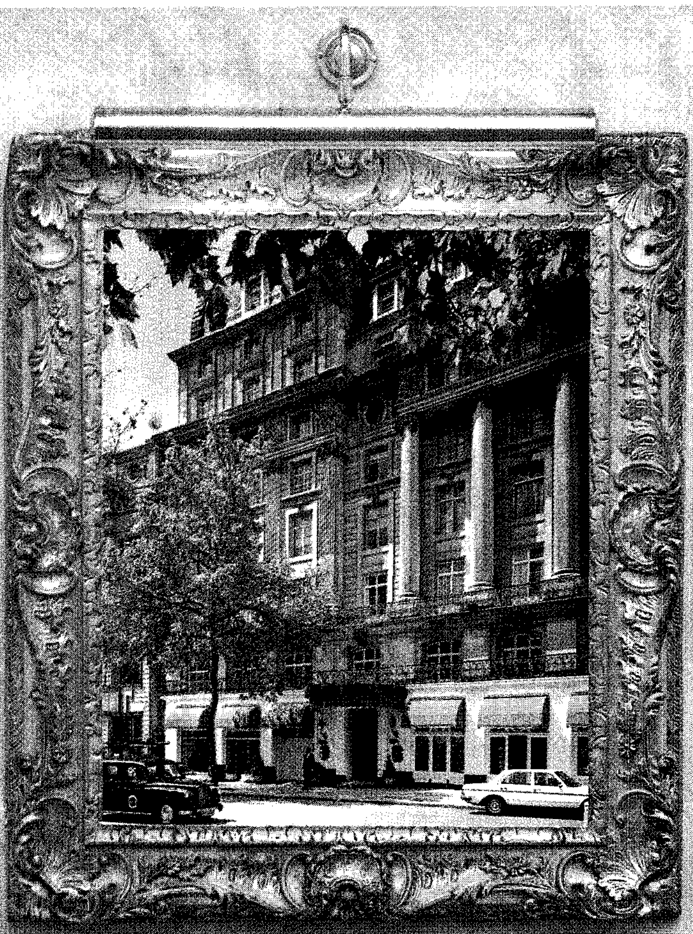

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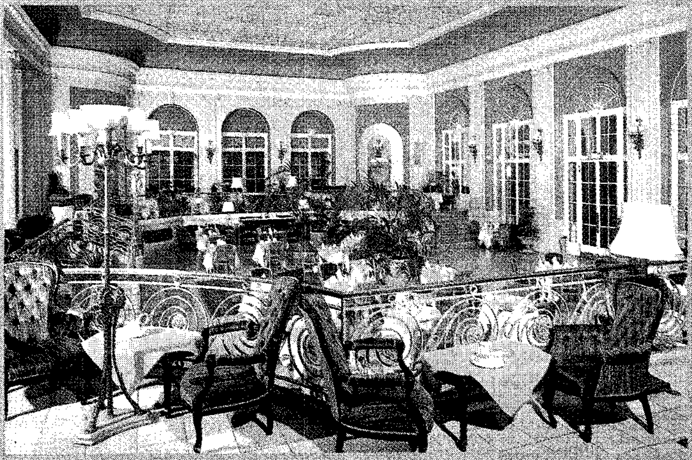

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THE NEW YORKER

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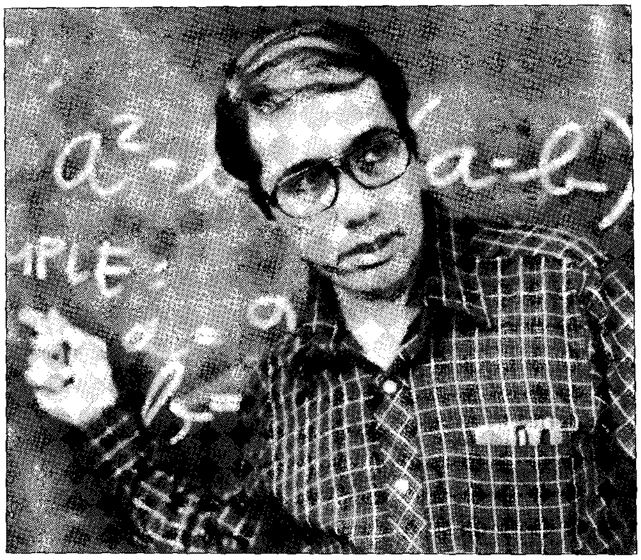

Edward James Olmos portraying Jaime Escalante in "Stand and Deliver."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boys' Life—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting cast includes Jonathan Hogan and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, May 30, at 8. Closes Saturday, June 4.)

Chess—This noisy rock musical is a British import about an international chess match between a bad-tempered American and a more equable Russian, who falls in love with the American's beautiful second. There is a lot of plot, but beyond the hyperactivity and the electronic blare there is also life on the stage. Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff give splendid performances in the leading roles. Trevor Nunn directed the American company. (5/9/88) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

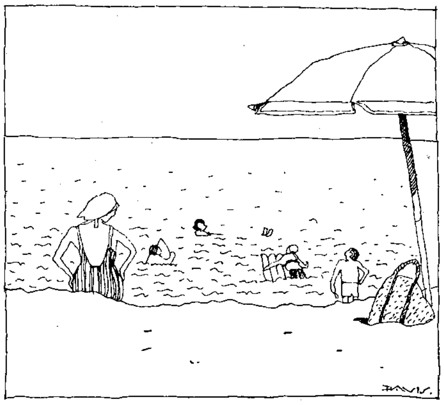
Equity Library Theatre—Vincent Youmans' 1925 musical **no, no, nanette** is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Foreclosure—A play written and directed by Bradford Riley. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Directed by Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Grandma Plays—A comedy by Todd Graff. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny —sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashâd and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—The much-talked-about vehicle for Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson is not, as one might have been led to expect from the adverse publicity, giggle-makingly bad, merely uniformly and numbingly boring. No one (least of all Shakespeare) is well served by the production, which received "original direction" from Kenneth Frankel, "additional direction" from Zoe Caldwell, and uncredited direction from Robin Phillips. (5/9/88) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mrs. Dally Has a Lover—A full-length production of a revised 1962 play by William Hanley. With Judith Ivey, Ron Orbach, and Jason Gedrick. Preview Monday, May 23. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 24. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Monday through Friday, May 23-27, and Wednesday, June 1, at 8. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun —if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohenour substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinée performances. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romeo and Juliet—Peter MacNicol and Cynthia Nixon head a cast that also includes Anne Meara, Milo O'Shea, and Courtney B. Vance. Les Waters is the director. Opens Tuesday, May 24. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—A new play by Michael Weller. The cast, which includes Kate Nelligan, Larry Bryggman, and Christopher Collet, is directed by Austin Pendleton. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-6215. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunday, May 29, at 3, and Wednesday, June 1, at 2.)

Three Ways Home—Mary McDonnell, S. Epatha Merkerson, and Malcolm-Jamal Warner in a play by Casey Kurtti. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wonder Years—A musical with a score and lyrics by David Levy and a book by Mr. Levy, David Holdgrive, Steve Liebman, and Terry LaBolt. Preview Tuesday, May 24. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 25, at 7. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently had its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. Starting Monday, May 30, Tim Shew replaces Mr. Morris. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 30, at 2:30.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wise-cracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Le Cirque du Soleil—A circus from Montreal, in its first appearance here. (Battery Park City. Wednesday, May 25, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, May 26-27, at 8; Saturday, May 28, at 4:30 and 8; Sunday and Monday, May 29-30, at 1 and 4:30; and Wednesday, June 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 344-5910. Through Sunday, June 5.)

Michael Feinstein in Concert—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs *and* their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated—a must for lovers of show tunes and the people who wrote them. (5/9/88) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Kaye Ballard: Working 42nd Street at Last!—Miss Ballard, with her accompanists Arthur Siegel, piano, and Miss Faun, cello. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tammy Grimes: A Concert in Words and Music—A one-woman show. Opens Tuesday, May 24, and will run through Sunday, June 5. (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday and Sunday at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

Ten Percent Revue—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Bittersuite: One More Time—A pleasant revue of songs about middle age by Elliott Weiss (music) and Michael Champagne (lyrics). (Palsson's Supper Club, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tuesday evening, May 24: "Bugaku," "Ives, Songs," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 25: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 26: "Square Dance," "Baroque Variations," "The Chairman Dances," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 27: "Chaconne," "Ives, Songs," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 28: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 28: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Ecstatic Orange," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 29: "Bugaku," "Ives, Songs," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 31: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Square Dance," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday, June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 23-24; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 25; and Thursday evening, May 26: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 27; Saturday matinée and evening, May 28; and Monday eve-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DANCE–Cont'd

ning, May 30: "La Bayadère" (with guest artists Altynai Assylmuratova and Farukh Ruzimatov, of the Kirov Ballet, on the evenings of May 28 and May 30). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 31: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" (première), and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 1: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," "Dark Elegies," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Les Sylphides," "Gala Performance," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Sydney Dance Company—A two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 5. Tuesday, May 24, at 7, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, at 8: "Shining" (New York première). . . . ¶ Friday, May 27, at 8; Saturday, May 28, at 2 and 8; Sunday, May 29, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, at 8: "After Venice." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Armitage Ballet—A two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 5; the single program consists of the New York premières of "Duck Dance, Crucifixus, Oh My God," "Last Gone Dance," and "Kammerdisco." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, May 24, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, May 25-28, at 8; Sunday, May 29, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, at 8.)

"Then and Now"—A program of works choreographed by Jane Dudley and performed by a ten-member company: "Harmonica Breakdown" (1938), "The Lonely Ones" (1946), "Paying My Dues" (1983), "The Bird as Prophet" (1983), and the premières of "At Daybreak" and "Island." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Friday, May 25-27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 877-3399.)

Harold Nicholas and Cristobal Reyes—A tap dancer and a flamenco dancer. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Jim Self—With Daniel Peters, in "Crankhouse," a full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, May 26-28, at 8, and Sunday, May 29, at 3. Through Sunday, June 5.)

Annabelle Gamson / Dance Solos—A company of solo performers. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday, May 27, at 8, and Sunday, May 29, at 5. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1			

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** a one-man, two-woman vocal trio, sing and patter in close harmony in the woody nook known as the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **JAY LEONHART,** a bassist who doubles as a singer (when he's not backing up singers such as Mel Tormé and Peggy Lee), performs some of his own songs (about watching a man try to trash a money-eating pay phone, about the trouble bassists have trying to sing) with pianist **MIKE RENZI** at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. **KAREN AKERS,** a singer all cool and refined, will be here at nine Tuesday through Thursday, May 24-26, and at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday, May 27-28.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. **MAYNARD FERGUSON,** a trumpeter once celebrated for his upper-register tooting, will be here with his big band Tuesday through Sunday, May 24-29. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue-pillared room that seats four hundred. **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON,** a country-rock singer when he isn't busy being a leading man, performs on Monday, May 23; Kathy Mattea, one of Nashville's new country misses, sings on Tuesday, May 24; Mike's Talent Show, an echt-Manhattan variety show that is emceed by a performance artist pretending to be an unhip person named Mike and which features writers, drag artists, ventriloquists, joke tellers, and assorted others, will be here on Wednesday, May 25; the **DYNATONES,** a pretty fair white R. & B. band, perform on Thursday, May 26; and **NRBQ,** a long-running any-kind-of-pop-music-you-can-think-of outfit, comes in on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that once featured first-rate piano-bass teams and tireless conversationalists and that now features (in addition to the above) Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** a pianist with a lavish, million-note style, works with bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, May 28. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

I. VanRynbach

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **BENNY CARTER,** who just turned eighty and whose alto-saxophone playing remains a model of old-time grace, will be here with a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, May 24-29. **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the baritone voice of the avant-roadhouse World Saxophone Quartet, directs a big band on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT,** fave rave of the haut monde and much admired in circles less haut, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO,** a flower of the bossa-nova movement, sings in her soft, low, modest voice in this red-velvet-and-mirror-walled music box every night but Monday, when guitarist and guitar-maker **LES PAUL** is on duty. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—are here, under a greenhouse roof giving on to some prime midtown airspace. **ROLAND HANNA,** the youngest of the four choice pianists to emerge from Detroit in the forties and fifties (Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, and Barry Harris are the others) and probably the most romantic of the bunch, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **DICK HYMAN,** who has Jelly Roll Morton and James P. Johnson and a library of pop songs at his fingertips, will be on the piano bench on Monday, May 23. The rest of the lineup: Tuesdays, May 24 and 31, pianist-singer Virg Dzurinko; Wednesday, May 25, drummer Bob Paterson's quartet; Thursday, May 26, guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, May 27, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** band; and Saturday, May 28, singer Randa McNamara's band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 29-30.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room tailor-made for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. The singers: K. T. Sullivan on Monday, May 23; Mark Coffin on Tuesday, May 24; **NANCY REED** on Wednesday, May 25; **BARBARA LEA** on Thursday, May 26; and **JUDY KRESTON** on Saturday, May 28. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 29-30.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **LOU LEVY,** a bop-rooted pianist known for his work behind Ella Fitzgerald (he can be heard on "Ella in Rome," a live 1958 recording released this spring) and other singers, works with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. Vibraharpist **KARL BERGER** leads a group on Monday, May 23; a quartet that features alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE** has the floor on Wednesday, May 25; and **ALEX CHILTON,** whom oldsters may remember as the Box Tops' lead singer (he was sixteen when he sang "The Letter") and whom young folks

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

know as a sloppy-cool garage-rock kind of guy with a taste for lounge corn (he does "Volare"), will be around Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29. Music after nine. Closed Monday and Tuesday, May 30-31.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. The schedule: Monday, May 23, the 'Nuff Brothers; Tuesday, May 24, **LONNIE MACK;** Wednesday, May 25, **DR. JOHN** and **KRISTI ROSE & THE MIDNIGHT WALKERS;** Friday, May 27, and Sunday, May 29, **LEVON HELM;** and Saturday, May 28, New Orleans soul singer **IRMA THOMAS.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. Paul Cacia, a West Coast trumpeter who passed through Stan Kenton's organization in the seventies, directs a big band called, ominously, the New Age Jazz Orchestra, in a tribute to his departed leader. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Jazz and jazz-enriched music (jazz-rock, Latin jazz, jazz-funk) to eat and drink by. **ART BLAKEY,** the drummer and leader of bang-up hard-bop groups, will be here with his young followers on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

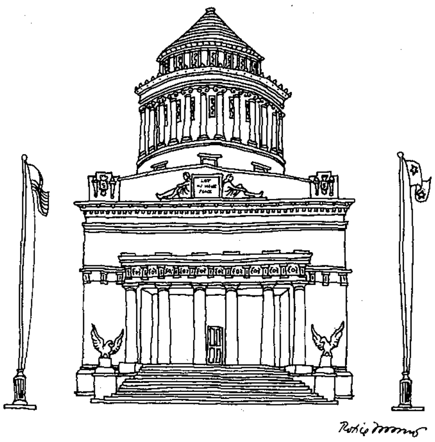
Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the present moment—and occasionally of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. **ALLEN TOUSSAINT,** long a leading light of New Orleans R. & B., performs on Thursday, May 26; Friday, May 27, belongs to some hard-core/heavy-metal people, and Saturday, May 28, to a bunch of reggae bands; on Sunday, May 29, **KASSAV,** a Paris-based ensemble that plays a French-Caribbean brand of dance music called "zouk," will be here. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Tuesday, May 24, **FOUR STARS,** a Zairian pop band; Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, Paulo Moura's Brazilian jazz quartet, with Zézé Motta; Friday, May 27, **TABOU COMBO,** a Haitian dance band; Saturday, May 28, **MIKATA;** and Sunday, May 29, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from nine on Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. **ROD MAC DONALD,** a Village folkie with a pleasant tenor and some serious things to say about the Bomb and the Establishment and Modern Romance, will be here on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, along with Shawn Colvin, whose musings tend to be set (as she puts it) on "the dark side of the romantic street." Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist who leaves few notes untouched while turning out his patented masses of sound, will be here with his trio Tuesday through Sunday, May 24-29; **TERUMASA HINO,** a Japanese trumpeter and cornettist, brings in a quintet on Tuesday, May 31. Music from ten. Dining.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1			

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country band, call this place home on Mondays. **NED SUBLETTE,** a New Mexican turned New Yorker who's done a little of this (performance art) and a little of that (a record of genuine cowboy songs), is here with his band on Wednesday, May 25. **OTIS RUSH,** a blues picker from the word "go," performs Friday through Sunday, May 27-29. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A bi-level operation. In the downstairs room, which is as big and unbeautiful as a mess hall, **ALBERT KING,** an old hand at the blues, plays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, and at eight and ten on Sunday, May 29. Mondays are Latin-jazz nights. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **BILL MAYS** works with guitarist Peter Sprague Tuesday through Sunday, May 24-29, and with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** starting Tuesday, May 31. On Tuesdays the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Fridays through Sundays from six until ten, the piano is in **PATTI BOWN'S** eccentric and entertaining hands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **RAY ANDERSON,** a trombonist with a bustling, unquiet style who spent some time in the lofts of the avant-garde before turning toward the mainstream, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, May 24-29; **FRANK MORGAN,** a fifty-four-year-old alto saxophonist who fell under the spell of Charlie Parker early in his career, dropped out of sight for nearly thirty years, and re-surfaced as a bebopper with soul and wings, moves in with his quartet on Tuesday, May 31. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding de-constructionist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. **MAURA ELLYN** sings with a quartet Tuesday and Wednesday, May 24-25; Jeff Segal & Second Sight, a local hard-bop outfit, work out Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** share ideas nightly, except Sunday and Monday, May 29-30, when everybody takes a holiday. Music from eight.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Julio Iglesias—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Monday, May 23, and Thursday through Sunday, May 26-29, at 8.

Belinda Carlisle—With Bourgeois Tagg. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Tribute to Cab Calloway—With Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Carter, Kid Creole & the Coconuts, Panama Francis, Mr. Calloway and his orchestra, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday and Friday, May 26-27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Memorial Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Frank W. Benson (1862-1951)—Impressionist plein-air paintings of the artist's children and grandchildren at their summer residence in Maine. Through June 11. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Jacobo Borges—New paintings in which a central figure is surrounded by blurred, pale apparitions. Through June 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

John Constable (1776-1837)—Over a hundred paintings and works on paper. Through June 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Delvaux and René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings and drawings by these Belgian Surrealists. Through June 18. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—Recent stylized still-lifes, portraits, and imaginary tableaux by an artist who combines conté crayons, colored pencils, and pastels in his drawings. Through June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

James Gillray (1756-1815) **and Honoré Daumier** (1808-79)—Graphics by two caricaturists. Through June 6. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

Aharon Gluska—A three-gallery show of new nonobjective paintings on paper and on canvas. Through Saturday, May 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon. . . . ¶ Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Jane Kaplowitz—New drawings. Through June 11. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joel Corcos Levy—Many small oils of seascapes and bucolic landscapes on plywood, the surface of which has been primed to bring up the grain. Through June 4. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—New drawings. Through June 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Seccombe—An installation, plus maquettes. Through Saturday, May 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Antonio Segui—A recent series of gouaches that follows one of the artist's characters through a hectic, skyscraper-filled city. Through June 18. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil (1893-1984) / **Joan Thorne**—Paintings from the twenties and thirties by this American modernist. / Abstract paintings and pastels. Through June 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Works on paper. Through June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Recent sculptures in bronze and aluminum. Through June 24. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Drawings by Klee, Picasso, Matisse, Pollock, van Gogh, and others. Through Thursday, May 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **castelli graphics,** 4 E. 77th St.: Prints by Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Eve Sonneman, Roy Lichtenstein, Ellsworth Kelly, and others in an exhibit mounted in memory of Toiny Castelli. Through June 15.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Luis Cruz Azaceta—New paintings on unstretched canvases, including "Life Is a Series of Holes" and "Latin American Victims of Dictators, Oppression, Torture, and Murder." Through Saturday, May 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro—Seven abstract sculptures in waxed steel which were composed with the temple of Zeus at Olympia in mind. Through June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leonora Carrington—Recent paintings and works on paper by a Surrealist. Through June 4. (Brewster, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Duff / William Baziotes (1912-63)—Painted fibreglass wall sculptures by an artist whose repertoire includes oblate forms and spirals. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, May 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56)—Colorful geometric abstractions of fragmented objects and vistas. Through June 10. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Sculptures by this husband and wife, many inspired by the animal kingdom—a hippopotamus that is also a bathtub, for instance, and a crocodile that is also a chair. Through June 30. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Landau—New works on paper. Through June 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Julio Larraz—New realist paintings. Through June 4. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—New bronzes. Through June 25. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Harry Orlyk—Overcast skies and weathered farmhouses in upstate New York are the subjects of these new paintings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gabor Peterdi / Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Paintings. / Nonobjective works on paper. Through Saturday, May 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through June 17. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

François Rouan—Encaustic paintings and drawings. Through June 4. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Sculptures, including a twenty-six-foot-long urban tableau entitled "The Street." Through June 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tony Siani—A two-gallery show of mixed-medium reliefs. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 14. . . . ¶ 48 Laight Street Gallery. Opens at 1 Thursdays through Saturdays. Through June 11.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 28. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Lush paintings of amorphous figures. Through June 18. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Line drawings. Through Friday, May 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Silk screens the artist made from F.B.I. Most Wanted posters. Through June 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.) . . . ¶ Early works in various mediums. Through July 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

William Wegman—New paintings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints by the American modernists Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, Marguerite Zorach, Max Weber, and others. Through June 3. . . . **galerie lelong,** 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Halley, Sherrie Levine, and Christopher Wool, among others. Through June 4. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Wood reliefs by Bernard Langlais, paintings in mixed mediums by Charles McGill, and egg-tempera works by Abby Shahn. Through June 24. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Geometric abstractions dating from the thirties to 1960, including paintings by Eleanor de Laittre, Charles G. Shaw, and others, and a sculpture by Sidney Gordin. Through June 8. . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by the Nouveaux Réalistes, including Yves Klein, Niki de Saint-Phalle, and Gérard Deschamps. Through July 8.

Sculpture—Works by Richard Artschwager, Richard Deacon, Luciano Fabro, Claes Oldenburg, Giuseppe Penone, and Richard Serra. Through July 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Ambrose—Sculptures in various mediums by an artist who reduces hearts, torsos, and feet to blocklike forms. Through June 25. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

John M. Armleder—Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Eric Bainbridge—Sculptures in mixed mediums. Through June 25. (Ala, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

Howard Ben Tré—Abstract cast-glass sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Boyd—Paintings, several of them inspired by French Gothic cathedrals. Through June 4. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Toby Buonagurio—Bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through June 18. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

James Coignard—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 28. (Nahan, 380 West Broadway. Open daily.)

Xavier Corberó—Half a chess set carved in basalt. The queen is about ten feet tall. Through June 11. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Denise Corley / Betti-Sue Hertz—Self-portraits dating from 1977 to the present. / New works by an artist who juxtaposes painted wall sculptures with Cibachromes of Puerto Rican folk architecture found in New York City. Through June 4. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Dorothy Dehner—Early surreal drawings, plus sculptures—one is a nine-foot brushed-steel work entitled "Fist." Through Saturday, May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Christian Eckart—Constructions incorporating sections of doors, moldings, and picture frames. Through Saturday, May 28. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Eric Fischl—Figurative paintings. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

General Idea—A series of paintings based on Robert Indiana's "Love," in which "AIDS" has replaced "Love." Through June 4. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Mary Gillis—Pastel abstractions on gessoed linen. Through June 11. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

DeWitt Godfrey—Large-scale sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Don Gummer—Large-scale freestanding wood sculptures. Through June 11. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

David Hare—Paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

John Hultberg—A retrospective of paintings. Through June 11. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Brian Yoshimi Isobe—Paintings and works on paper. Through June 7. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Andrew Jansons—Densely painted abstractions. Through Saturday, May 28. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Ilya Kabakov—For his first exhibition in the United States, this Russian artist has transformed the Feldman gallery into living quarters for ten fictitious tenants—one of them has built a catapult to launch himself into space, and another has never thrown anything away. Through June 4. (31 Mercer St.)

Laurie Kaplowitz—Paintings of sketchy female nudes surrounded by wide, scratched borders. Through June 8. (Haller, 415 West Broadway.)

Pat Lasch—Cakes, hearts, and female figures cast in bronze, silver, or gold. Through June 4. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt / Alice Aycock—Large geometric painted wood constructions. / Drawings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Chris Macdonald—Recent wood sculptures and works on paper. Through June 4. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

David Mach—An installation involving fifteen tons of magazines, a cast-iron bathtub, and a stuffed zebra. Through June 11. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Matta—Early paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, May 28. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Henri Michaux (1899-1984)—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Markus Raetz—Works in various mediums. Through June 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. A larger show is currently on view at The New Museum.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Collages inspired by the movie poster for "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a 1959 documentary about New Guinea. Through Saturday, May 28. (Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. Opens at 1.)

Jane Schneider—A series of wood sculptures of a mythical menagerie. Through June 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Hunt Slonem and David LaChapelle—Saints from Eastern and Western religions are depicted

SPEEDWAY
THUNDERBOLT
GOLDMINE
MOTORBOATS
SHOOT
LASZLO

ART—Cont'd

in paintings by the former and in Cibachromes by the latter. Through June 18. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

Michele Stuart—Paintings. Through Saturday, May 28. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—New paintings; in several of them a bowl of fruit hovers vividly in the foreground while scenes of dancing or conversation take place in a golden light behind it. Through June 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Taro Suzuki—New sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Meg Webster—Three sculptural works centered on earth, water, and steel. Through Saturday, May 28. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Phyllis Wiener / Richard S. Rothschild—Constructions. / Wood sculptures. Through Saturday, May 28. (Pindar, 127 Greene St.)

Gilberto Zorio—New sculptures in various mediums. Through June 4. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Zush—Works on paper in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, May 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Sculptures by Carl Andre, Donald Judd, and Tony Smith. Through June 4. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Jean-Michel Basquiat—Paintings and works on paper. Through June 11. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Zachary Ehrenreich—Dark, atmospheric paintings; in one, the Williamsburg Bridge hangs in the distance as two men play chess at the edge of the East River. Through June 14. (Neo Persona, 51 Hudson St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Grass—Recent paintings. Through June 25. (Braathen, 33 Bleecker St., at Lafayette St.)

Yukimura S. Konishi—Two shows of abstract works presented by the Humphrey gallery: oils at 37 E. 7th St., and collages at 242 E. 5th St. Through June 19. (Both places open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Kevin Larmon—New paintings. Through Sunday, May 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Russell Sharon—Life-size painted wood figures, some doing handstands. Through Sunday, May 29. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Paul Thek—Paintings and drawings. Through June 5. (Mokotoff, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Grands Projets—A show promoting nine Parisian architectural projects. Included are drawings, models, and photographs of I. M. Pei's addition to the Louvre and of the Great Arch of La Défense, by Johan Otto von Spreckelsen. Through July 3. (U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

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Group Show—Works in various mediums by Pat Steir, Matt Mullican, and Alan Charlton. Through July 2. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)—Photographs taken for industrial clients and for *Fortune* and *Life*. Through June 4. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

René Burri—A two-gallery show of photographs on subjects ranging from the space program to the Middle East. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Through June 11. Opens at noon. . . . ¶ Swiss Institute, 35 W. 67th St. Through Sunday, May 29. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Nan Goldin—Raw, candid photographs concerned with both the expression and the repression of sexual identity. Through June 17. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Gerald Incandela—Photographs of figures by an artist who alters his prints with a brush as he develops them. Through Saturday, May 28. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs, including prints of European Gypsies and country people and of the 1968 Prague uprising. Through July 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Neil Maurer / Lois Conner—Photographs of white objects in a white room. / The artist's platinum prints of Chinese landscapes were the source of these eighteen photogravures printed by Thomas Platt Palmer. Through June 30. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Lisette Model (1906–83)—Early prints that include views of New York and Paris. Through June 11. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Hope Sandrow—Large-scale photographs in which figures are often distorted. Through June 5. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rosalind Solomon—Seventy-five large-scale works, collectively titled "Portraits in the Time of AIDS." Through July 1. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jan Staller—Recent photographs, often of piles of rock or refuse. Through Saturday, May 28. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a retrospective of his work; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Six capacious galleries devoted to the collections of ancient Chinese art will open on Saturday, May 28; among the highlights will be an enormous bronze tripod cauldron (sixth century B.C.), a standing figure of the Buddha of the Future (fifth century), and, on a smaller scale, some twenty jade and pottery objects on temporary loan from the Shanghai Museum. . . . ¶ Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, gifts to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage. Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of work by Garry Winogrand (1928-84), a photographer who sought out crowds and documented them, snapshot style, on city streets, and at press conferences, peace rallies, zoos, and rodeos. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum in Basel. Through June 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through Sunday, May 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. . . . ¶ A show documenting the work of Gordon Matta-Clark (1943-78), who used abandoned buildings as sculptural material—cutting out arcs, circles, etc., and displaying leftover fragments in galleries. Through July 11. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

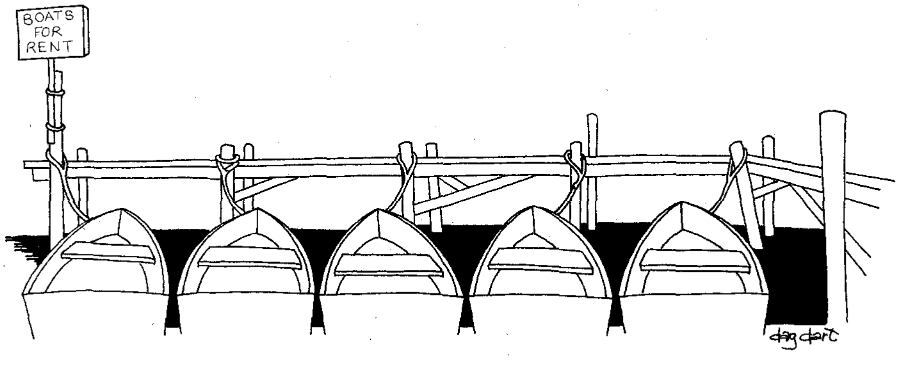
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members (Cynthia Ozick, James Dickey, Raymond Carver, John McPhee, and others) and by recipients of Academy-Institute awards, among them David Bottoms, Andrew Hudgins, Miriam Gideon, Louise Talma, and Alex Katz. Manuscripts, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs. Through June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There will be, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of neolithic Chinese jades—amulets and ceremonial objects—in a range of shades running from off-white to nearly black. Through June 18. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—This institution, built with stones from seven medieval buildings, opened fifty years ago this month and, to commemorate the event, has refurbished the Cloisters Treasury with some late-twentieth-century accessories—climate-controlled



cases, which hold the collections of ivories, metalwork, textiles, stained glass, manuscripts, and enamels. (Open daily, except Mondays, 9:30 to 5:15.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Works by two twentieth-century Japanese artists: Shiko Munakata, represented by, for instance, a series of hanging scrolls made of woodblock prints, and by an ink painting executed while he was on a visit to New York; and Kitaoji Rosanjin, whose ceramics based on traditional Japanese, Chinese, and Korean styles are on view. Through June 24. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the work of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Uffizi Gallery of Florence, repository of nearly thirteen hundred artists' self-portraits, has sent a selection of thirty—by Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carracci, Walter Crane, and others—in an exchange show with the National Academy, which sent a selection of its thirteen hundred self-portraits to Florence this spring. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show by the Swiss artist Markus Raetz: a large torso in rough-hewn wood, part of a series of figures he calls MiMis; seemingly random arrangements of such materials as eucalyptus leaves and twigs which become familiar images when viewed in adjacent mirrors or glass; and other works. Through July 10. A complementary exhibit is at Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Some of New York's architectural history is recounted in an exhibit that includes twelve views (in sketches, blueprints, and photographs) of Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building and five photographs of the demolition of the El station at Sixth Avenue between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection of English and American Literature is celebrating its jubilee with a show of a hundred and fifty of its prize manuscripts and books, among them a first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," the notebooks of Eliot and Auden, one of Virginia Woolf's personal diaries, and the typescript of Robert Lowell's "The Drive from West Street of Danbury." (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Memorial Day, 10 to 5:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of paintings and prints by James Lesesne Wells. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting the final concerts of the regular season—Monday, May 23, at 8: A Mozart-Schubert-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 24, at 7:30: Mahler's Ninth Symphony. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 8, and Friday, May 27, at 2: Music by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, Peter Mennin, and Richard Strauss. With Jeanne Baxtresser, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

"Meet the Moderns"—Lukas Foss, Tania León, and Steven Mercurio conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a tribute to Leonard Bernstein. Also on the program are three world premières written in honor of Mr. Bernstein. With the Occasional Singers. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, May 24, at 8.)

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and Chorus—Robert Shaw conducting. Wednesday, May 25, at 8: An all-Brahms program, with Marietta Simpson, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.) . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 8: A Stravinsky-Beethoven program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Richard Leech, tenor; and William Stone, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

New York Youth Symphony—David Alan Miller and Peter Rubardt conducting. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, May 29, at 3.)

Y Chorale—Amy Kaiser directing. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, May 24, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers Chamber Chorus and I Cantori di New York—Clara Longstreth and Bart Folse directing. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Thursday, May 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Manhattan Philharmonic—Robert Bass conducting Mozart's Requiem, and Michael Morgan conducting Brahms' Requiem. With vocal soloists and a very large chorus. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, May 30, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Oberlin Contemporary Music Ensemble and the Oberlin Wind Ensemble—Larry Rachleff directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, May 25, at 8.)

Trio Musica Hispana—Playing twentieth-century Uruguayan music. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, May 26, at 6:15.)

Sung-Ju Lee—Violin, with Stephen Lazarus, piano, in a benefit concert. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, May 26, at 8.)

Bach at the Cathedral—Four different programs of sonatas, cantatas, partitas, and concertos. With Nina Beilina and Emil Chudnovsky, violin; Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, at 7:30; Sunday, May 29, at 3:30; and Monday, May 30, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Andrew Rangell—Piano, playing a program that includes Beethoven sonatas and bagatelles. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, May 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Mets at Shea Stadium (1-718 507-8499): Vs. San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, May 24-26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, May 27, at 7:35; Saturday, May 28, at 7:05; and Sunday, May 29, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday, May 30, at 1:35, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 31-June 1, at 7:35.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 30. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 30 (racing begins at 1).

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, June 15. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Marian Seldes reading from a story by Nadine Gordimer, who will be present. Also, three South African actors will read from the works of three other South African writers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 25, at 6:30.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semi-annual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 28-30, and Saturdays and Sundays, June 4-5 and 11-12, from noon to sundown.

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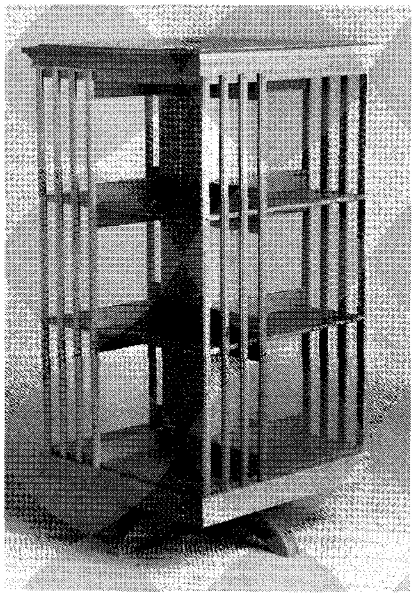

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 26: (Separate admissions) "Tent of Miracles" (1977; directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); "The Record" (1985; Daniel Helfer; in German), with Uwe Ochsenknecht; and "High Season" (†).
From May 27: A program of Brazilian films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "The Suicide Club" (James Bruce), with Mariel Hemingway and Robert Joy. From May 25: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Colors" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 24: "Call Me" (Sollace Mitchell).
From May 25: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Willow" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Moonstruck" (†). From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler). From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Lady in White" (Frank LaLoggia), with Lukas Haas.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Call Me" (Sollace Mitchell).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Colors" (†). No performances Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, and Wednesday, June 1.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Moderns" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "White of the Eye" (Donald Cammell), with David Keith and Cathy Moriarty. From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Beetlejuice" (†). From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From May 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Lady in White" (Frank LaLoggia), with Lukas Haas. From May 27: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Rikky and Pete" (Nadia Tass), with Stephen Kearney. From May 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Salome's Last Dance" (Ken Russell). From May 27: To be announced.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson). From May 25: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 26: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
From May 27: To be announced.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 26: "Saturday Night at the Palace" (Robert Davies).
From May 27: To be announced.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Willow" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott. From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler). From May 25: "Rambo III" (Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From May 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Colors" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Shattered Dreams: Picking Up the Pieces" (directed by Victor Schonfeld and Jenifer Millstone; in English, Hebrew, and Arabic), a documentary. From June 1: "Welcome in Vienna" (1986; Axel Corti; in German).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (1987; Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: "Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
Theatre 2: "White Mischief" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.
Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 26: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith). From May 27 (tentative): "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 26: "Light Years" (René Laloux). From May 27: "Stormy Monday" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 26: "White of the Eye" (Donald Cammell), with David Keith and Cathy Moriarty. From May 27: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From May 27: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 26: "Call Me" (Sollace Mitchell). From May 27: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Willow" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"White Mischief" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Mass Is Ended" (Nanni Moretti; in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 26: "Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.
From May 27: To be announced.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"I Don't Give a Damn" (Shmuel Imberman; in Hebrew).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Willow" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 26: "38: Vienna Before the Fall" (Wolfgang Glück; in German). From May 27: "Dragon Chow" (Jan Schutte; in German).
Theatre 3: "A Taxing Woman" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Aria," ten episodes by ten directors.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Someone to Love" (Henry Jaglom), with Orson Welles, Andrea Marcovicci, and Sally Kellerman.
Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Stand and Deliver" (†). From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).
Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Beetlejuice" (†). From May 25: "Rambo III" (Peter

Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 5: Through May 24: "Moonstruck" (†). From May 25: "Rambo III."

Theatre 6: Through May 24: "Colors" (†). From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II."

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Theatre 2: "Light Years" (René Laloux).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)

Through May 26: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson). From May 27: To be announced.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Call Me" (Sollace Mitchell).

Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Lady in White" (Frank LaLoggia), with Lukas Haas. From May 27: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Beetlejuice" (†). From May 25: "Rambo III" (directed by Peter Macdonald), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Bulletproof" (Steve Carver), with Gary Busey. From May 25: "Rambo III."

Theatre 3: "Maniac Cop" (William Lustig).

Theatre 4: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 5: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Theatre 6: Through May 26: "Slaughterhouse Rock" (Dimitri Logothetis). From May 27: "Blood Kick."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Colors" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith).

Theatre 3: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).

Theatre 4: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

Through May 24: "Friday the 13th Part VII—The New Blood" (John Carl Buechler).

From May 25: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"White of the Eye" (Donald Cammell), with David Keith and Cathy Moriarty.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: Through May 26: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo. From May 27: To be announced.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"World Gone Wild" (Lee H. Katzin), with Bruce Dern and Adam Ant.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

May 23: "Under the Volcano" (1984; directed by John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews; and "Wise Blood" (1979; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

May 24-25: "Of Human Hearts" (1938; Clarence Brown), with James Stewart and Walter Huston; and "Mission to Moscow" (1943; Michael Curtiz), with Walter Huston and Ann Harding.

May 26-28: "The Dead" (1987; John Huston), with Anjelica Huston and Donal McCann; and "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston.

May 29-30: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

May 31: "Panic in the Streets" (1950; Elia Kazan), with Richard Widmark, Paul Douglas, Jack Palance, Zero Mostel, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy.

From June 1: "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield; and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 24: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.

May 25-26: "The Tale of Ruby Rose" (1987; Roger Scholes); and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg).

May 27-28: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Scandal" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Yoshiko Yamaguchi.

May 29: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

May 30-31: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967; Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

From June 1: "Smile" (1975; Michael Ritchie), with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "Funland" (1987; Michael Simpson).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 24: "Eijanaika" (1982; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Karayuki-San: The Making of a Prostitute" (1975; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

May 25: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

May 26: "The Pornographers" (1966; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

May 27-28: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

May 29: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller.

May 30: "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin; and three Chaplin short films—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all made in 1917.

May 31: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Arthur Shields, Radha, Esmond Knight, Thomas E. Breen, and Adrienne Corri; and "Two Daughters" (1961; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).

June 1: "Accident" (†); and "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 23: "New York, New York" (1977; Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

May 24: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, JoBeth Williams, and Meg Tilly; and "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

May 25: "Where Danger Lives" (1950; John Farrow), with Robert Mitchum, Faith Domergue, Claude Rains, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "My Forbidden Past" (1951; Robert Stevenson), with Robert Mitchum, Ava Gardner, and Melvyn Douglas.

May 26: "Lovers and Thieves" (†); and "How NOT to Rob a Department Store" (1965; Pierre Grimblat; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy and Marie Laforêt.

May 27-28: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

May 29: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965) and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), both films in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

May 30: "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.

May 31: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and "Greenwich Village" (1944; Walter Lang), with Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, and William Bendix.

June 1: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Dana Andrews, Judith Anderson, and Vincent Price; and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 23: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Nova Pilbeam, Derrick de Marney, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

May 24: "General della Rovere" (1959; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

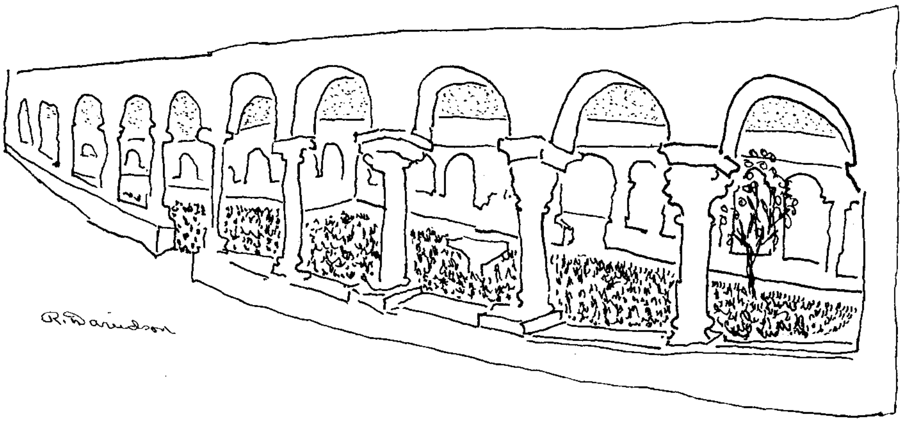
May 25: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

May 26: "King Lear" (1971 †); and "Hamlet" (1970; Peter Wood), with Richard Chamberlain.

May 27-28: "The Man Who Never Was" (1956; Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, and Robert Flemyng; and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner.

May 29: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.

May 30: "Funny Face" (1957; Stanley Do-



MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

nen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams.

May 31: "Moby Dick" (1956; John Huston), with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles, and Leo Genn; and "A Walk with Love and Death" (†).

June 1: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker) and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939; Sidney Lanfield), the first two in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Theatre closed.

Theatre 2: May 23 at 3: "The Way of the Strong" (1928; directed by Frank Capra; a silent film), with Mitchell Lewis and Alice Day. . . . ¶ May 23 at 6:30: A program of short films, 1982-87, by Paul Winkler, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 24 at 3: "So This Is Love" (1928; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Shirley Mason, William Collier, Jr., and Johnnie Walker. . . . ¶ May 24 at 6:30: "That Certain Thing" (1928; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Viola Dana and Ralph Graves. . . . ¶ May 26 at 3 and 6:30: "Carved in Silence" (1987; Felicia Lowe), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 27 at 3: "Submarine" (1928; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. . . . ¶ May 27 at 6:30: "The Younger Generation" (1929; Frank Capra; a silent film, with some sound), with Jean Hersholt, Ricardo Cortez, and Lina Basquette. . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "The Way of the Strong." . . . ¶ May 28 at 5:30: "Submarine." . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30: "The Younger Generation." . . . ¶ May 29 at 5:30: "The Power of the Press" (1928; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jobyna Ralston, and Mildred Harris. . . . ¶ May 30 at 3: "Submarine." . . . ¶ May 30 at 6:30: "The Way of the Strong." . . . ¶ May 31 at 3: "The Power of the Press."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 5, a program of sixteen films by Andy Warhol. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. May 27 at 6:30 and 8:30: "The Doctor Is Out" (1952; Minoru Shibuya; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Eijiro Yanagi.

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—May 23 at 8: "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck and Paul Douglas. . . . ¶ May 24 at 8: "Just Before Nightfall" (1971; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 25 at 8: A program of four avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 26 at 8: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 27-29 at 8: Three different programs of B films, mostly from the early forties. . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "The Furies" (1950; Anthony Mann), with Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Huston, Wendell Corey, and Judith Anderson. . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "This Man Must Die" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ From June 1, showings at 8: A program of 3-D slides and live performances by Perry Hoberman.

Brooklyn Museum, Lecture Hall, Eastern Parkway—May 28 at 2: "Metropolitan Avenue" (1985; Christine Noschese), a documentary. Miss Noschese will be present. (For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, ext. 233.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford to make our flesh crawl. A cleverly barbed comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. With Stanley Baker, who is properly swinish as another academic, and Vivien Merchant, Jacqueline Sassard, Michael York, Alexander Knox, and Delphine Seyrig. (Film Forum 2; June 1.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (Goodbye, Children)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 27, tentative.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Beetlejuice—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). The smudge-faced blond Catherine O'Hara, who's the possessor of the freakiest blue-eyed stare since early Gene Wilder, is brilliant as the madwoman who is the new lady of the house. (4/18/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center; through May 24.)

Colors—This muckraking melodrama about L.A.'s two most powerful confederations of drug-trafficking youth gangs is deadened by standard cop-movie ploys. The veteran cop (Robert Duvall) and his new partner, the young fireball (Sean Penn) who likes to rough up suspects, are the only characters we get to know, and we already know them. The director, Dennis Hopper, and the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, try for vividness, with the camera hightailing after the fast-moving gang members, and they catch images of the random violence of boys who are high on crack or PCP, and have arsenals of assault rifles and submachine guns. But despite the film's kinetic style it feels slow and long and tame. Hopper isn't inside the material, except for his identification with its nihilistic view that the cops' activities are purposeless and that life doesn't make any sense. He's a visual aesthete—less a director than an artistic arranger of people in the frame. With Maria Conchita Alonso, Trinidad Silva, and a cast that includes a dozen or so actual gang members. (5/2/88) (Gramercy, 86th Street East Twin, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26, and Wednesday, June 1. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 24.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)

High Season—Clare Peploe's first feature is a high comedy set on the Greek island of Rhodes, and it has some of the yumminess of a picture like "Shampoo." It's about the relations between expatriates, tourists, and natives, with Jacqueline Bisset giving a warm, juicy performance in the pivotal role of an English photographer who is broke and may have to sell her house and leave this island she loves. Irene Papas plays the Englishwoman's widowed friend—weather-beaten, deeply goofy, and as much a part of the magnificence of the island as the honking donkeys. These two women are both scenic wonders, and so is Sebastian Shaw, who plays an elderly art historian. Shaw—he was born in 1905—was a handsome leading man in British films of the thirties, and he's still handsome; his face opens to the sunlight and the camera. (The whole movie is superbly cast.) The script is by the director and her brother Mark; the meltingly beautiful cinematography is by Chris Menges. (4/4/88) (Public Theatre; through May 26.)

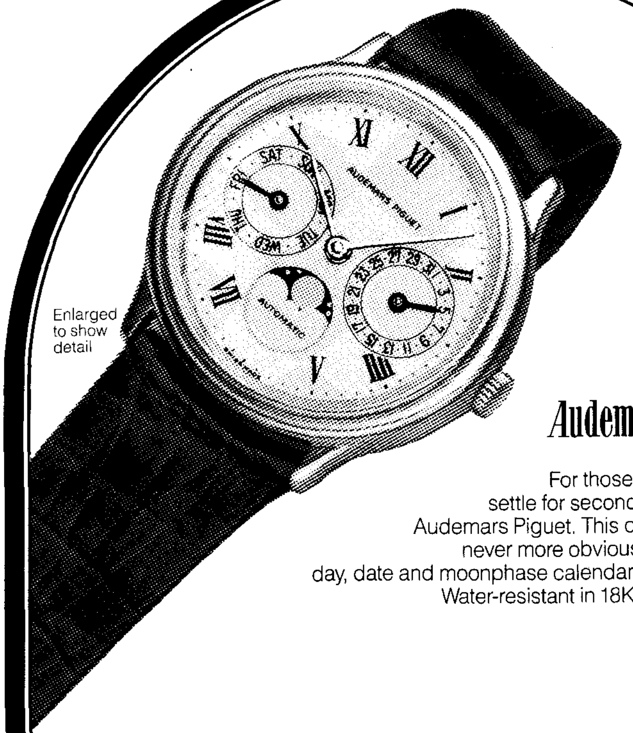
King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Brook has a unified vision and never lets go of the reins; there are no accidental pleasures in the movie—and no deliberate ones, either. This "Lear" is made essentially plotless not by removing the plot (that is practically all that *remains* of the play) but by using the plot as a diagram for movement abstracted from psychological and dramatic meaning. Though Paul Scofield's stage appearances as Lear are world-famous, he gives a freezing performance here. Only Alan Webb's Gloucester has a sneaking humanity that occasionally flickers through the stylized acting. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 26.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Eastside Cinema, 8th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Lovers and Thieves (1957)—In the year he died, Sacha Guitry, who was seventy-two, made a couple of films. This sly detective comedy, which he wrote and then directed from a wheelchair, is one of them. In 1936, in Guitry's "The Story of a Cheat," the narrator provided a cynical and witty counterpoint to the action. This approach, to which Guitry returned in "Lovers and Thieves," permitted him to treat the film medium with nonchalant intimacy—there are freakish interruptions, changes of subject and pace. He seems to say, "Look how easy it is to make a movie—one just begins and then improvises." He directed an extended romantic sequence that is one of the most impudent ever filmed: Magali Noel, the enchanting, stylish murder victim, loathes her husband so much that she and her lover make love all over Paris, so that everyone will know the husband is a cuckold. The lover (Jean Poiret), who is also the narrator, inadvertently commits a murder for which an innocent thief (Michel Serrault) is sent to prison. Conscience-stricken, the lover takes over the occupation of the thief. But all this is only the loose framework; Guitry makes a sortie into a great loony bin, provides an audacious painting theft, and stops everything while a mad beatnik (Darry Cowl) addresses a courtroom. It's a fresh, lovely movie. Clément Duhour helped on the directing. In French. (Thalia SoHo; May 26.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes—the same thing often happened to Capra, who knew how to direct comedy, so it's not a surprise that it also happens to Redford, who doesn't. But he's assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie. Also with Chick Vennera, Sonia Braga, Richard Bradford, Carlos Riquelme, and Christopher Walken. Adapted by Nichols and David Ward.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Beekman; through May 26.)

The Moderns—The big subject of Alan Rudolph's new movie, a comic reverie on Americans in Paris in the twenties, may have got the better of him: the tough-guy romanticism is ridiculous, the jokes are self-conscious and mostly dumb, and Rudolph's eccentric vision seems not so much audacious as merely adolescent. The few sequences that show the director at his best are ones without dialogue: a boxing match between the down-and-out artist-hero (Keith Carradine) and a rich, evil art collector (John Lone), and a lovely montage in which Carradine forges a Cézanne, a Modigliani, and a Matisse. Despite these moments, and despite Carradine's finely shaded performance, the movie feels phony. With Linda Fiorentino, badly miscast as an elegant siren desired by both Carradine and Lone, and Geraldine Chaplin, Geneviève Bujold, Wallace Shawn, and Kevin J. O'Connor, as a callow, aphorizing Hemingway. Script by Rudolph and Jon Bradshaw.—T.R. (Plaza).

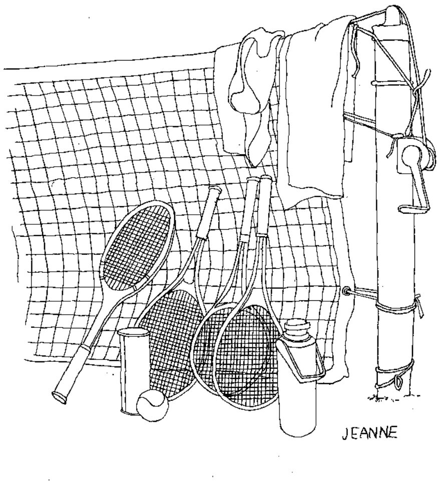
Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 24.)

Stand and Deliver—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. Olmos, who's best known as the super-cool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 24. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through May 26.)

Stormy Monday—This first feature by the British director Mike Figgis is the sort of thriller that's usually called "stylish"—perhaps because it doesn't have much substance. Roger Deakins' cinematography is heavy on *noir*-ish atmosphere—rain-slick streets, neon signs, gloomy bars—and Figgis, who also wrote the screenplay, has given the characters a familiar aura of low expectations and weary integrity. He isn't a bad director, but the movie doesn't have a potent enough sense of *danger:* the hero and heroine (Sean Bean and Melanie Griffith) seem too young to have developed the properly resigned, don't-give-a-damn attitude, the self-destructive edge that really makes us fear for *noir* protagonists; and the villain (Tommy Lee Jones), though ruthless and mean, lacks the obsessive quality that would convince us that he'd track his enemies for the rest of their lives, for the sheer fun of exacting his revenge. Sting, of all people, gives the liveliest performance (as a harried night-club owner). —T.R. (Gemini, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 27.)

Tampopo (1986)—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Taxing Woman—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo" (see above). Here, he plods along competently, but rarely finds an opportunity to show off his explosive, eccentric visual wit—money just doesn't inspire him the way death, food, and sex do. The movie runs an extremely slow two hours and seven minutes. In Japanese.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)



The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy.)

A Walk with Love and Death (1969)—An unusual and relatively little-known fable of love in a time of destruction, directed by John Huston. A student (Assaf Dayan) and a young girl of noble birth (Anjelica Huston) try to find an escape hatch from the Hundred Years' War. This romantic idyll is unusually tough-minded, and effective because of that. The movie has at least one superb image—a great, clumping white horse, a dream horse—and when this fairy-tale beast is slaughtered war becomes truly obscene. With Michael Gough, John Hallam, and Robert Lang. The rather literary screenplay is by Dale Wasserman, from a novel by Hans Koningsberger; music by Georges Delerue; costumes by Leonor Fini. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Willow—With Val Kilmer, directed by Ron Howard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Wings of Desire—With Bruno Ganz and Peter Falk, directed by Wim Wenders. In German, French, and English. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

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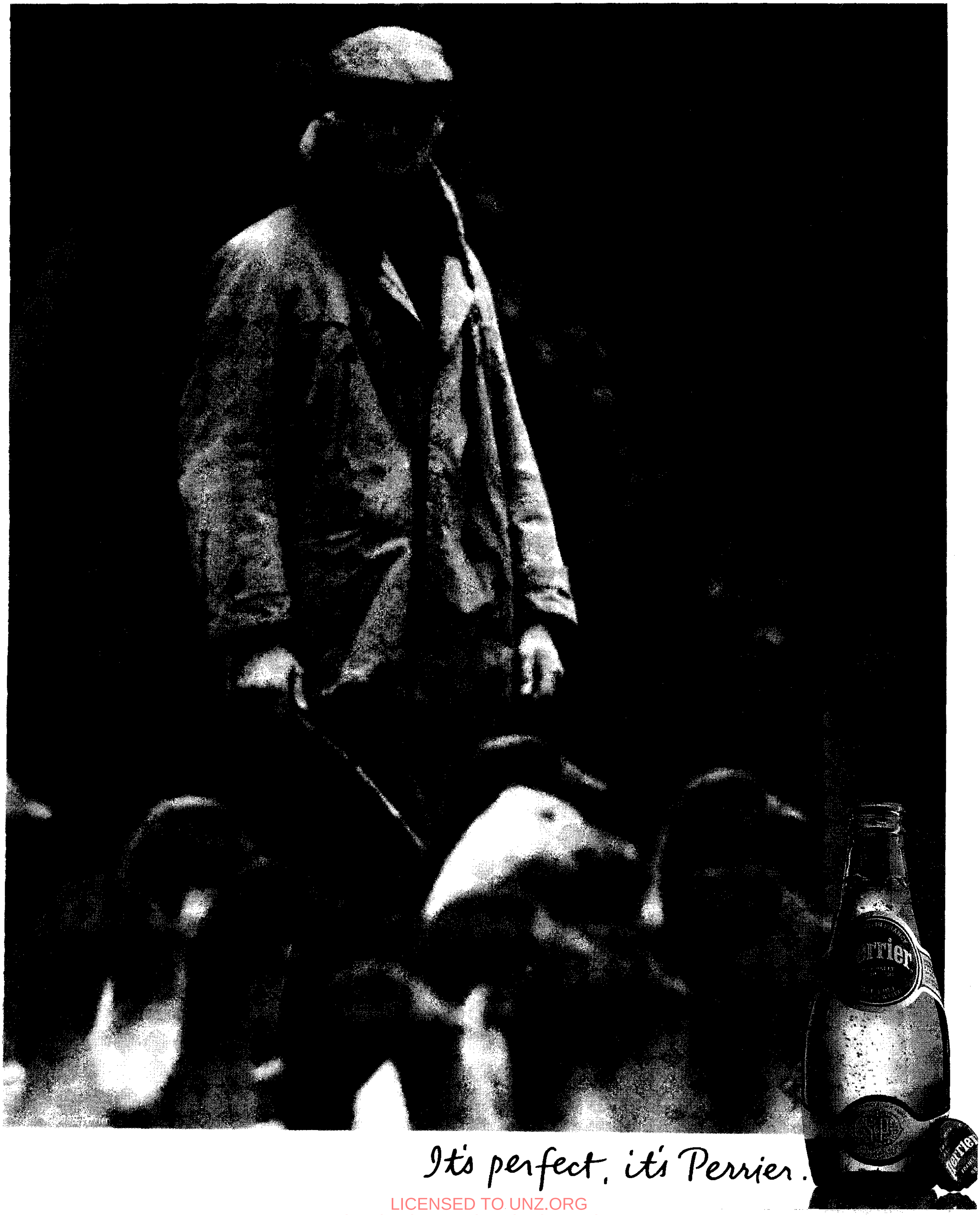

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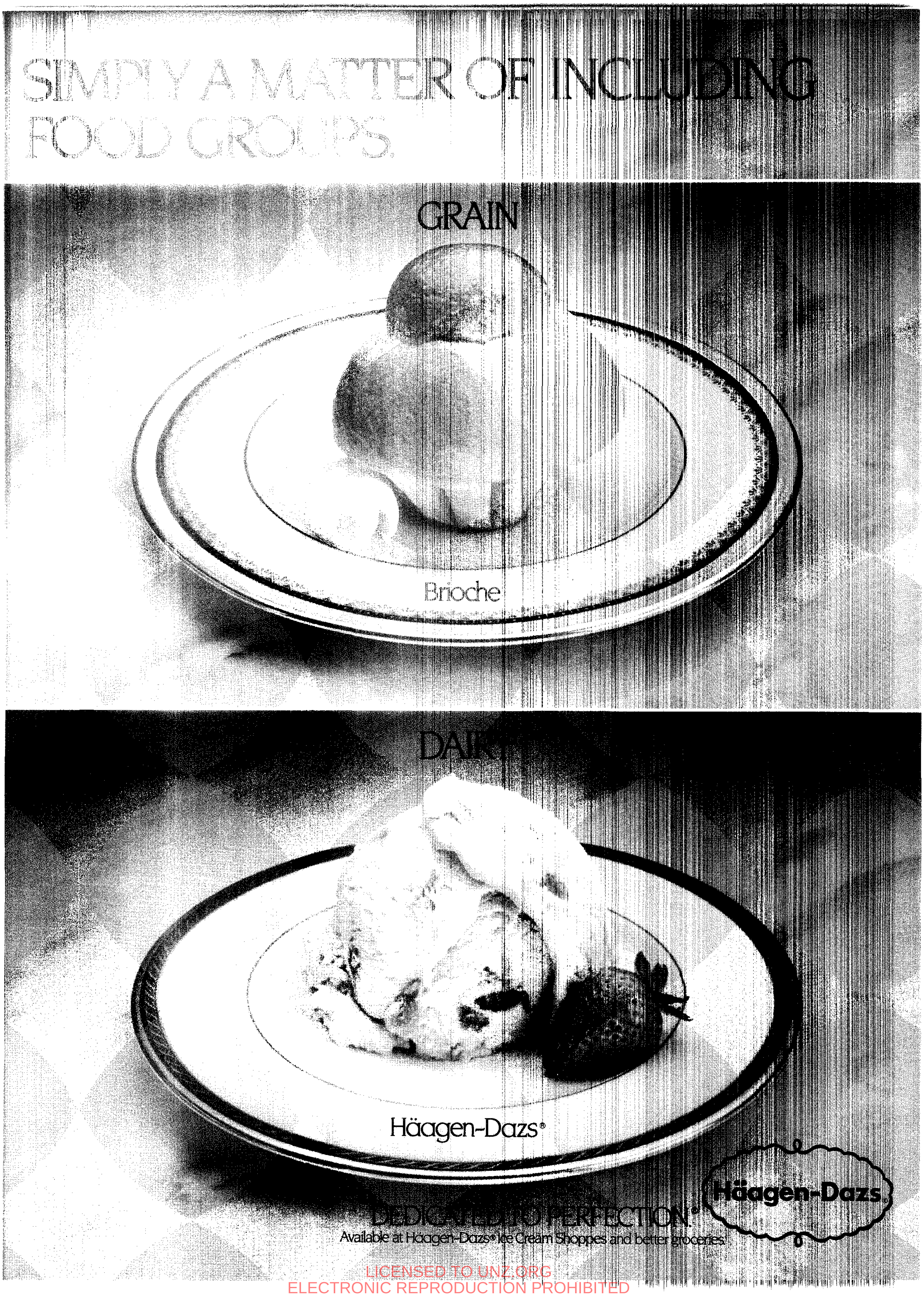
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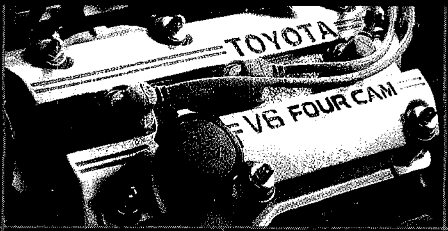

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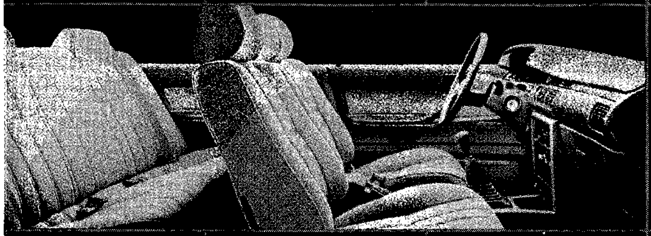

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MORE than any other civic institutions, the public libraries run on the principle of general trust. The books are bought with public funds, or with money donated by "friends," and the buildings are open to anyone. Borrowers are expected to bring the books back, and for the most part, astonishingly, they do. For many of us, a library card is the first symbol we acquire, as children, of our being separate persons, with freedom of individual choice and a capacity for responsible action. The institution is public, but, perhaps because of the peculiar *aloneness* of reading, the essential quality of each person's relationship to books and, by extension, to libraries is private. In a new novel by Monroe Engel, "Statutes of Limitations," the protagonist, Ben Morrison, a sexagenarian newly retired from his business, spends his first months of freedom in the Boston Public Library, not knowing exactly why but feeling that by following his own odd choices and tastes he may stumble on, if not a plan, then at least an organizing element for the years ahead. "He wondered what the attendants made of the books for which he'd been asking," Mr. Engel writes. "On the same day he might request John Stephens' 'Incidents of Travel in Yucatan,' Stendhal's 'The Life of Henri Brulard,' and a volume of the Time-Life history of World War II."

We spend a lot of time in the library, too—the New York Public Library's headquarters, on Forty-second Street, is around the corner from our office—and we were troubled to learn recently that for the past ten years the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been running a project called the Library Awareness Program, in which special agents attempt to make contact with the staff members of certain libraries and ask them to keep an eye on the borrowing habits of individuals. The program is said to be specifically aimed at New York City, because of the many scientific and engineering libraries here, and, under its auspices, a special agent visited the Science and Industry Division of the Brooklyn Public Library last December and asked for its coöperation.

Larry Brandwein, the director of the Brooklyn Public Library, told us recently, "In terms of how it affects the actual, day-to-day running of the library, such a visit isn't of much consequence, for the agent was just told that we do not give out any information of any kind regarding individual use of the library. We do not give out borrowing records, and we simply informed him that we would not do that, nor would we begin to do that. But the *fact* of such a visit is clearly an attempt to invade the privacy of the public in general. Libraries, as I have understood them, are nonpartisan organizations. The people using them have always assumed, and assumed correctly, that their rights to privacy are protected. A person rightly assumes that if he comes in to borrow a book that information is not passed on."

The purpose of the Library Awareness Program, as stated by the F.B.I., is as follows:

> The FBI has documented instances for more than a decade of hostile intelligence officers who have exploited libraries by stealing proprietary, sensitive, and other information and attempting to identify and recruit American and foreign students in American libraries. The FBI therefore in an effort to thwart this activity is endeavoring on a limited basis to educate knowledgeable individuals in specialized libraries to this hostile intelligence threat. The FBI has historically depended on the American public's assistance in carrying out its investigative responsibilities. The FBI has absolutely no interest in interfering with the American public's academic freedom or First Amendment Rights.

Last week, we called F.B.I. headquarters and talked with Kathryn Bradford, a spokesperson in the public-information office. "Our New York City office began making contact with specialized scientific libraries when it became apparent that officers of the Soviet intelligence services were using selected libraries to complement various facets of their intelligence-collection efforts," she said. "In other parts of the country, libraries say, 'Well, we've just had an F.B.I. agent in here,' but that's not part of the Awareness Program. Those agents are just following logical leads, which might take them into a grocery store as often as a library. It's a misconception that the F.B.I. is swarming around libraries. What we're doing in New York is educating libraries about what's going on—that this is a *hostile threat.* They don't *have* to talk to us. Nobody's *making* them talk to us."

Since 1985, approximately twenty-five visits by F.B.I. agents to libraries around the country have been recorded. This April, a staff member at the University of Utah library was approached by the agency. James Schmidt, the chairman of the American Library Association Committee on Intellectual Freedom, which is an appointed committee drawn from the A.L.A.'s nationwide membership, said of the incident, "If Judge Sessions, the director of the F.B.I., wants us to believe that the program is restricted to New York, he has a map of the United States different from the one I have."

In response to the visits by agents to libraries within New York State, the New York Library Association has issued a statement regarding the Library Awareness Program, which was voted on by its membership in October of last year. It says, in part:

> The "Library Awareness Program" jeopardizes the rights to confidentiality of library patrons in violation of the Library Bill of Rights and New York State Law, and . . . the New York Library Association . . . calls on the Bureau to desist from any further attempts to involve library staffs in reporting on library users.

Judith Krug, who is the director of the Office for Intellectual Freedom, an administrative branch of the A.L.A., based in Chicago, said the other day, "We have invited the F.B.I. to meet with us and discuss the Awareness Program, but so far it has not responded. The agency is sending a lot of mixed signals, but it's clear that we and the F.B.I. are at cross-purposes."

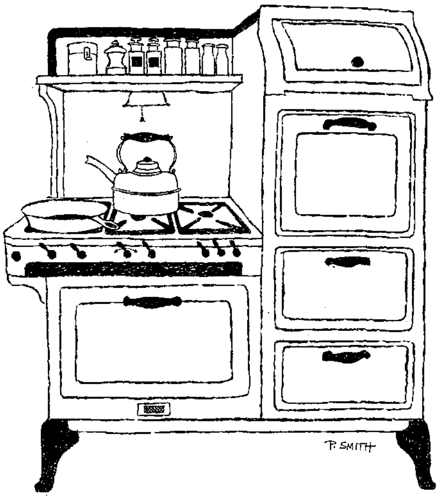
• •

Burden

DAVID MACH, a Scottish artist who goes around the world making sculptures out of unsold magazines, came to town recently and made another one. He was on a North American tour and had just been in Saskatoon, making a piece out of old magazines and remaindered books. Before that, he was in Los Angeles, where he diverted himself with a piece using not magazines but hundreds of Barbie and Ken dolls, which he transformed into a horde of tiny caryatids bearing a huge shipping container. Over the last few years, he has constructed his magazine pieces mostly in big museum spaces (including the Secession Building, in Vienna), but here in New York he had to deal with a much smaller site: the gallery of his dealer, Barbara Toll, on Greene Street just below Houston. The puny size of the installation did not make him any less ambitious, however. In a moment of vision, David Mach had decided that the New York piece, which would take a week to build, should include, in addition to several thousand magazines, a stuffed zebra, a speedboat motor, and an old-fashioned bathtub with legs.

On a Friday afternoon, while David was out scouring Manhattan for a stuffed zebra, a speedboat motor, and a bathtub with legs, a truck arrived at Greene Street from the Hearst Corporation's garrison in Kentucky. The truck contained some thirty-one thousand unsold magazines, weighing thirty-one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and including fourteen hundred and forty copies of last October's *Harper's Bazaar* (with Christy Turlington on the cover, looking soulful), fourteen hundred and forty copies of this February's *Bazaar* (Cindy Crawford, in pink), and three hundred and sixty copies of last August's *Esquire* (Styron looking sage, Updike looking puckish).

In his pieces David Mach normally uses magazines the way a skilled mason might use rocks in a dry-stone wall. The magazines are laid flat, one on top of another, overlapping and interweaving so that the finished structure can stand seven or eight feet high, like a giant hive or prehistoric mound. Unsold magazines are not so much David Mach's *matière* as his burden—his charges. He combines the method of a Neo-Geo artist with the manner of a Presbyterian elder rebuking sin from the pulpit. The frivolity of unsold magazines offends him. When we stopped in at the Barbara Toll gallery at noon on Saturday, he was looking around with marked disgust. "It's all a bloody waste, isn't it?" he said, pointing to the thousands of shiny but now worthless magazines and also to the stuffed zebra, which he had somehow found more easily than the motor or the bathtub. (They didn't arrive until later that day.) David Mach has the slightly malnourished good looks of a Celtic rock star, and he was wearing a polo shirt, black jeans, and Elvis Costello National Health eyeglasses. He picked up a February *Bazaar*. "It's all promises. 'Super You! Fat-Free Thighs in Ten Days!' " he went on, spitting out the cover line in a roll of "r"s. "And then the month ends, they've got their money, and it's the paper pulper for *her*." He gave Cindy an admonitory shake. "We've had enough of you and *your* fat-free thighs, haven't we, then? So let's on to the next. Bloody waste. I think I'm going to call this piece 'A Million Miles Away.' These magazines just take us a million miles away from reality, and yet while I'm making something real out of them I'm a million miles away, too. Off in me own little world. It's disgusting, isn't it?"



He added, "I first became aware of the unreality of reality when I was working in a whiskey factory in Scotland. It *was* a bloody factory, though nobody called it that. It wasn't some wee Scot making whiskey in his hut—there were bloody great vats of alcohol. But then you'd go out at night to visit one of the lads who'd worked there for bloody years, and he'd pull out a bottle of whiskey, the very same stuff that we'd been stirring in the vats all bloody day! And he'd tell you"—his voice became low and canny—" 'Aye, I've a fine single malt here, very hard to find.' I want to shake those people up. I want them to see what it's all really about. But that's easier to do in Britain than here. There they don't know anything about art—they don't pretend to know anything—and when you're making a piece people get bloody offended. They come up to you and want to fight it out. I like that. But in bloody Los Angeles you make a piece that says you are all a bunch of bloody Ken and Barbie dolls, worshipping *things*." He spat out the word. "And do they come up to you and say, 'And who the bloody hell are you, anyway? What do you know?' No, they come up to you and it's all 'Oh, David, we *love* the piece.' I want to say to them, 'Love the bloody piece, do you? You should *hate* the bloody piece!' "

David was in a tetchy mood in part because he had become aware of a technical problem. He is accustomed

YOUR PHOTO WITH JOHN Q. PUBLIC
$5.00
Koren

to working with magazines that have no spines, and the slick, upscale magazines that Hearst had supplied were at once too fat and too smooth to make decent building material. If you tried to pile them up, they slid off each other, and they couldn't be interwoven. It took him most of the day to figure out a solution, but by midafternoon he had put together a little assembly line to make the material workable. First, Tom Cvikota, Barbara Toll's assistant, would tear a magazine in half along its spine; then David's wife, Lesley, a silent woman in black, would spray the half magazine with water, to reduce its glossiness; and then David would add it to the serpentine pile he was constructing.

Barbara Toll, a woman with Laurie Anderson good looks, was seated on a chair doing a little desultory magazine-tearing while she kept an eye on her dog, a terrier named Ruffy, who is a SoHo institution, and who was running about nipping at ankles and climbing over stacks of magazines. The blinds were drawn, so no one could see in. The gallery was filled with the smell of cologne—the accumulated aroma of several thousand scented advertising inserts.

"All this spritzing reminds me of Dean & DeLuca," Barbara said.

"What's that?" David asked, speaking for the first time in an hour.

"It's a grocery store," Barbara said diplomatically. "Where they spray vegetables with water."

"That's the entry-level position at D. & D.," Tom Cvikota said. "You start your career there spritzing vegetables. I think your title is vegetable conservator, or something."

Fifteen minutes went by. "Anyone feel like a little tea, or anything?" Barbara asked.

"We'll break for tea at around five," David said.

After twenty minutes, during which the only sounds were those of magazines being torn and water being sprayed and an occasional bark from Ruffy, an artist Barbara knew—a theatrical-looking young man with spiky blond hair—opened the door and, without asking leave, walked into the gallery. He looked around grandly. "So is this your piece?" he asked.

"Yes," David said, turning around. "So, do ye love it, lad?"

The other artist seemed alarmed. "Well . . . I *might*," he said.

"Don't," David said simply, and returned to his work.

Ticket

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

Around eleven o'clock on a weekday morning about a month ago, I was stopped by the local police on the highway that is also our village Main Street, and given a ticket for speeding. I was charged with driving forty-five miles an hour in a twenty-mile-limit school zone. Forty-five! Three years before, in my only previous such experience, I had been ticketed for driving seventy-two miles an hour on the Expressway, and had paid, by mail, a fine of fifty dollars. I wanted to get this over just as expeditiously. I drove home, got my checkbook, and drove down to our Town Hall, found the office of the justice of the peace, and went in and told the woman clerk at the counter that I wished to plead guilty to a speeding charge and pay my fine. She looked at my ticket and then at me. There was an expression of horror on her face. "You don't want to plead guilty to this," she said.

"Oh?"

"My God, no," she said. "You're charged with driving *twenty-five* miles over the limit. A guilty plea means a hearing at the county court, and you'll almost certainly lose your license."

I asked her what I should do.

"The District Attorney's next regular visit here is three weeks from tomorrow. I'll give you a summons for an appearance at one o'clock. You appear and plead not guilty."

"What happens then?"

She gave me another look. "You plea-bargain," she said.

I thanked her for what I supposed was good, if somewhat unnerving, advice, and left. But I felt a little uncomfortable. When I got home, I called a friend who is a lawyer and told him my story. "Yep," he said. "She told you right. But let me check. I'll get back to you."

He got back to me the following day. "I checked your record," he told me. "You seem to be all right on points. What you do is this. You go and plead guilty to thirty-four miles an hour. That will satisfy the D.A. He doesn't want a county-court hearing any more than you do. You won't need me and my fee. Your fine will be expensive enough. Wear a necktie."

Three weeks passed. There were moments when I almost forgot about my one-o'clock appearance. I arrived at the Town Hall courtroom a little before one, and it was crowded. The judge, flanked by clerks of some sort, was on his lofty perch. Standing at a table below him were what I gathered were a lawyer and a bluejeaned, hangdog client. I heard a distant murmur of words like "remand," "bail," "summons," "appearance in person." I wondered if I was in the right place. I slipped out a side door. There were several authoritative-looking men standing in the corridor. I approached one of them—a tall young man in a dark suit and a yellow necktie. I showed him my slip and asked if I was in the right place. He looked at it, and nodded. "Forty-five, eh?" he said. "Hmmm."

I heard the sound of officialdom. I asked him who he was.

"I'm the District Attorney," he said. "Forty-five is serious."

I said, with a fairly straight face, "I don't really think I was going more than maybe thirty-four."

"Thirty-four?" he said. "That's still serious—in a school zone. Thirty-four will lose you your license. When you look back on it, don't you think you were only doing maybe twenty-five?"

I said he was probably right. He gave me a little smile, and said he would see me later.

I went back to the courtroom. The judge was saying, "Let's see now. Passing on the right. At seventy-five miles an hour. And you live in—hmmm. Manhattan? And you were driving—hmmm. A Jaguar?" The District Attorney appeared, and stood at one end of the table. There was a uniformed police officer sitting in what looked like a witness box. He looked the way all young police officers look to me these days—dark hair, dark mustache, dark glasses, no expression. But I had a sick feeling that he was the officer who had stopped me. Time passed. Defendants came and went.

The District Attorney looked my way and beckoned. I went up to the long table and faced the judge. I am a man of no inconsiderable age, but I felt about seventeen years old.

"Well," the judge said. "We've had a Porsche and a Corvette and a Jaguar. And now we've got a Subaru. That isn't exactly a racing car, is it?"

"No, sir," I said. He gazed at me. I went on, "The fact is, I came out of the Main Street parking lot and turned left. The school is hardly a block from there. My car is four-wheel drive and has a stick shift. I think I was just getting into third gear when I passed the school."

The District Attorney drifted over to the judge's aerie. The judge gave him a glance and then looked back at me. The police officer was looking into space. "I wonder," the judge said. "I wonder if you may have been preoccupied."

I said that was possible. I said I had been to the village hardware store to buy some vegetable seeds. I said I might very well have been thinking about my garden.

The judge said, "Hmmm. My advice to you in the future is to do your thinking at home." He turned to one of his clerks.

I looked at the District Attorney. He nodded. I went over to him. I said, "What do I do now?"

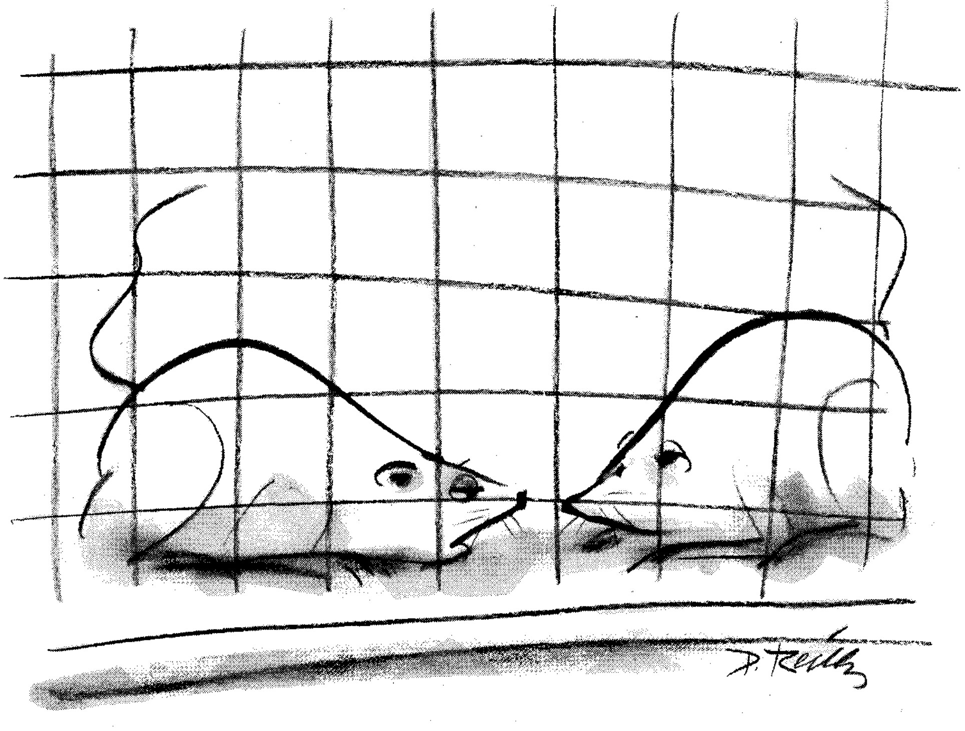
"You go to the office," he said. "And pay your fine."

I felt weak. So I still had my license. But the fine? Eighty dollars? A hundred dollars? A hundred and fifty dollars? Whatever. I still had my license. I went in the office and up to the clerk at the counter. I gave her my name. She shifted some papers.

"Forty-five dollars," she said.

Forty-five dollars! I could hardly believe it.

The clerk said, "Oops! I'm sorry. Forty-five is something else. Yours is *thirty*-five."

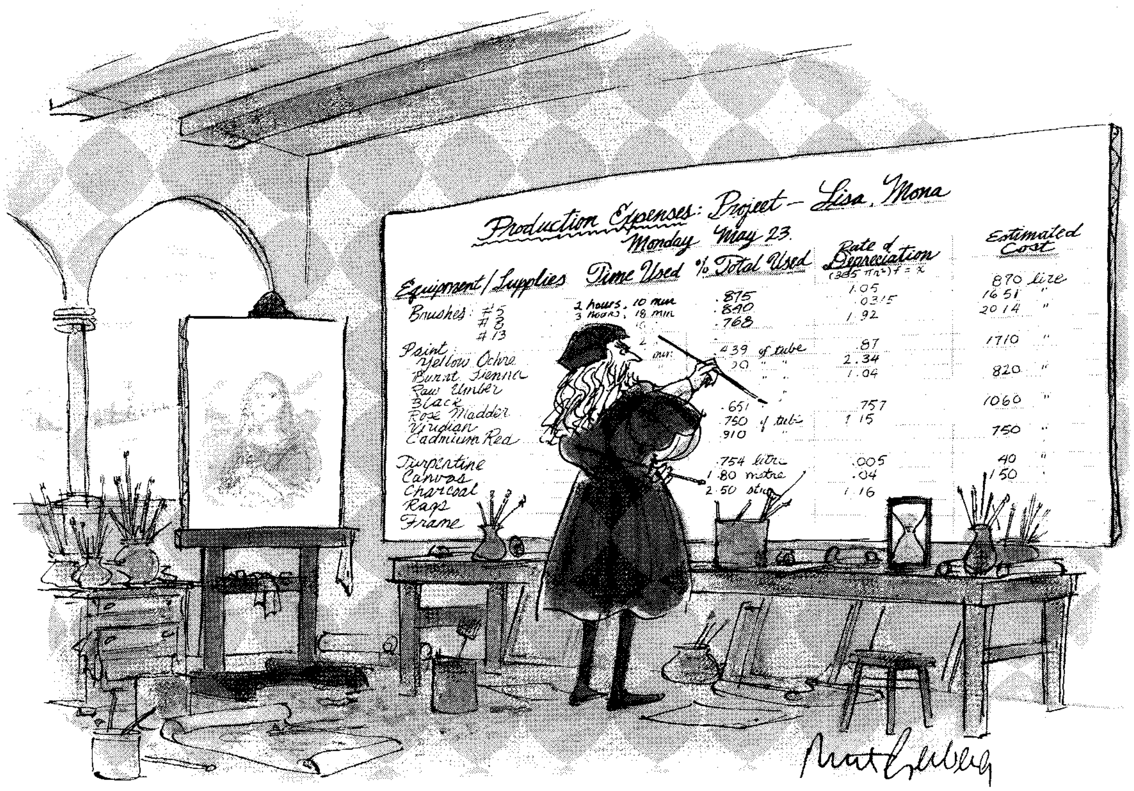


"It'll never work out. She's patented, he isn't."

Hats

SOMETIMES, especially in the fall, the crowds, the street-corner venders, and the smells of honey-roasted peanuts in midtown Manhattan remind us of the midway at the Kansas State Fair. Very few other things in New York make us think of Kansas, and a couple of weeks ago, when we heard that Bloomingdale's had presented its version of the State Fair at a party to kick off a promotion of Kansas food and crafts, the real difference between the two places struck us. In Kansas, everyone can go to the State Fair. In fact, that's what makes the fair an adventure: they let *anybody* in. Here something doesn't become an event until there are invitations and some people don't get them. We didn't get one. But a few days after the party a Wichita friend of ours named Hatman Jack Kellogg called. He said he was selling hats for a week at Bloomingdale's, and he asked us to drop by.

The last time we saw Hatman,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Paint
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Burnt Sienna
Raw Umber
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Rose Madder
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.910
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Turpentine
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LEONARDO MEETS THE I.R.S.

he'd been singing "Auctioneer" with his country-and-Western band, the Rhythm Rangers, at a New Year's Eve party. He'd said that the band had been playing at Wichita places like the Coyote Club and the B-1 Bomber Club for a few years, but that he'd been making beaver-felt cowboy hats since he was in high school. We gathered they've earned him quite a reputation with musicians and cowhands all over the state. We found Hatman on the sixth floor of Bloomingdale's, where the Kansas crafts were on display. His booth was nestled between toothbrush holders and dinnerware. Next to him was a woman named Doris Johnson, who sat placidly weaving wheat into decorations. Some TV sets stacked up next to the escalators were displaying prairie videos. Hatman was talking to a customer wearing a fuchsia multi-tiered skirt under her jacket. She looked a little overwhelmed by Hatman. "The next thing I need to find is your oval," he was saying. "How long and how wide you are. And, as for color, what kind of clothes do you wear?"

Eventually, Hatman sold the woman his Border Queen style, in peach. When she left, he said, "That's what I specialize in. I'm able to look at somebody's face and say, 'I recommend this shape for you,' and you'll get a shape that's going to complement your features, your colors, and what you're trying to represent. People know I know what I'm talking about."

We asked him how business had been.

"I've only sold two hats," he said. "But they're my high-dollar ones. I got here Monday, and started getting ready for Tuesday's gala event. All the product exhibits were set up. About four or five hundred people were invited from the state, along with some transplanted Kansans and the media people. It was a huge, huge party. It was incredible. Catered. Drinks."

We asked where the party had been.

"It was *at* Bloomingdale's," he said incredulously. "On the first floor. They turned the floor into, like, a party house, where they had arcades. They had a horse going up and down the aisle, giving horseback rides."

He said that he'd presented one of his hats to Marvin Traub, Bloomingdale's chairman, and went on, "The only problem was, his staff and Governor Mike Hayden's staff both gave me wrong head sizes, so I have to remanufacture the hats and mail them to them. But Marvin Traub was real nice to me. He kept coming by my booth during the gala and saying, 'Hatman, how're you doin'? Are you having fun?' All this stuff. 'Yes. Very much fun, thank you.' Also, he mentioned me in his opening remarks at the party. Then they invited me up onstage to present the hats to Traub and to the Governor. I just said something like 'Mr. Traub, I'd like to present this hat to you with great pleasure from me and the people of Kansas, and I'm extending the hope that you may buy a million more.' And then to Governor Hayden I said, 'This hat is for you. I hope it comes in very handy when you're out in western Kansas hunting turkeys.' He's a big turkey man—he really is."

We must have looked wistful while Hatman was describing the party. He said, "I wish I'd known you wanted to come. I'd have got an invite for you."

We talked with Hatman a bit about the other Kansas specialties being offered at Bloomingdale's, and about why certain products had been chosen over others. Hatman said he'd gone to a lot of trouble to get here, and to get everything ready to sell. "I really developed a package," he said. "I had boxes with my logo on them, sheets printed for clients' fitting specifications, so I can write down every important aspect of the person's head and features to get a good fit and a great-looking hat. I made forty-eight hats to bring up here. It takes from one and a half to six hours to make each hat. That's a lot of hats. Oh, man. I didn't sleep much."

We wished him luck, and then set out to buy some sandhill-plum jelly in the gourmet shop, even though we knew that sandhill plums aren't gourmet, for heaven's sake—they grow wild by the road. We did pass up the chocolate-covered wheat.

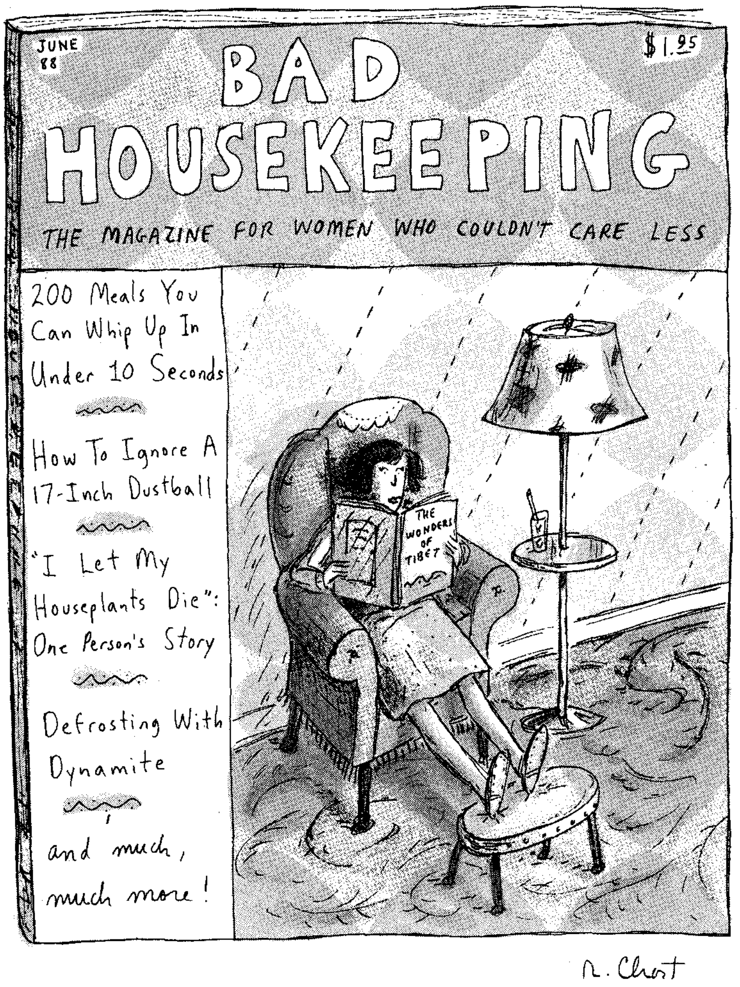
MAR NUEVA

I CAN recall no landscape as vividly as I can that of the Mar Nueva, though in the more than fifty years since my summers there I have lived in other countries, seen great things, sailed in glass-bottom boats, joined glacier parties, and slept in tiny huts on the veldt.

When I went back to the Mar Nueva last December for the start of the summer season, I found that the intervening half century had robbed me very little of remembrance, though by remembrance I do not mean the recognition of maplike details. In those years, some beaches were actually washed away, while others were born of hurricanes. What had been the main road is now merely the coastal road, and it is both fashionable and crumbling. Further inland, on what used to be cane fields, divided highways cross in cloverleafs, and middle-aged businessmen who were not born then speed along in air-conditioned cars to summer houses three times as costly as the old estates and no bigger than their potting sheds.

Nor by remembrance do I mean the precise identification of landmarks, for individual trees are down, fences have long since vanished, and this time we were going south—to hills that once I had seen across the bay from our house, hills that distance and tropical air had stripped of detail and painted sullen, massive, and blue—so there was nothing specific and arresting that I might have seen even if things of that nature had the good grace to last.

I mean by remembrance only my utterly clear recollection of the light on the surface of the sea, the color of the sky, the way the waves rolled in, between parcels of the sweetest silence, and how the entire sea moved, surging and falling back without breaks or whitecaps, in transparent contours that rose and fell like the chest of someone who is asleep.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and much, much more!
THE WONDERS OF TIBET
R. Chast

My acceptance of an invitation for a long weekend had been carefully qualified—only for three or four days, I said, and we may have to return early. I would not have accepted at all if our hosts' villa had not been on the other side of the bay, almost around the point. My wife knows of my aversion to this place. It is why we have travelled so much abroad.

I thought that half a century would have been enough, that I could simply lose myself in the indolence of the Mar Nueva—something for which it is justly famous, and something which once I knew well. After all, I am a grown man, my children live in several foreign capitals, and now that I am older delight and sorrow do not come as easily as they used to.

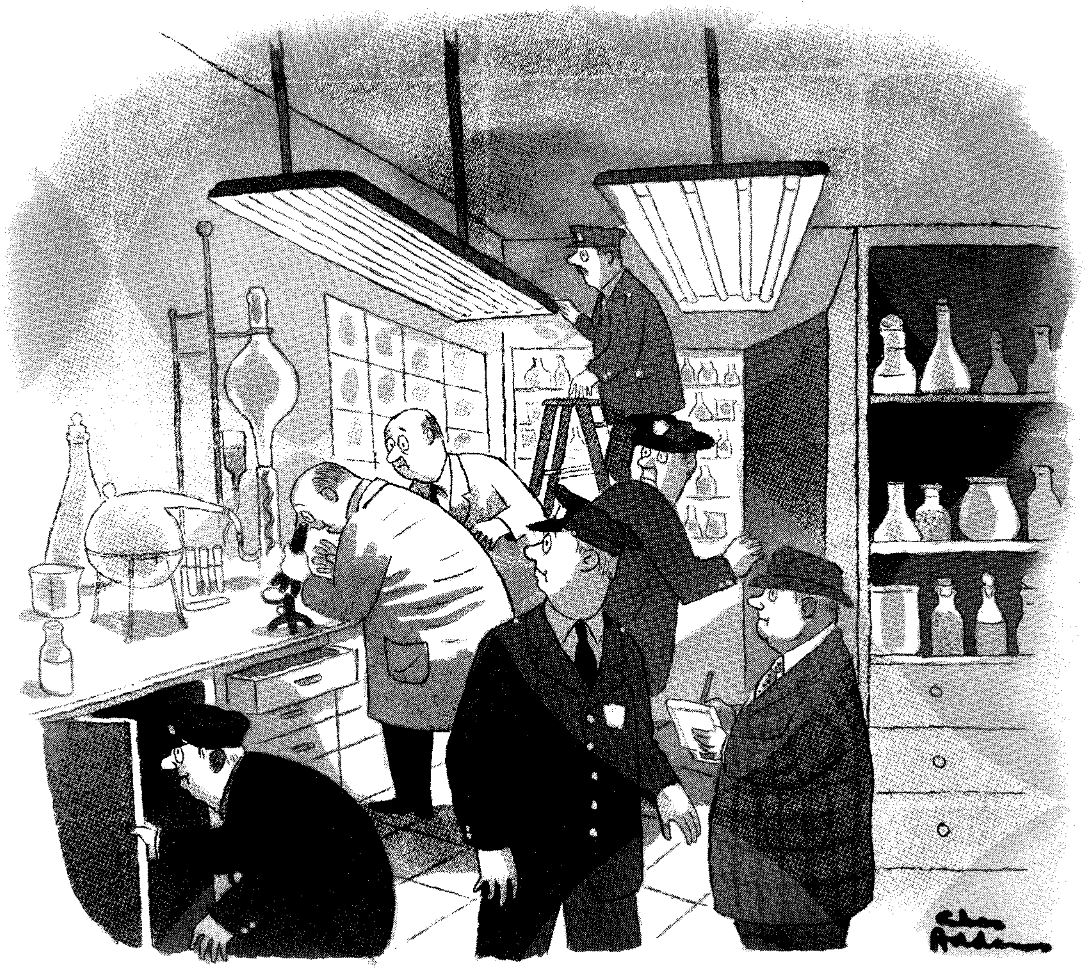
We arrived in the middle of the afternoon, and went to a terrace overlooking the sea to have something to drink and to greet our hosts, knowing that quiet days by the sea lay ahead. It should have been delightful. We made jokes. I felt nothing.

But when I sat down and looked across the bay, my eyes went right to the unshaded northern promontory. As a child, I used to look over the dazzling sea in the middle of the afternoon as it shone brightly in a confusion of light. Now I had the north light, and the air above the sea was as clear as ether.

I excused myself, and went down a steep path to a deserted beach. The waves were strong, exactly as I had remembered. When they broke upon the sand, colors and sound bloomed from them, and when they retreated they sighed just as they had always sighed when they sought refuge in the cool blue currents. Across the bay, still sitting in a private forest of orange and lemon trees, was a huge house with a roof of red tiles. To the left, poking through the branches, its own roof no more than a dot, was our house.

MY father and my father's parents before him had come to the house on the Mar Nueva since 1880. They had been guests at first, and then rented, until 1904, when Señor Alvardo died and his sons broke his vast holdings into a dozen pieces. My family bought the beach house and a small grove of mixed citrus. Every year, we were overwhelmed with lemons, limes, oranges, and grapefruit. We supplied our friends and relatives, and made gift hampers for my father's business acquaintances. For that reason we had an enormous supply of wicker baskets and excelsior. As a boy, I grew expert at packing the fruit and circling the baskets with a wide red or magenta ribbon. My sister and I tied bows as symmetrical and voluminous as water lilies.

When I drove to the Mar Nueva last December it took three and a half hours to get there. Except for some broad curves where the coast bends inward, the road is now straight. We used to drive in a touring car that could not go much faster than a bicycle. If we left before dawn, we would arrive at about nine or ten at night. The car was open, as



"*Look no further! It's Professor Blenhart!*"

big as a small swimming pool, and as high off the road as a reviewing platform. We always had a breeze, or crosscurrents of wind when we rounded a bend. I would stand in the back and pull down branches that hung over the road. I wasn't supposed to do this, and I tried not to, but when a branch came winging by overhead, something vital and automatic in my legs always made me leap up. Never once was I cut as I instantaneously stripped down the vegetation, and because the leaves were crushed as they flowed through my hands, we never arrived at the Mar Nueva unperfumed by their fragrant oils. Once, by accident, I grabbed a snake. I had it right in the middle, and it started to curl around my arm. Probably just as surprised as I was, it didn't hiss or bite. I think it must have been poisonous, since what else would it have been doing hanging in a tree? After my shock had dissipated, I screamed, and threw the snake from the car. No one else had seen it and I was too scared to say what had happened. I screamed a few more times.

My father stopped the car under some palms. "What's the matter?" he asked, after setting the brake. I burst into tears.

He turned to my mother. "When we return to the city," he said, "we must take this child to a physician."

I thought this was funny, and began to laugh. To allay his anxiety, I tried to explain what had happened, but managed only to say the word "snake." I was then overcome by the kind of laughter that takes precedence over breathing.

Frightened that I might die of a convulsion, my father picked me up, ran from the car, and dunked me in the sea—clothes, shoes, a book in my pocket, and all. I will never forget my mother and sister, waist-deep in the waves, watching gravely, and then gradually beginning to enjoy the opportunity of standing in the ocean at midday, fully clothed.

On the way to the Mar Nueva we always found a beach and stopped to have lunch. Once, we saw a campesino trying to fly a kite. The peasants then had neither kites nor the time and energy to fly them, so this was unusual. Although the kite had a good tail and was properly constructed, the campesino couldn't get it off the ground. Despite strong winds—that day the waves kicked up enormous amounts of foam that blew back over their crests—each time the kite rose it would upend and dive at the sand.

This man was about my father's age, and my father seemed to want to join him. We got through lunch and swimming, and still the kite had not risen. As we were drying off, ready to get going again, not very happy about putting on our clothes over the salty residue of the seawater, my father took out *La Prensa* and opened it to the center page to read first, as he always did, the weather reports. Not only was he a cotton broker, who had to know the rainfall and humidity in Cairo and Khartoum and in Birmingham, Alabama, but he used to say that the weather was the only real information you could find in *La Prensa*, at least about our country. Though this was obviously a true statement, and everyone knew it, it was dangerous for him to say it out loud.

Anyway, as soon as he opened the paper an explosive gust of wind ripped it from his hands and propelled it down the beach at the speed of sound. Three or four sheets temporarily plastered themselves around the campesino, slapping him in the face, and then took off again. They curved up and were rocketed into the sky with such great speed that they became little specks faster than anyone could make a comment. They rose straight up, higher and higher, until they were buried in the clouds.

The victim of the newspaper attack

slowly came over to us, stared into my father's eyes in wonder and defeat, and quickly handed him the kite, as if to say, "The rich have all the luck."

I mention these things to show that a full day's drive then seemed faster than a three-and-a-half-hour drive now. We always stopped at least a dozen times—we had to fix the car a lot, and we went swimming whenever the sea looked inviting.

But even had we driven last December on the crumbling coastal road, I do not think it would have moved me to remember the way I did when I first saw my house—from a great distance—after half a century. I must describe it. Its physical characteristics are somehow close to the heart of the matter.

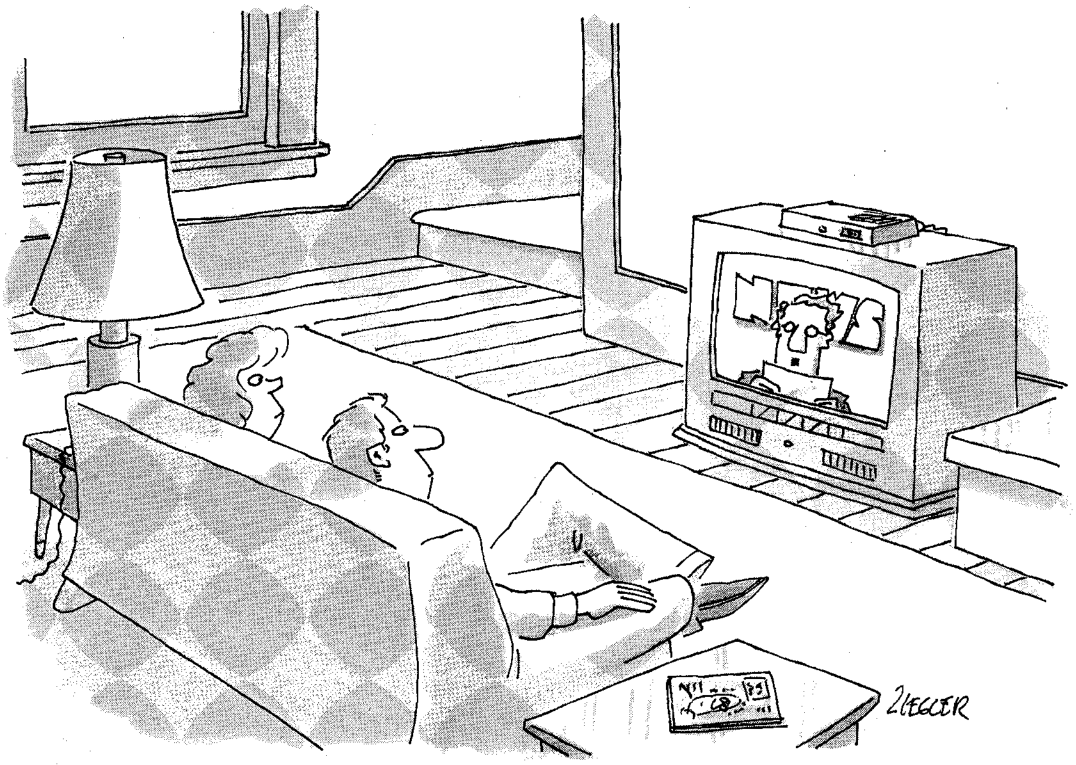
IF you were going south, you turned left and drove into a tight space between the dark, glossy leaves of two orange trees. Perhaps because everything these trees had was expressed in their marvellous foliage, they didn't bear fruit. We had to trim them back every year, my father said, or they would scratch the car. My father would get up on a ladder and round them as if he were a professional tree barber, and I would do the lower parts, after which he would go over what I had done to make it even.

After lurching through the dense citrus, you pulled onto the cobblestones, where we parked the car. From there you could see right through the center of the house to the sea beyond. The sea close in was blue-green, but it had such a bright quality that it almost seemed white. And on the other side of the reef it ran dark blue. It was always so inviting that I would run right through the house and sprint across the lawn to the beach, where I would stay by the water until my mother called me for dinner. She always had to call several times, for I was able to sit in the wind and watch the waves for hours. I imagined that somewhere within them, immediately close, was another world both infinitely tender and forgiving, where every doubt would be set to rest, every contradiction explained, and every fear disarmed.

I remember with much affection the details of our last summer at the Mar Nueva. Everything was bound up with the sea. Sometimes on my way to the beach I stopped in the kitchen and took a beer from the icebox. It was hot on the Mar Nueva and as a child I drank enormous amounts of beer, the kind that has no alcohol. We were told that the United States had prohibited alcohol, and I accepted this with the same puzzlement as I would have the statement that Britain had prohibited oxygen or that France had prohibited wood. But whatever the United States had done, it resulted in shiploads of alcohol-free beer delivered to the Mar Nueva in December and January, when people here were thirsty in the heat and the Americans were drinking hot cocoa as they stood on frozen lakes. Always proud to sit down with an ice-cold beer in my hand, I was ostentatious about it in town, with the object of entrapping someone (preferably a priest) into reprimanding me, so that I might point out with an air of offended innocence that all the alcohol had been carefully removed by the manufacturer before I refreshed myself. The dark-brown bottles were great objects to retrieve in diving, because they were so much unlike every other color in the sea. You could throw them far, they sank quickly because they were so heavy, and they often settled upright on the pale gold-flecked sands.

Our inner courtyard had a small fountain. Though the bedrooms and the winter living room were off the courtyard, we spent most of the time on a veranda that overlooked the lawn and the sea. Here we had placed awnings so that even in heavy downpours or blistering sun we could eat our meals, talk through the afternoon, or read. Here also we had a radio that played classical music and static. I have always associated the two, and a Beethoven symphony seemed to me neither authentic nor profound if it did not carry the sound of nocturnal winter lightning storms over which the radio waves from central Europe had to rise before gliding into the warm summer daylight where we listened.

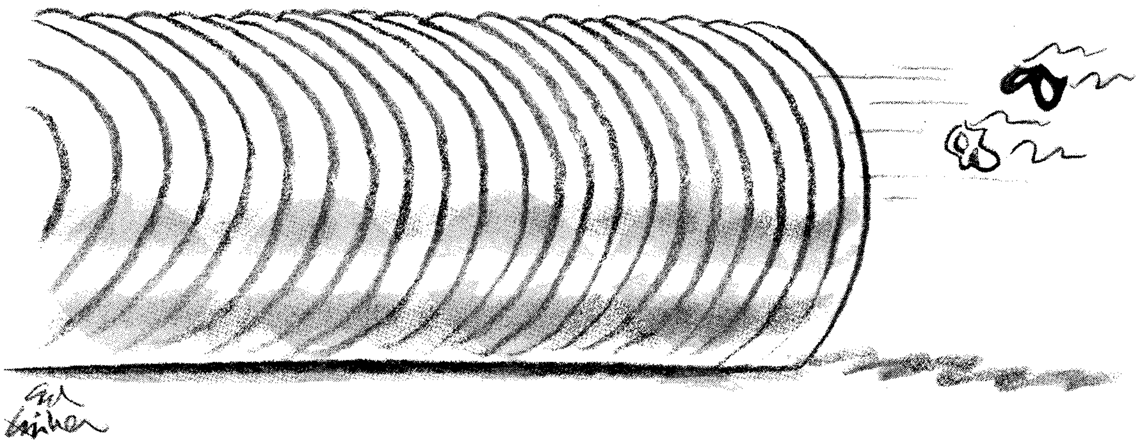
Each bedroom had a bed, a chair, a ceiling fan, and mosquito netting (though the veranda was just windy enough to keep away the insects, the inside of the house was not). I had been given a butterfly net. Mistaking a Latin word for an English phrase, I was enthusiastic about chasing "leopard opera" and having a collection of their jewel-like wings, but I could never pin them. I tried to get my father to do it, and he refused, say-



"Today the secret ingredients for Mom's Apple Pie were sold to the Japanese for sixty-eight million dollars."

HISTORIC FACE-OFF IN A WIND TUNNEL:

THE LONE RANGER VS. THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



ing, "If you want butterflies, you have to pin them yourself."

We played croquet and badminton, we swam and dived, and I climbed trees even when they had no coconuts. I skinned my knees and elbows, and learned that no matter how tired you get near the top of a palm, you can't let go. If you do, you fall. Most often there was a reward, too—coconuts. At age nine or ten, I was a rather happy blond monkey.

There are a few other things I must mention about the Mar Nueva before I tell what happened there. About two hundred metres down the beach, just at the border of our land and a much larger citrus plantation, was a short wooden pier. It was able to withstand the sea in winter because it was made of joined and bolted lignum vitae, and the columns upon which it stood were tapered to cut through the waves passing underneath. I fished and (when my father was there) dived off this pier. It was so solid and high that in all but the worst weather I was allowed to go there alone.

Then, I must return to the sea itself, which was warm and buoyant. You could stay in it for hours at a time, and when you did you forgot everything but the bands of color in which you floated, the grace and speed of the rainbow fishes, the rhythmic laxity of the sea fans, and the surging of the water, to and fro, over the reef. You became part of the sea after just an hour. You thought like a fish, you hardly thought at all. I have never forgotten the small waves that lapped at my back, the wind and spray that caught and broke the light, and the contrasting smoothness and consistency of the deep cold swells. I have never forgotten, and I will always retain my confidence in the sea as a place to rest, if need be, forever.

Although today to have a villa the size of our house on the Mar Nueva would mean that you were able to fly around in your own jet, and play polo, we were not rich. As a cotton broker, my father had his ups and downs. It all depended on the weather not just in our country but everywhere in the world. Perhaps because he was completely dependent upon the elements he did not have the false pride of someone who imagines that he has broken from nature and is not subject to its laws.

OUR last summer at the Mar Nueva started out much the same as any other. I managed to escape my part in unloading the car (there was nothing in it anyway but groceries and clothes) and run through the house to the beach. I remember how elated I was to stand at the edge of the breaking waves and watch the wind twirl and depress the water. This was in early December, and every day until March the sea would do the same thing and I would be in it. I imagine that no general ever felt as satisfied or vindicated, no matter what his conquests, as I felt then looking over the sea.

I went down the beach toward the pier. When I was halfway there I stopped as surely as if I had seen a saint suspended in the air before me, glowing like the peephole in a blast furnace. I ran back to the house and cornered my father.

"What is it this time?" he asked.

"A wall," I said.

"What wall?"

"On the beach. By the pier. It runs back into the trees, and it's tremendous. It must be bigger than the Great Wall of China. It's at least five metres high. Maybe thirty. It's made of stone, and it stops at the beach and then it goes on. It goes into the trees. I don't know where it stops. I didn't look."

My father took both my shoulders and gave me one of his piercing looks. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"I'll look again," I said.

"Claudia, why don't you go with him?" my mother suggested to my sister.

I was about to resent that, but Claudia had already disappeared into the kitchen. I ran like crazy through the citrus trees, thinking that I had imagined the wall and that I might go all the way to the point and not see anything. Then I would have to come back. But if I walked slowly it would all be forgotten. I remember that I wished I had imagined it, even at the cost of my own embarrassment.

I nearly ran right into it, for it was in a place that had once been perfectly open. It *was* five metres high, and it was made of stone. I ran along it, inland, until I no longer felt safe, and then I ran all the way back to the beach. There I checked to see that it came almost down to the pier, as I had reported, and I looked around it. On the other side were now three or four little houses, booths, lined up along the beach. Back from them were the orange trees that had always been there, and the beach grass.

"There are little houses," I reported breathlessly to my father.

"Bungalows?" he asked.

I didn't know what a bungalow was, but it sounded right, so I said, "Yes, bungalows, lots of bungalows all

CONCERNING K

Not one breath. Even the flags had . . . flagged.
Decades of usurpation and fatigue
foreground these Polaroids—the postcards lie—
and every street in Prague appears to lead
to a blackened sepulchre. Nowhere to go,

unless one is in the Market for Fleas. Why not?
The Festival was over, they had crowned
and drowned in Tokay poetry's Clown Prince,
"Don Giovanni" had (again) been foiled,
and the charter flight was bumped another day.

Mittel-europa was up for sale, piecemeal;
picking desultorily through the booths,
you and the person we both call X fell out:
"—infinitely desirable—" "—Bohemian dreck—"
over the daub you photographed "for me" . . .

Boredom, according to Walter Benjamin,
is a brood hen on the egg of experience:
a rustle in the leaves will drive her off.
Not one sound. Tenantless, the leaves
hung from every willow, every oak.

At least those booths were cooler than the street.
So that was where you found it, in the dark
(as what was not, in the rabid city—Gnostic,
rabbinical, patristic, cabalistic): *dark*
was the distempering of discovery!

Painted in darkness, out of darkness too,
and dubiously meant, on muddy duck,
for a martyred saint manacled to a stump,
the carcass oddly cavernous for being
so gaunt, more oddly luminous for being

so terribly hard to make out . . . But you did
—if not with X—make out (forgive me!) Saint
Sebastian . . . Who else? What other throes could be
so eagerly submissive, so thrilling, so lewd?
And the model! Could anyone else have stood

even a moment for what your letter calls
"a morbid appetite for arrows"? The moral is:
Don't pose as a saint, or you may become one . . .'
Not one of the Happy Many, who suffer so far
and then collapse, exhausted, over and out;

just the opposite—the more a saint suffers,
the fiercer the energy summoned to endure.
This saint, or the human violence that masks
his sanctity in martyrdom's masquerade,
is beyond mere pain. He needs no doctrine,

only opportunities. Here is a good one:
the soul unties its shoes, pulls off its socks,
and stands revealed. Still life is still life,
and ears apart—apart from what? part bat!—
the body you identified (and *coveted?*)

is geometrically impossible, the parts
greater than the whole. Which you wanted to buy?
Own? Haul back to . . . me, I guess. For once
X and reason prevailed. Imagine possession—
forever to face such darkness, and such light!

The self, divine in each of us, is not
to be fully entered into. Manifest here,
or there, whereof these Polaroids report
enough. I know about as much of Prague
as he—your precious, phantasmatic saint—

knew of Amerika. Photographs transform
space into time, any image will do,
and does: leathery oils whose lesson is clear
(disdain for the world is not love of God)
and whose identity is plain as day.

Kafka writes in his diary for 1912:
The painter Ascher has asked me to pose
for a Saint Sebastian. I am to pose nude.
Let it rot in Prague, where you found the thing.
X spots the mark. You must resume your life.

—Richard Howard

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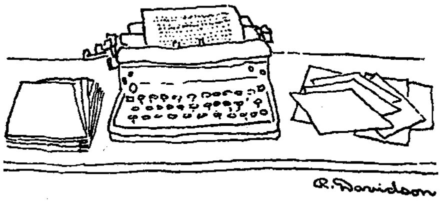
over the place, everywhere you look."

My father was downcast. "People from the bungalows will be walking all over our beach. Maybe it's for the better that they have a wall. But why such a big one? And how could they have put it up so fast? Let's go see." I darted ahead of my father, and when he reached the wall I was already standing on the pier.

When he joined me, he shook his head. "That wall must have cost twice as much as the land itself." Then, as we stood over the waves coursing between the pilings, he turned and said, "Those aren't bungalows. They're sentry boxes."

For the next few nights the wall and the sentry boxes were a main topic of dinner conversation. At first we thought they were part of a military base. But why a military base? My father said there was no possible reason for a military base there. A prison? No. The wall of a prison would go all the way around.

A few days later, when we had had to go into town to get more groceries, we stopped on a high point on the road and my father pointed to the enormous tiled roof. "It's just a private house," he said, and we started off again, wondering what kind of private house had risen so quickly and so splendidly right next to us in a single winter while we had been in school and my father had been trading cotton. No one in town knew anything about it, which was hard for us to believe, because those people seemed to know the name and life story of every lizard on every rock in the Mar Nueva.



On the way back, my father told us that it was a villa, just like ours, but that it belonged to someone very important.

"I could scout around inside," I volunteered.

"Don't you dare," he ordered. "I absolutely forbid you even to cross over onto their beach."

"But the pier is half on their property and half on ours," I protested.

"You can go to the pier," he said, "but don't go beyond it. Sentry boxes mean sentries, and sentries have guns."

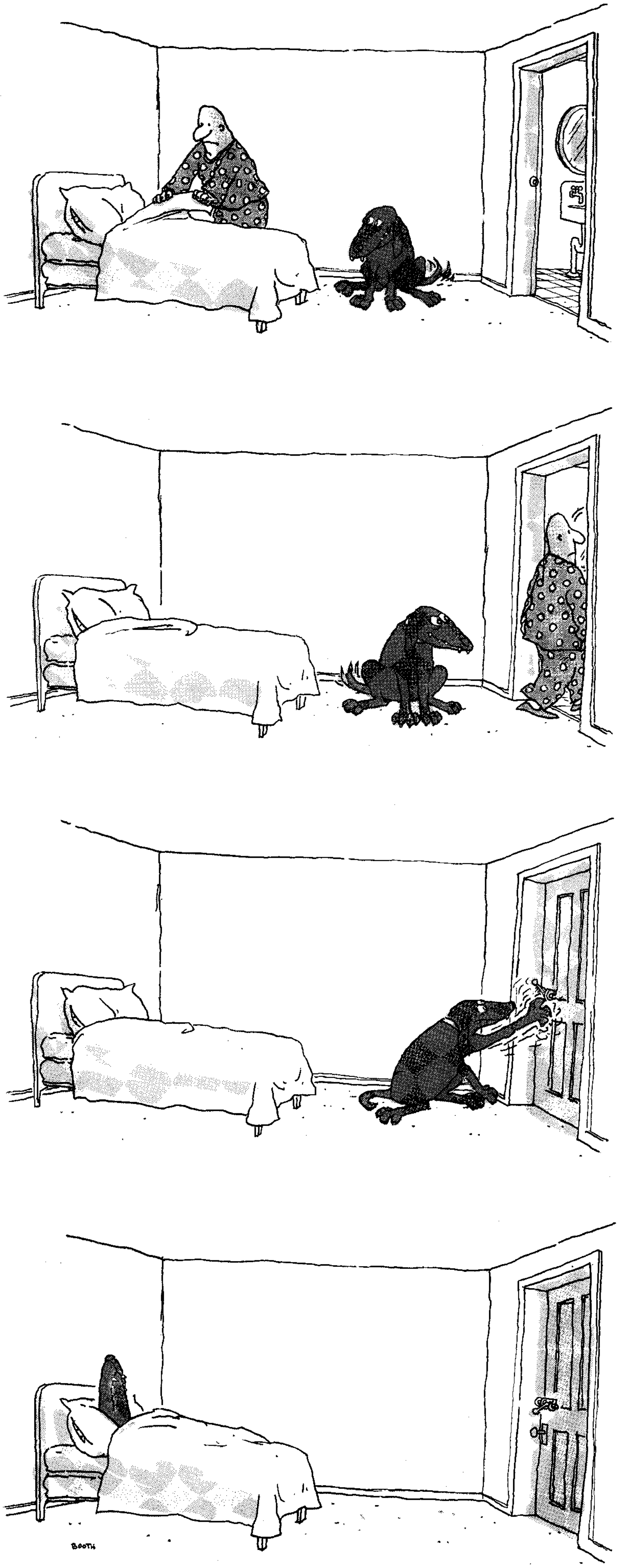
"Maybe they're swimming houses," I speculated.

"Swimming houses," my father said, looking at me with disdain. "Stay out of there. The place belongs to someone very important, someone close to Santos-Ott."

CHILDREN these days do not understand—not even my children in their day knew—what it is like to live under a caudillo. All life is a contest between the caudillo and everyone else, and the caudillo must win. He must successfully intimidate every walker on every street, every sitter in every café, clerks at their desks, lovers in hotel rooms, skiers on mountain slopes, peasants in the fields, and children in their classrooms, ever mindful of his stern portrait next to the flag.

You must fear even to think in opposition, lest you talk in your sleep or carelessly insult him in the presence of one of his agents. When I was six years old, a shopkeeper on our street in the city lost his wife in an automobile accident, and fell into despair. In a democracy he might have had to shoot himself or jump off a bridge, but under Santos-Ott he merely brought a phonograph to his shop and played the music of an exiled composer. We were at lunch on a spring afternoon when we heard the music. The moment my father recognized it he ran to the window and pleaded with the shopkeeper, for his own sake, to turn it off. As the music played, the street emptied. The shopkeeper, who sold vegetables and eggs, had put the phonograph on a table and pointed the horn into the air. He sat on the stone step leading to his little shop, with a glass of wine in his hand and tears in his eyes. My father put on his jacket so he could go downstairs and see what he could do, but by the time he got to our front door the music had stopped and the store was shuttered. Within a week a shoemaker had moved in. Once, I mentioned the name of the man who used to sell vegetables and eggs, and my father said, "Just forget him. Put him out of your mind."

Santos-Ott dressed in white summer uniforms or, in winter, in a long military coat. His portraits were executed only when he was in this coat, so that even in late November as we sat in class fanning ourselves with our exit cards he looked down upon us coolly, with not a bead of sweat, absolutely mo-



tionless in the ten-kilo coat. It had two rows of buttons and a black collar with silver oak leaves. I know, because I stared at it through a thousand boring lessons. It was monumental, and he himself was tall. His peaked hat, with a visor and many more leaves, helped to make him seem like a giant.

I used to see the coat also in the pictures of him in *La Prensa Color*. It was not quite tan and not quite gray but, rather, the color of a weimaraner dog. This, and the fact that Santos-Ott himself had absolutely blue eyes, gave rise to a universal comparison that never had to be spoken to be known.

Though Santos-Ott had the typical dictatorial attribute of always receiving flowers from exemplary little girls in the national dress, everyone in the country looked in the little girls' eyes and could see that, even at four or five years of age, thinking that they might trip or hand over the bouquet incorrectly, they were numb with fear.

My teacher dared not criticize him. My father did not speak ill of him even at home. He seemed to me to be like God. I imagined that his children, if he had them (we never knew), would be more frightened than anyone else.

Until the revolution, in all my life I had never heard a single soul but one speak against him—no strong man, intellectual, priest, or peasant, not even foreigners, who soon learned to bite their tongues. Only my sister, Claudia.

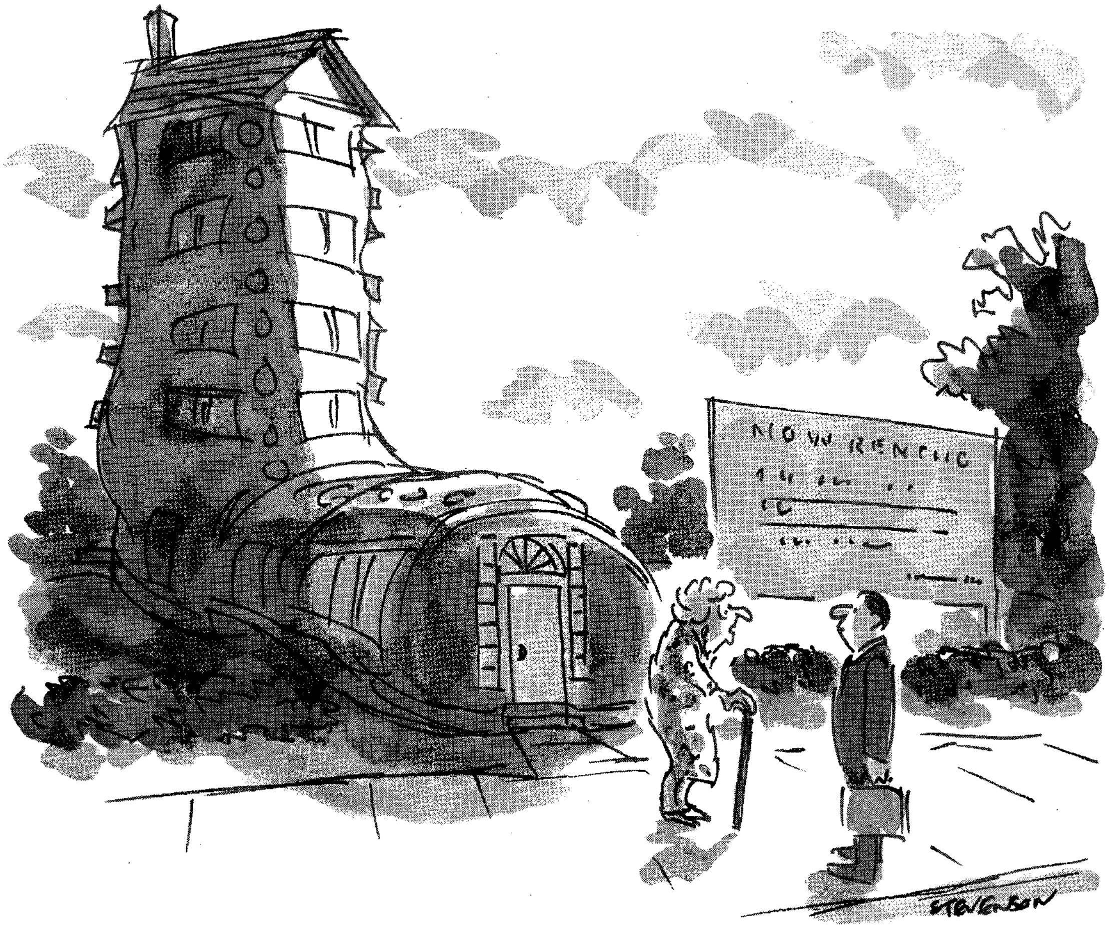
I WILL keep forever and with great affection a vision of her, at seventeen, on a fall day when the air was so cold and clear that we had to wear sweaters. Our father had gone to Norway and brought back sweaters that he said were from a special batch made for the Norwegian royal family: because he was a cotton broker, he had contact with textile manufacturers and weavers, and we always had the best clothing, although it almost never fit well.

Claudia was tall and had not yet filled out. Because she moved her long limbs as if they were already heavier, she was awkward. Sometimes she would become so frustrated with herself that she would cry, and then my mother would take her in her arms and tell her that it would be just a matter of time until everything came into balance.

Her hair was the color of white gold, her eyes bluer than the eyes of Santos-Ott. The boys in her form shunned her, merely because they imagined that she would not even consider them. But anyone who cared to look closely could have known how lonely she was, for although in repose she was formidable and off-putting, as soon as she moved or spoke her animation and charm turned the burnished colors into soft allure, as if she were overjoyed just by the fact that someone was talking to her. At seven years her junior, I thought of her as a grown woman.

I remember that the pattern of her sweater was entrancing, especially as her long shining hair moved across it in soft sheaves, parting here and there, so that you wanted to brush it aside to see how the animals were placed in the flowers. A band of white and blue crossed the top of the yoke, and the yoke itself was so resolute, deep, and detailed that it seemed like a patch of mountainside. Mine was different. It may have had a herd of reindeer with a forest of brown antlers floating above them.

In 1932, a group of colonels on the Altiplano attempted a coup. It didn't make sense to start a coup from the Altiplano, and their efforts brought them a short civil war in which they were quickly driven into their sanctuaries. Even on their own ground they behaved like amateurs, and when the army closed in on the provincial capital, they fled on foot. Santos-Ott, commanding his own troops, had known their character and, anticipating that they would flee, he waited with two massive cavalry columns on a field between some high ridges along the



"Now that the children are gone, I'm leasing twenty-seven hundred square feet for immediate occupancy, warehousing several luxury units, and aiming for complete co-op conversion by early September."

route the plotters had hoped to use for their escape.

This became the Battle of Rosario, in which two thousand disorganized, retreating rebels were met by eight thousand men on horse. The action was much like that of an exercise at the military academy. The cavalry made diagrammatically perfect sweeps and charges on just the right lines, with little worry about being shot off their mounts, as only half their opponents were armed and those who were armed had little ammunition. The newspapers spoke of a pitched battle that had lasted for days, but still the truth got out. There were eight thousand survivors, the victors. They told their families. Their families had tongues.

Santos-Ott was quick to realize that those men who had been trapped between stone cliffs and ranks of cavalry and slaughtered at leisure over a period of ten or twelve hours had presented his opponents with two thousand martyrs. After dark, cavalry units had crisscrossed the field, crushing the wounded under their horses' hoofs, until the drop in temperature relieved them of their task. Patrols circled the battleground to prevent families from coming to the aid of the defeated and to shoot anyone alive enough to move. The victorious army made camp on a plateau not too far away, and a thousand bonfires kept them warm as those wounded rebels who still hung on slowly froze to death. The image that captured the public imagination was of men dying of cold while looking at the glow of the orderly fires around which their enemies were drinking hot tea.

Though Santos-Ott knew that two thousand martyrs are not nearly as effective as one, he moved to protect himself. Abandoning his pride and violating the tenets of dictatorship, he appealed to the public in a carefully mounted political offensive.

For us, this rarity consisted of an army lieutenant colonel addressing the assembled student body of our school. One morning, a month after the battle, he appeared at the lectern of the assembly hall and nervously tried to assure us that everything was fine: the government was not merely firm—and correct—but desperately necessary, and good in its heart.

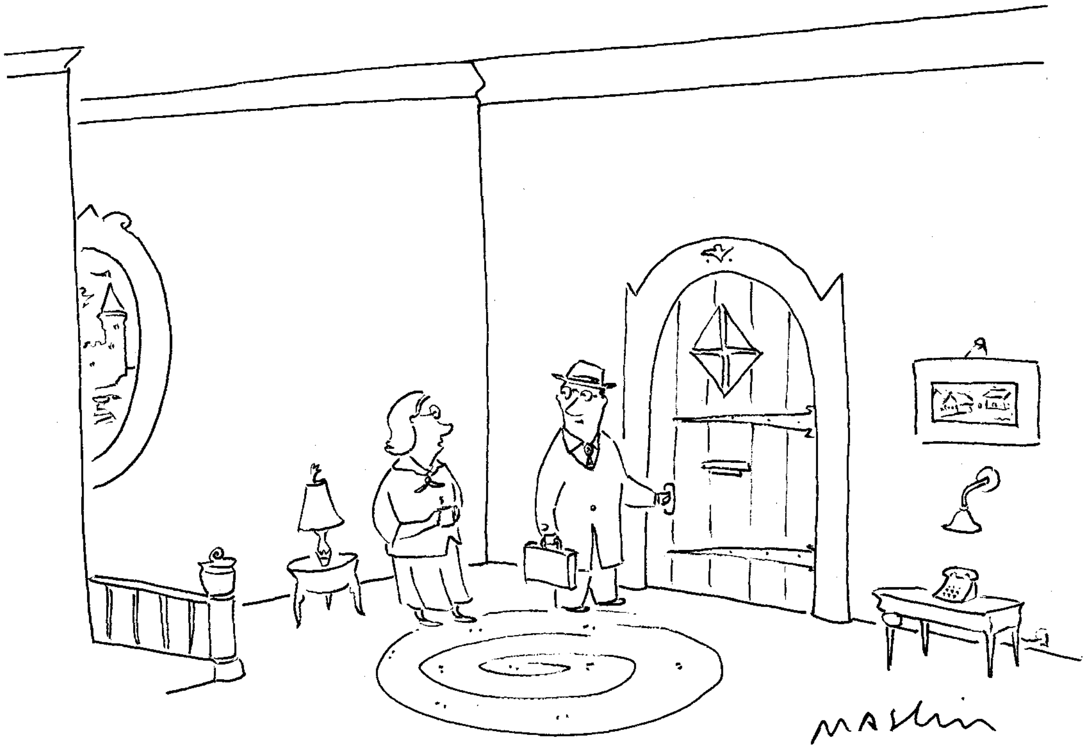
Though he wore the same kind of tentlike coat as did Santos-Ott, and the same kind of hat, and was roughly the same age, he had the face not of a hardened soldier or a cold political functionary but of a tobacconist who has spent the greater part of his life sitting in a kiosk, with most of the sorrows and none of the glories of the man who is shot from a cannon.

Perhaps the lieutenant colonel would not have been intimidated by guns and sabres, but he was intimidated by a sea of children's faces. The adolescents and younger children stared at him with a kind of lunatic freshness, and with a skepticism born of freedom and almost total ignorance. Even in our authoritarian school, where the nuns were always rapping us on the knuckles, we moved from place to place in an uncontrollable tide, numerous fat children were always unable to stifle their giggles, and we had half a dozen semi-professional anarchists. How does one deal with untutored spirits? Teachers have difficulty. An army lieutenant colonel was at sea.

When he stood to address us he had the cautious, amazed air of someone in a monkey house. Though each child was confined to a seat, there was so much writhing and fidgeting that it was like a storm blowing through the jungle.

He introduced himself, and stated that he had come to stress the need for vigilance after the Battle of Rosario. For political reasons, enemies of the state would seize the opportunity to spread falsehoods, but he had come to describe the incident solely according to the facts.

Then he began a falsified account of the battle—falsified, we knew, because it contradicted unsubstantiated rumors and was exactly parallel to the descriptions in *La Prensa*. The more he went on, the more relaxed he became. In describing the maneuvers and their classical antecedents (Santos-Ott was a great admirer of Napoleon) he won the majority of the boys over to his side, as an engineer might have in explaining a marvellous machine. I myself have always been strongly drawn to objective beauty, and I delighted in the decisiveness and power of which he spoke and which he claimed to represent. And we, after all, the boys of a private academy, were the



"Please note, today is the last day I will say 'Have a nice day' to you. Starting tomorrow, I will say 'Have a good one.'"

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stuff that made up the officer corps.

When he finished, he was confident enough to ask for questions. Indeed, boys as young as eight were jumping in their seats, wanting to pose questions about flying wedges, crossfires, sabre charges, and what have you.

The girls, however, had not been enthralled. In their stubborn and infuriating way, they were undoubtedly thinking about sewing or pastries. I wondered how they were content to dismiss things of great excitement, how they could insist upon looking at the world as if the most important part of it were the little kingdoms of which they were the queens. Nonetheless, my sister, who was in the next-to-last form, seemed surprisingly agitated. From the way she was moving around in her chair, and from her expression, I was sure that she was about to speak, but she did not raise her hand. I suspect that she felt obliged to stand and question him on behalf of those who had died. Everyone thought she was hard and pure, and she often rose to the part with great courage.

Mind you, I was not analytical then, not capable of understanding what moved my sister to be as impetuous, outspoken, and daring as often she was (she would, for example, at great risk to her standing among the teachers, flay alive any nun who dared to come to class unprepared). But I have remembered, and as the years pass, even though I have—I think—long understood her, I am surprised. For me, the power of recollection has always seemed sadly and inversely related to the power of action. My memories grow more intense, as if they had a life of their own. And if I close my eyes I see the pattern of her sweater in the most exact and luminescent detail, the way you see something bright that you have apprehended from the dark. I see her hair shining under the light. I have trouble recalling her voice, at seventeen, but the words are there, exactly.

ORNAMENT IN A PORT CITY

The wind—and there is a wind—might as well be
my body against my body: all day, heat;
and it hasn't rained. Anywhere else

the heavens or sky would be black by now,
or black-blue. Here the buildings get so dark
the air is white beside them, holding up its near-clear

load of water. Trash trees
send live pollen into the air until it's
hard to breathe. This under sparse gold windows,

and by a fenced playground. Four shut stores, a doorway,
then a man has set earrings in a dark cloth square
in a square of light. In all the colors,

as if to say: "Anything that can be pierced
and strung on a wire." A chalk-melon pair,
meaning coral; a mirror one. A turquoise,

or something meant for turquoise.

—Elizabeth Macklin

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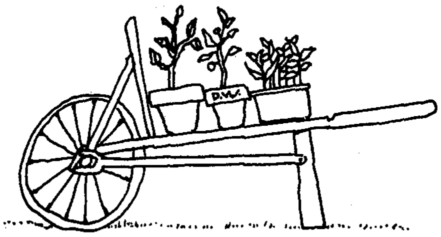
ALTHOUGH three hours in the sea then seemed as long and expansive as the years now seem short, the weeks of our vacation passed quickly. The Mar Nueva could have been another planet—a sea planet—where no unpleasant things existed, where you didn't have to study logarithms or dress in a suit, where your parents were always nearby but you were old enough to go off by yourself, where gravity was annulled for much of the day in astoundingly transparent water that, either blue or green, glowed as brightly as an electric light.

In February, when the cities were unbearably hot and strangely empty, and yachts glided across the Mar Nueva as quietly as moths, I determined that I would help my father struggle against the vagaries of his profession by providing food for the table. I decided to become a fisherman, and much to my own surprise, for I have never had much confidence in my own resolve, I did.

I fished single-mindedly from dawn to late afternoon. Though I knew that my parents and even Claudia were as disturbed by my devotion as they were impressed, I aimed to impress them until they had forgotten what had made them uneasy.

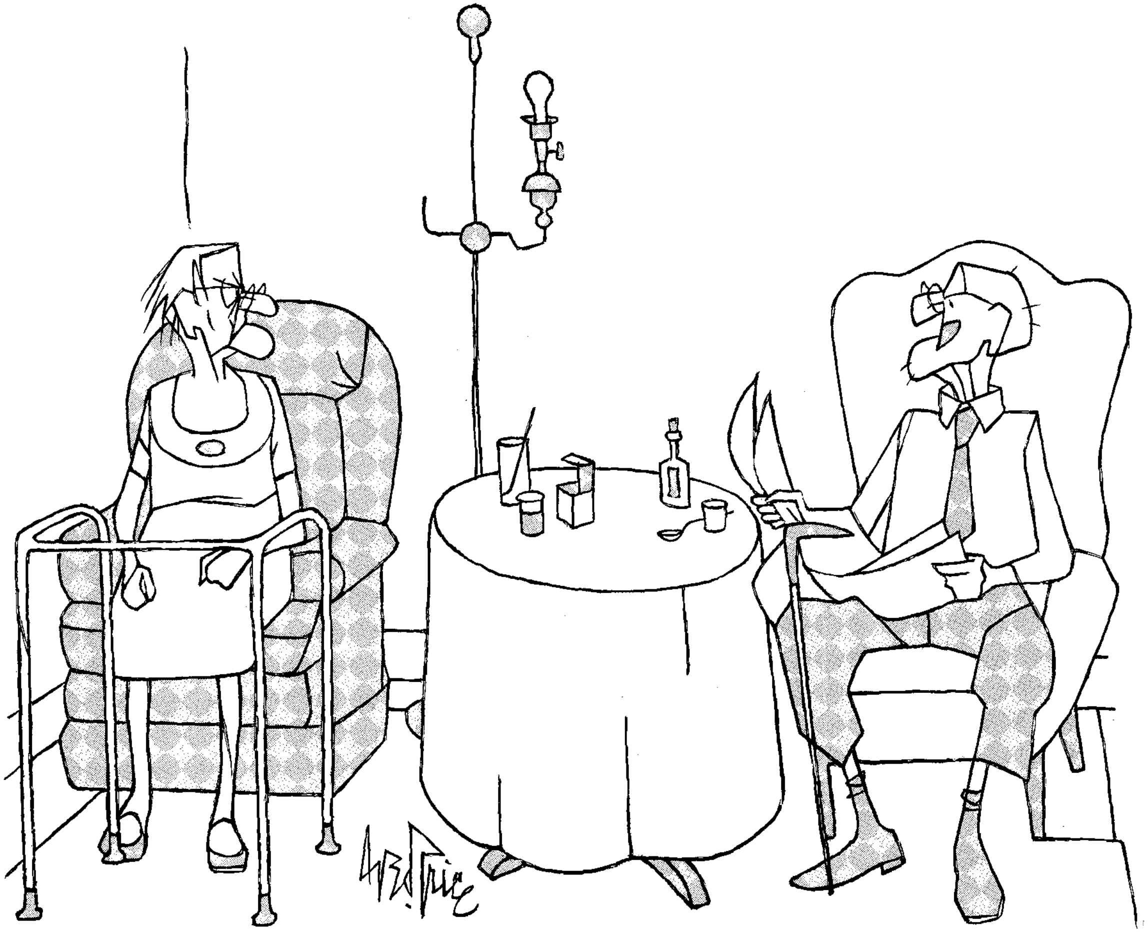
On the very first day I caught three bluefin, of which we ate one and gave away two. When I got better, and could cast as far as a grown man, when I knew what kind of bait to use with different tides, when the fish were running, how they ran, how to drop a hook right in the middle of churning water far offshore, and how to get a fish in fast enough so that I could hook another from the same school, I did so well that my father had to take me into town every night to sell my catch.



At first we stood by our car in great embarrassment, with the fish resting in a box of ice propped up against the running board. It took a long time to sell them off, and my father didn't like all the driving, so we struck a deal with a man who had a stall in the market. Every day at four o'clock he arrived in a truck that steamed with dry ice, and pushed a wheelbarrow to the pier, where my catch was strung, fresh and alive, riding the promise of the waves but never able to break loose.

I provided the main course almost every night, and with the money I earned supplying fish to a market strained by the needs of the summer people I provided the rest of our food, too. I was sinfully proud of myself. In the long hours I spent casting from the pier I frequently imagined that every girl I liked in school was somehow able to see me, and I often moved as if I were fishing in front of an audience. I was ashamed if I failed to cast beyond the point where I could actually see my lure as it splashed into the waves, and delighted if I could throw it temporarily into oblivion. The critical observers I made up for myself slowly forced me into expertise, and I caught an overwhelming amount of fish. I remember that often when I whipped the lure off one of my long surf-casting rods I looked ahead nobly and said, "Rosa!" Rosa was a little girl who was not very pretty, but I loved her like crazy for years. She grew up to be extraordinarily beautiful.

I was at the pier every day from dawn till four. After the fish man came I brought the money to my father and took the best fish I had caught into the kitchen, drank some fruit juice, and went into the ocean until dinner. The waves in late afternoon have an exhausted quality. I have noticed in many places all around the world that beaches empty at about four. Everyone has had enough, even the ocean. The light is too bright, the wind too steady. But underwater it was the same: the temperature was constant, the light was only slightly different, and the fish did not go back to their villas to shower and eat cherry ices.



"Libra (September 23-October 23): Busy, busy, busy. The accent is on excitement and romance. Be ready for a flurry of calls, invitations . . ."

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SOLDIERS appeared in the bungalows. My father had been right about them: they did have rifles. When I looked in their direction, they didn't look back. Except for an officer who came out of the bushes and asked me what I was doing, who my father was, and how long we had lived there, they did mainly what I did: they scanned the sea. And the officer had refused to tell me who lived in the huge villa sheltered among the trees.

Soon I was as indifferent to the guards as they were to me. In the capital every other doorway was guarded by a detachment of infantry, and soldiers with rifles slung across their chests stood on street corners all day long looking at the women who passed by. I concentrated on fishing.

Claudia hardly ever came to the pier. My father visited often to check the fish, to sit and talk, and to bring me pitchers of ice water. Even my mother, who walked in tiny steps and hated to go through the bushes, came to visit a few times. But Claudia was in a sulk because she longed for the social life of the town—a sun-bleached extension of social life in the capital, which, though much less formal, was just as self-serving. I think she wanted the boys who had just left school, or were perhaps a little older than that (though not by much), to lose their breath as she passed by. She wanted to be noticed, and, of course, she would have been: she would have been a sensation. But in that regard my parents were unambitious. They never went out, they didn't sit in cafés, they had a small circle of friends—cotton brokers, unknown journalists, businessmen who didn't do too well, and some people whose strength and troubles prevented them from settling into any one profession. And relatives—my mother's brother was an inventor, God help him, who invented a thousand things, not a single one of which was ever patented or produced (who needs a shoehorn that doubles as a drinking straw?).

My parents were grateful that Claudia was still with us, and they patiently endured her outbursts. After all, she was almost eighteen, and would soon be marrying. "She is undergoing a painful transition," my mother said. I used to stare at Claudia and wonder about this transition. She spent so much of the day reading Russian novels that her ears were red where she had rested her head on her hands. Reading in winter always seems to me to be rather businesslike; in summer, it puts you in a trance and makes your bones ache.

Anyway, one day in the third week of February—the seventeenth, to be precise—I was sitting at the end of the pier. There was a breeze, and the waves were rolling in slowly. They hardly broke, except on the beach itself, and there they quietly tucked themselves in. It was before lunch, and the sun was high. I was casting into the wind, trying to close in on a big school of fish that had me praying for them to veer shoreward. These were mackerel, which belonged in the open sea, and the water around them looked like the rapids in a river. They had no business where they were. They should have been out deeper in the blue, and as they passed inshore I was able to cast my lines farther than ever before. My four lures fell short of the fish, but I was enthralled anyway, and I shouted into the wind for them to come closer.

They didn't. They vanished beneath the swells, leaving me with beautifully taut lines drawn by the power of the sea. I turned around. Right next to me, practically on my heels, was an old man dressed in sandals, a bathing suit, an open shirt, and a peasant's straw hat.

I almost fell into the water. "Sorry," he said. "You couldn't hear me because of the wind, and I didn't want to interrupt you when you were going great guns. I saw that school, too. I thought I'd come over and see if you could pull one in."

I knew I had a volatile imagination. I was the one who claimed in near-hysteria to have seen a prehistoric bird. Still, I was terribly afraid that this old man, who was unusually tall and wore impenetrable sunglasses, was actually Santos-Ott. I wanted to run home and say that he was Santos-Ott, and to be convinced of it, but for him not to be Santos-Ott.

How could it have been Santos-Ott? The soldiers were still in their bungalows and he was alone with me. He wasn't in a general's white summer uniform, and he seemed shy.

I think I knew that he was indeed Santos-Ott, but if I had admitted it to myself I would have fainted, so I pretended that he wasn't. This is just an old man who's going to go on and on about fishing, I thought, as deep within me alarm bells were going off, flames were licking the back of my lungs, and choruses of the damned were singing, "Caudillo! Caudillo! Caudillo!"

"I have four lines out," I began, breathlessly. "Each line is two hundred metres of Permafil with a rated strength of seventy-five kilograms. I can cast sixty or seventy metres with the wind, but if there's a riptide it will carry the line farther and deeper. That's why I have so much line. The big fish are in the blue."

"Check the lures," he said. I began to reel them in.

BY the time I had retrieved the lures, my heart had slowed down to normal. I would have been very proud if I had pulled in a big silver mackerel, but unfortunately I had no fish to show the old man. Now I know why I had calmed down. Very few people who get to be chief of state lack the ability to put others at ease. And, then, he was not in his coat, he was deferential and truly interested in my fishing technique, and we were out at the end of the pier, on the sea.

"I thought you had to be pulling a lure through the water all the time for it to work," he said. "What's your method? When I was a boy in the mountains, we would put a lure in the stream and the water flowing past it would keep it alive. You can't do that in the ocean, can you?"

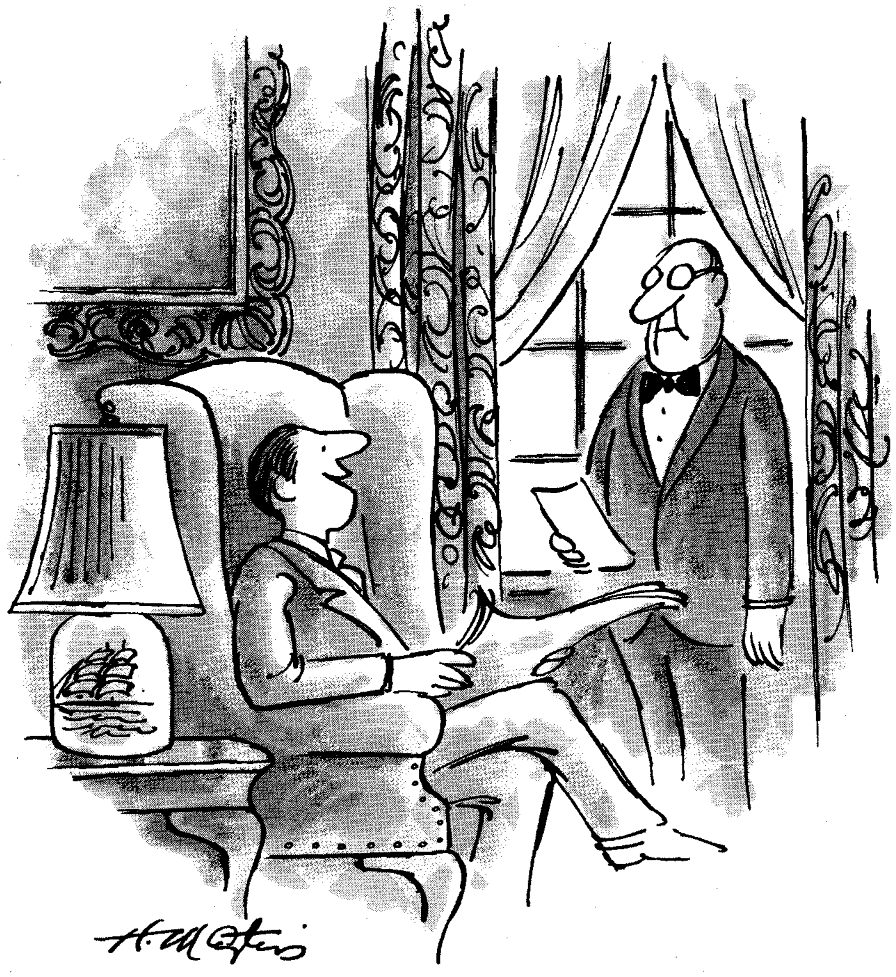
Everyone knew that Santos-Ott had been a boy in the mountains. It was part of the national mythology: I had heard and read the phrase "a boy in the mountains" applied to him hundreds of times. "Often, you can," I answered. "It's because of the point. The currents sweep along the coast and then are deflected straight out to sea by the point, so it's like a river, only it curls back in a circle and hits the shore again. If you throw a bottle over the reef it will head straight out to sea, but in a few hours it may be washed up on the beach. Sometimes the riptide is so strong that I think I have a strike. But mostly it's gentle enough to carry the line out slowly, and then, after you brake the reel, to hold the lure just below the surface."

"Why doesn't the lure come back, like the bottle?"

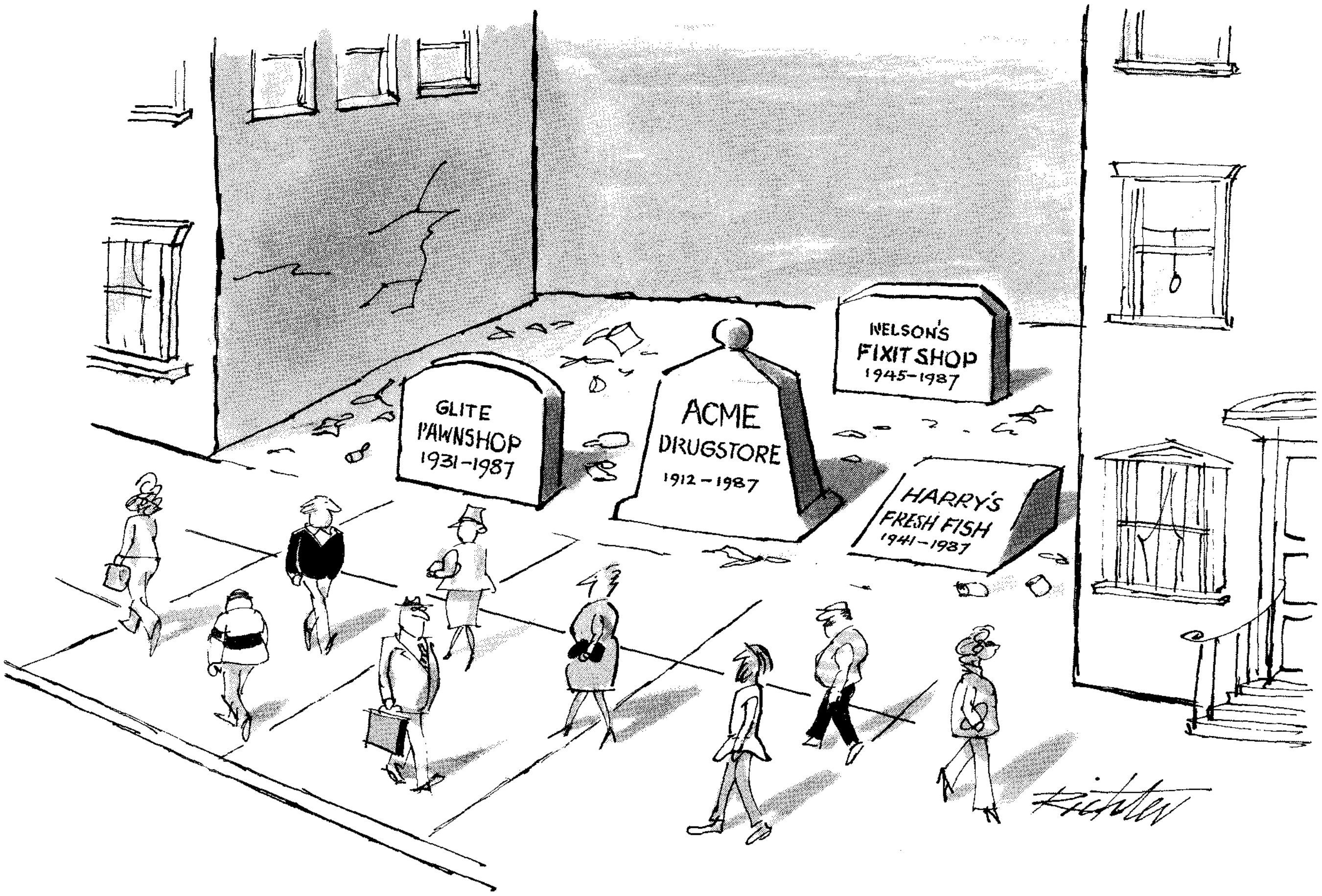
"Because it doesn't go far enough out. To make the full circle, something has to touch the open sea."

"How do you know all this?" he

THE BEAT GOES ON



"Hi! I'm Edward Emlyn Parkerson IV. I just graduated and started work today for Goldman, Sachs. My 'usual' will be a Gibson up."



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asked. "You talk like someone who has been on the Mar Nueva all his life."

"I have," I answered. This made him laugh. "And I know about what happens to a lure, because we went out in a boat and found it. It spins around and goes back and forth, just like a fish that's holding its place."

"Do you catch a lot of fish?" he asked, as if he were thinking about getting some for himself.

"Enough for us to eat, and I sell the rest. I've been paying for our food," I stated with obvious pride, and then added, "this summer."

"But it isn't necessary for you to do this, is it? What does your father do?"

"He's a cotton broker."

"A cotton broker can do very well."

I didn't want to tell him that my father worried about our savings as they dwindled in the heat, or when the weather was too wet, or too good in America or Egypt. And besides, our tuition was what did my parents in, and in that sense I did feel responsible for helping my father, even if he didn't need it.

"Where are you from?" the old man asked.

I knew he could tell from the way I spoke that I was from the capital (and not many people from anywhere else had villas on the Mar Nueva), so I told him the district.

"Where, exactly?"

That meant he longed for the city. I told him the street.

"It's not far from my house," he said.

His house! I was sure that his house was the Presidential Palace. Inside the fence were a polo field and a golf course that you couldn't see from the boulevards even had you been willing to risk arousing the suspicion of the guards by looking toward them. Yes, his house was near my street. If you wound your way through the Sixth District to the bottom of the hill, crossed the park, and then crossed the Boulevard of XX September, you'd be right at the gate.

Some time passed, and to end the silence I allowed myself an indiscretion. "I'd like to go in your house sometime," I said. "I've never been in a house with four hundred and fifty rooms."

"Four hundred and fifty-six," he responded without the slightest trace of emotion or irritation. I knew, at that moment, that his power lay in the complete control of his emotions—not emotions boiling within, withheld and directed through effort and discipline, for unless he wanted to he felt no emotion whatsoever. That was clear to me on the pier. He was intelligent, inquisitive, and pleasant. He made you admire him in the same way that you cannot help but admire a good watch or a Swiss cable car. Everything in him worked without inhibition, and he wasted neither time nor words. He was virtually an embodiment of pure forces: the laws of nature could not have been more cold or precise.

But he ruled my country for forty years because he could, at will, quickly develop within himself passion and resolution that were unparalleled and astounding. When he spoke he temporarily converted even his staunchest opponents and brought to tears crowds of men who had resented him all their lives. He fired up old women and grandmothers until they wanted to join the cavalry. With complete control, he could go from passion to reserve at will, or from light to dark and dark to light, like lightning flashes in a thunderstorm.

Some men have oratorical ability and

THANK YOU FOR
THANKING ME FOR
NOT SMOKING
a McCarthy

a great heart, and some think so coldly and well that they turn roiling problems into smooth ice. Santos-Ott was both.

"May I come from time to time to watch you fish?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, hardly believing that the Caudillo had asked for my permission.

"Perhaps you'll even give me a fish," he added.

"Of course," I said, with daring familiarity. "It's half your pier. I owe *you rent, I think*."

"I have a colonel who can plank fish the way they do in the mountains. I'd have him cook it for me." He thought for a moment. "He *says* he can plank fish."

"Would one fish be enough?"

"Why not?"

"Don't you have big dinners, with ambassadors and ministers?"

He shook his head. "I eat alone. If you let people under your tent they come to the conclusion that they can throw you out."

"Oh," I said, only half understanding, because our tent had a cloth floor, and I imagined people crawling under it, making huge hills of canvas.

"I played that game for twenty years," he added, "and then I realized one day that I didn't have to play any longer. But you're too young to remember what it was like then. You weren't even born."

I smiled. It was a disadvantage not to have been born then, but it was also an advantage, and I knew it.

He didn't smile back. "Let's see you cast those lures out to blue water."

I looked over the reef. "I can't," I said. "It's too far."

"Clear the reef," he commanded.

I picked up the first of my poles and leaned back. Arching my body, I cast out the lure, extending my arms like a ballet dancer. The lure kept flying through the air until it landed in the blue band. Elated because I had never cast so far in my life, I picked up the other rods and sent three more lures, *one after another, with strength newly* discovered, right into the blue.

When I turned around, he was gone. Perhaps because the sun was so hot I was not sure that I hadn't dreamed him up in an extended hallucination. But I continued to feel a sense of power and motion, and for a moment or two I was sure that I was destined for great things, that I would not become the kind of ordinary man I have become.

These sensations were so strong that I had to doubt them. Then I looked at my lines and saw that they were fixed solidly and skillfully in the distant band of deep blue.

KNOWING myself then, and now, I would think that my immediate reaction to an encounter with Santos-Ott would have been to run home proclaiming it in half-insane breathless squeals. Adults at that time were either members of the Institutional Party, or subversives, or scrupulously apolitical. My father was the last. In many ways the neutral ground was the most dangerous, for the subversives were enough under control for the authorities to be vexed mainly by the undeclared, whom they always suspected and for whom they had the greatest contempt.

My father, being carefully undeclared, did not betray his real views even to his children, probably for fear that we would blurt them out and bring upon ourselves some terrible disaster from which none of us would ever recover. We knew that he had contempt for *La Prensa*, but so did everyone else. Even Santos-Ott, in the famous speech during which he laughed, had said, "Do you think I am so stupid that I believe what I read in my own newspaper?"

So I was left at an impressionable age to judge for myself questions of which I had neither knowledge nor understanding. I knew that Santos-Ott was a terrible figure, intimidating and cruel, but I knew as well that being in his presence was exciting. Perhaps alone among all the people in my country I was able to talk with him as if he were a mortal man. I have long since forgiven myself for imagining in a boyish way that because I was such a good fisherman he would take me under *his wing and make me his succes*sor. Though I would continue the practice of looking out at everyone from photographs of me in a weimaraner-colored coat—and here I rejoiced that my eyes, too, were blue—I would be kind, I would allow *La Prensa* to say anything it wanted, and we would live not in the Presidential Palace but in our house, more beloved than feared.

Above all, I would return to the Mar Nueva every summer with my family, and although soldiers would stand in the bungalows and people would line up on the road to see me as I passed, I would fish from the pier, with Rosa by my side, leaving the affairs of state to run themselves after the first gentle push from my all-encompassing benevolence.

That afternoon, when the fish man paid me, I laughed at the crumpled currency with the picture of Santos-Ott, thinking for some reason that together Santos-Ott and I controlled hundreds of millions of neatly pressed linen bills in closely guarded vaults in

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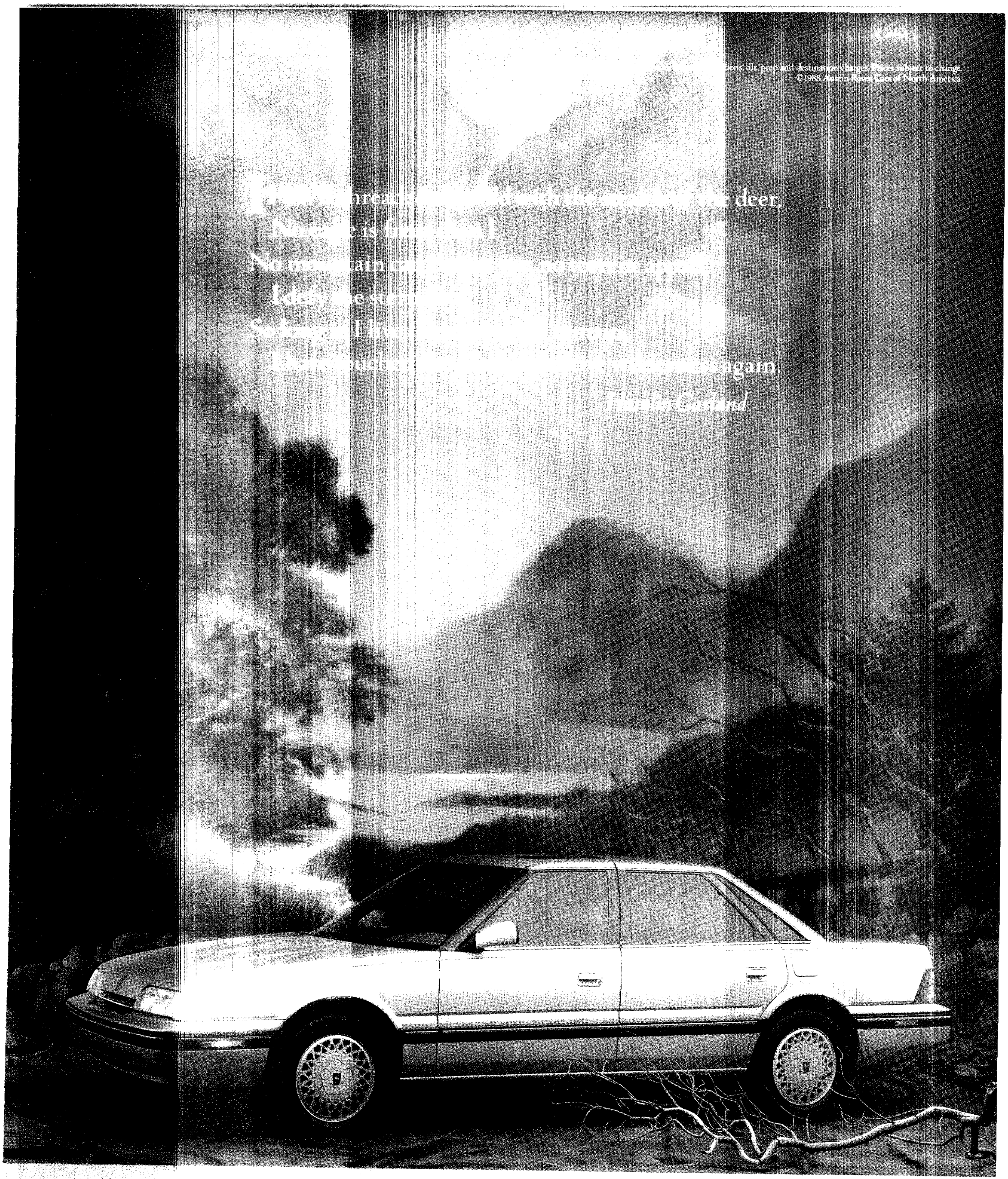

I [illegible] threa[illegible] deer,
No eagle is freer than I.
No mountain [illegible] appall,
I defy the st[illegible]
So long as I live [illegible]
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the capital. The fish man asked me what was so funny. Didn't I like his money?

"Ah, money!" I said. And then, looking at him portentously, "When you have the means of production, then"—I nodded my head—"you *see*."

"You see what?"

"Ha!" I said.

"You should wear a hat," he told me as he climbed onto his truck. "Always wear a hat in the sun."

That night I sailed in to dinner, a demigod. Instead of reaching for the pepper grinder I simply held out my open hand as if it would fly to me of its own accord. My mother passed it my way without a word, and I chuckled without noise, like the villains in films.

"Did you eat any strange fish or floating thing?" my father asked tentatively.

I laughed and shook my head.

"Fermented fruit, moldy bread or cookies, unfamiliar seeds or gourds?" He sounded like a customs inspector.

"We have no moldy bread or cookies," my mother said indignantly as I shook my head slowly, tolerantly, back and forth.

"Perhaps he found them on the side of the road, or they were washed up on the beach," my father ventured.

I tipped my head back and laughed like an African chieftain, with more depth and percussion in my lungs than I knew I had. This really stunned them.

"It's the sun," my sister declared, while my mother reached out to feel my head. "You can't stay in the sun all day long, day after day, and not . . . you know."

With her many recent outbursts and tears in mind, I said quite royally, "So sayeth the cuckoo, from deep within the clock."

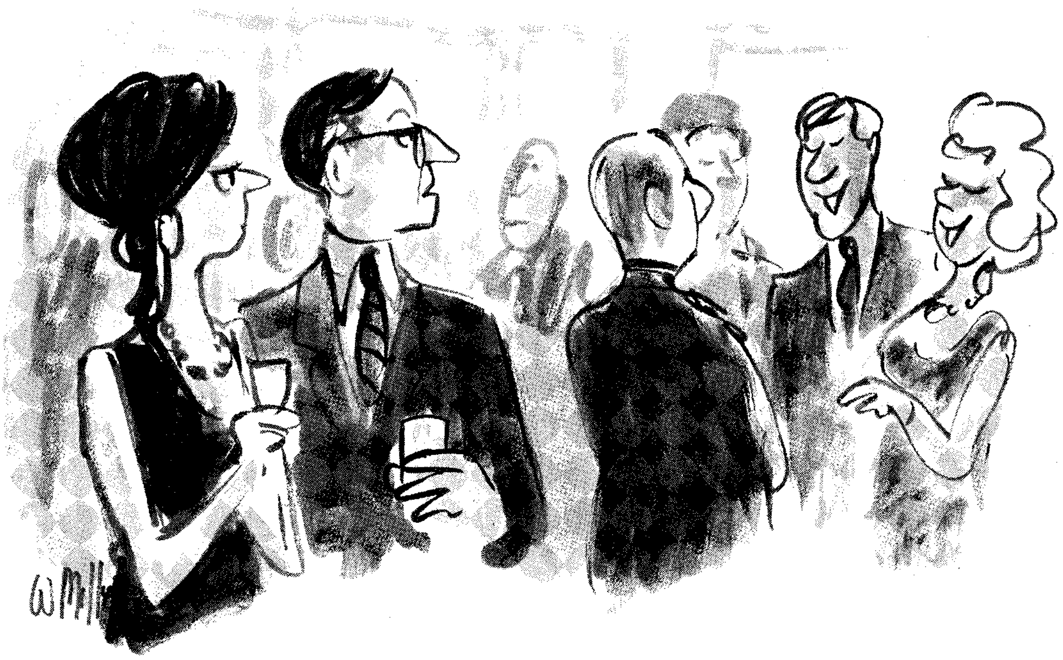
"Enough!" my father insisted. "You behave, or you'll spend the next four days in your room rolling marbles around in the shade."

A look of vindication passed across my sister's face.

"Both of you," my father said in a way that betrayed the existence of his many pressing problems, "have been behaving like inmates in an asylum. Let me remind you that you are privileged to be here, that we may not be able to afford this place next year, and that the Sixth District in February—something you have never experienced—is so hot and miserable that cast iron gets as soft as gutta-percha, and the drinking fountains become steam vents.

"I know you don't have friends, and are isolated," he said to my sister, "but you should swim in the sea sometimes." And to me, "I think it might be a good idea for you to stay indoors at midday. The fish don't run then anyway."

"Sometimes they do," I protested.



"Let's not forget one thing—theirs is California money."

• •

THE next day began like any other. I arose at five-thirty and found my sister reading in the living room, never having gone to bed. After crushing the scorpions on the kitchen floor, I took some bread and fruit juice, and left with my fishing equipment to pull in the fish as they fed.

In early morning the sea and the light ran together. The water surged with great energy as if to show that it had been refreshed during the night. In the privacy of dawn, the sea and the beach coexisted without argument—no breakers, no sparkle in the sands. The tide was up, and blue-green water glowing almost white on its surface moved gently under the pier, quite close, hissing occasionally as it was forced through crevices in the pilings.

I attended to my rigging and ate breakfast. When I finished I looked up and saw the gleaming blue band, the first part of the sea to take the sun. I cast my lures and watched them fly. They landed in the cold blue, and the lines stretched taut. The morning tide, just beginning to recede, took them out where I couldn't see them.

In the deep and luminous world of the sea, fleets of huge fish circle the globe, neither breaking the surface nor touching bottom but suspended in silent layers of shadowy green and blue, rising a mile or falling two, fighting noiseless battles in great societies of which we have never even dreamed.

Perhaps because of a change of season, a migration, or a war among the fishes, a vast school of bluefin passed by the Mar Nueva that morning. The waves were broken by their churning, and they crowded the entire bay, seething underwater for as far as I could see. For all I knew, the school was as wide as five days' sailing and as long as ten. Just an edge of it may have been enough to fill the bay.

In their excitement the bluefin took my lines as fast as I could pull them in and cast out again. They were the biggest fish I had ever caught, inhabitants of the open sea more amazed than I by their turn of fortune. They weighed as much as I did, and in two hours I exhausted myself. I ran to the house to get my father to help me, but he had gone with my mother and sister to town, so I took whatever extra lures and heavy line I had and returned to the pier.

The fish eventually swallowed all the lures, and then I was casting out empty hooks, on which they impaled themselves without thought. Though some got loose and others snapped my lines, by the time I had broken three poles and was too tired even to think of casting I had almost thirty bluefin tethered to the pier, each of twenty kilos or more, with some of at least fifty. They were so big that I was afraid to fall among them. I even wondered if they might destroy the pier. Had they been able to concentrate their powers, they undoubtedly could have.

I lay down, peering through the cracks at my catch as it circulated below me. My muscles were stiff and aching, and I could hardly move. The wood upon which I rested was as dense as concrete, slightly rosy, almost coffee-colored, with a scent that complemented the scent of the brine. Each time the waves withdrew, they exposed the backs of the bluefin. When the bluefin crossed they sometimes had the leverage to part the fishing line, and when they did they would circle in confusion among the pilings until they found the open sea and sped toward it. After some early losses, the tangling ceased as the distance between the fish increased, and I was left with more than twenty.

As the sun beat upon my back, I had a strong urge to let them go. Because freedom can be understood only as the absence of restraint, and the restraint I had known had always been benevolent, I valued freedom insufficiently for myself. But I could tell the difference between them and me. Their movements were so sad and aimless that I knew I had to cut them loose.

On the other hand, I had been trained over many long days to appreciate a strong bend of the rod, and the more fish you catch the more you treasure the feeling. Down below me was the equivalent in live currency of two weeks on the pier in the hot sun. If I didn't throw back a single mackerel, why should I release this herd, no matter how noble or powerful they seemed?

My answer to myself was that they had everything about them of the open sea, and I had never intended to capture the open sea. I turned to look for the thrashing of the school from which I had taken them. It was there, but fast disappearing. The mass of bluefin was part of something very great and beautiful. I had no right to powers over them; I felt this keenly.

Because the temptation to hold the wealth for which I had struggled was great, I put off a decision. As the sea moved beneath me and the bluefin grew quiet, I fell into an uneasy sleep.

I AWOKE, weak from the sun and disquieted by dreams that I could not remember. My sister was sitting beside me, her knees pulled up to her chest. Our parents had sent her to the pier to call me for lunch. Usually this was my father's job, but he and my mother had gone back to town to wire money to a bank. We were all to converge upon our meal at once.

"What happened?" she asked, referring to my three broken rods and a disordered tangle of lines, hooks, and leads.

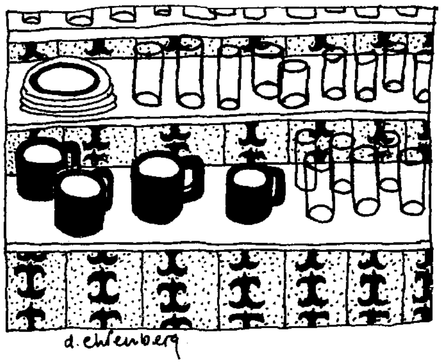
"Look," I said, and knelt to peer through the planks.

She dropped down in imitation. Because she was wearing a straw hat that kept the glare away from her eyes, she could see better than I could. The water underneath was glowing, and the bluefin had become as patient and apathetic as dogs on a hot afternoon. But, unlike dogs, they were in a cool sea. They had lost none of their sparkle or bearing, and they remained exquisitely beautiful.

"How did you catch so many?" she asked.

I told her. And then I added, "I think I'll let them go."

Young girls, especially those who are troubled by loneliness, and who stay up all night reading Russian novels, can be so profoundly sensitive that passion springs from them quite easily, and though their love may be focussed inexplicably, the love itself is as innocent and genuine as they are and can readily convince you of sentiments you might not otherwise adopt. Claudia was always quick to decide, and in this case I hardly needed convincing. "Cut the lines," she said.



With the aid of my pocketknife, we set about freeing the bluefin. I lifted a line to give it tension, and she snapped it with the blade. Just like the fish that had been freed before, those newly released circled once or twice and then propelled themselves with all their power toward the open sea.

Freeing the bluefin brought us closer together than we had been in a long time. She was my sister, after all. Our blood was the same. There was much that we shared in common without ever realizing it.

MY sister was staring through the cracks in the pier when I looked up and saw Santos-Ott coming toward us.

First I thought of pushing her into the water, but he would undoubtedly have come to her rescue and scolded me, and there they would have been, face to face, with my value as a mediator wasted. Then I realized that I didn't have any value as a mediator. He was used to dealing directly and decisively with everyone and everything, and so was she.

When he was halfway down the pier, I thought of pushing *him* into the water. I didn't have to think about it very long. I had seen quite a few unsheathed bayonets, and though at that age I had no fear of death, I made up for it with a dread of pain.

When he got to us, she was still staring at the remaining bluefin, and her straw hat covered her eyes. I bent down beside her and said so quickly under my breath that all the words may have compressed into only a few, "There's someone here. Don't say anything. Just shut up." And then I added, "Don't be a chatterbox." When I spoke without thinking, as I often did in my great enthusiasms, Claudia called me a chatterbox.

"This is my sister," I said. I didn't

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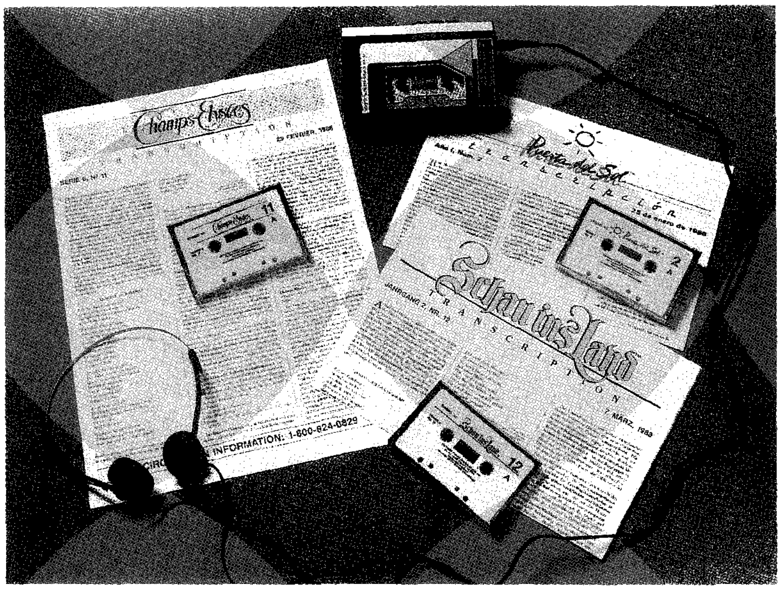

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need to tell her who he was, but I did anyway. "And this is Santos-Ott." I turned scarlet. He was amused.

When she looked up, and rose, I saw him change. Of course I can only speculate as to what moved him, but I believe that he felt admiration and good will for her youth. What is more endearing than a young girl on the verge of womanhood? For an old man, she lights up the world.

I was proud that she was so tall, that her eyes were bluer than his, that she was handsomer, and that she was absolutely uncorrupted and perhaps uncorruptible. She put him in his place in a thousand ways, and he must have had to think hard of his fleet and his army just to be able to look her in the eye.

Even without my introduction she would have recognized him instantly, for, although I had hardly noticed, his straw hat and open shirt had given way to an admiral's arctic-white uniform. He had so many gold stripes and stars on his epaulets that compared to him the commander of the navy looked like a rating, and he wore a huge medal on a red sash. Only one kind of man will take a solitary afternoon walk dressed like five field marshals, a different kind of man from the one who had talked to me about fishing.

"I can hardly believe my eyes," my sister said without any sarcasm. Still, I thought this was disrespectful. So did he.

"How so?" he asked.

"Is it true?" she inquired, sliding gradually into the tone I had hoped she would avoid. "The Caudillo is standing on my brother's fishing pier, alone, without guards?"

"I *don't* need guards," he said.

"Have you left the palaces unguarded?" she parried, as quickly as if she had been following a script. "Will you walk through the capital alone, through the Fourth District, for example, because you are so beloved of your people?"

I believe that she was at him so fast because, after her initial shock, she was relatively unimpressed. Perhaps if she had had less of a presence the weight of his own would have constrained her. Although I was upset, I was not really surprised: neither of them was any good at wasting time.

I tried to stop her by interrupting about the fish, but he gestured for me to be quiet. He tensed the muscles around his mouth and narrowed his eyes. How ugly and terrible a fault he revealed as he faced a young girl as if he were confronting thousands of men, horses, and field guns.

"My object isn't to be beloved," he said, "or to court public sentiment."

"No?"

"No," he answered, shaking his head. "Each country on this continent is braced to come apart in anarchy but for the one man who holds it together, the man who is appreciated only when he is absent. Then they call for him. But the people have short memories. In your case, because you are a child, you have no memory at all. My father died in the last civil war, as did hundreds of thousands of others. To you, it is prehistoric. You cannot feel it. You don't even think of it. For me, it has never ended.

"And as for my courage," he said, stabbing the air with his index finger, "I will, if I desire, walk through any district in the capital, and any valley in the mountains, completely alone. You underestimate me. Long before you or your parents were born, I had learned many a hard lesson.

"Put me in the mountains today with nothing but a peasant's clothing and a sword, and I'll again raise armies, confound my enemies, survive, and prevail. I don't need those men," he said, sweeping his left arm toward the soldiers in the sentry boxes, who almost came to attention at the gesture, "and they know it. If I did, even one of them, I wouldn't be here. You know," he said, shifting tone in a way that offered her escape if she would succumb to the shock of his onslaught, "I don't have power because my portrait is on postage stamps. My portrait is on postage stamps because my power was born with me."

I felt oppressed by the consistency of what Santos-Ott had said, and I understood even then that no answer could obliterate his point entirely. But, to my great surprise, my sister answered him, and she did it without the slightest hesitation, for she, too, was able to draw on passion.

Whereas his had had identifiable origins, hers had taken form instantly. But, then, power grows from accident as much as from discipline. As she addressed him, I trembled and she was as steady as a stone pillar.

"Caudillo," she said, as if *she* were the chief of state, "you pervert logic for your own benefit. Perhaps because everyone is afraid of you, no one has corrected your error. Perhaps no one has even tried. Let me explain to you how you err."

Without doubt, no one had spoken to him like this in more than half a century. I knew that save some miraculous intervention my sister was going to die. She also knew, but she went on as fluently as a columnist in *La Prensa*. She neither faltered nor hesitated. Her voice did not break, her eyes did not leave his for a moment.

Though I was astounded and proud, I feared for my father and mother. I knew that whatever happened they would suffer most, and I began to cry.

"You present two alternatives," she stated, like a prosecutor. Where she had picked up the firmness and speed in her voice I do not know. "The first is anarchy, and the second is your absolute authority. You say that to avoid one we must have the other. What would you say, then, to an anarchist who put it in the same light: 'To avoid despotism, we must have anarchy'? Both of you will fight till kingdom come and, if need be, flip positions as readily as you flip temperaments. When the anarchist unseats you, he will be the strictest authoritarian. When you are unseated, how quickly you will become Santos-Ott, anarchist."

"Do you realize the cost of this outburst?" Santos-Ott asked almost tenderly, as if he had visualized not only what was going to happen but his regret as well.

"Yes, I do!" she shouted. "My life. So you'd better listen."

"I cannot believe that you have not been schooled deep within the opposition," he stated, coolly. "I cannot believe that you have not been raised on hatred and bitterness."

"Of course you can't," she replied, matching him in tone as if to show that he had no more self-control than did she. "If you believed any differently, you'd have to quit. Most people, Caudillo, do not oppose you: they are merely injured by you."

"Do you understand what you have done?" the Caudillo asked, relishing the mortal blow he was about to deliver. "Obviously you could not have thought up such things yourself. Your parents should have been more careful."

"What do you mean?" Claudia asked. "Be clear."

I could hardly believe that my sister had instructed Santos-Ott to be clear.

He slowly nodded his head, as if he had confirmed his own notion, and he said, "I mean that revolutionaries should not keep parrots. That's what I mean."

He turned his back on us and walked away. No matter what his sins or powers, he had the air of a man who had been deeply hurt.

FOR a moment we were stunned, but then, as if it were a way out of the bind into which Santos-Ott had put us, we began again to cut the bluefin loose. Each time a fish broke from captivity it circled in puzzlement with none of the easy grace it had had in the freedom of the sea. But when it got its bearings and knew exactly where to go it picked up speed and swam as straight and powerfully as a torpedo, cresting the foam where the breakers caught the reef and then disappearing into the ocean's comforting infinitude.

When we had seen them leaping in the open sea, and could see them no more, our momentary satisfaction gave way to fear. Neither she nor I felt like standing on the pier in full view of the sentry boxes and the soldiers, and we went into the groves on our side of the wall.

Sheltered from the midday sun, we stood in the shade and looked up through the branches of the citrus trees. Their leaves were dark green, as shiny as a newly waxed automobile. Not one was ragged or about to

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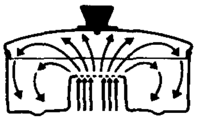

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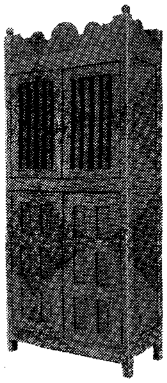


fall. Through them we could see the far more perfect deep blue sky. We were near a pool of light, and everything else under the trees seemed like black lacquer. It was cooler in the dark, and I felt as if my heart were beating as fast as the wings of the glistening insects that flew among the leaves like creatures of polished gold.

"What are we going to do?" I asked, not fully able to separate what was happening from what might have been had it been a game.

At first she made no response, and then she said something remarkable, in that it showed that she had already come to terms with her situation and with herself. She said, "What I regret the most is that I have never been in love with anyone who loved me. I thought it was only a matter of time. It probably was."

"You'll have it," I said, ashamed of lying to someone who could see so clearly.

"No," she answered. "I won't."

Then we heard footsteps. In my childishness, I thought it would be armed men. But it was my father, walking on the lighted paths between the trees, having come to summon us to lunch. Despite the heat, he was in a tweed jacket, the same one that he wore on weekends in the city. It was light in color, almost white, and with the sun shining off it I had to squint to look at him. He passed by, missing us in the shade. He called for us, and as he was calling my sister's eyes filled with tears. She ran out from the trees. "Here we are, Daddy," she said, and went to him, flinging herself into his arms.

This was strange behavior for a girl who had passed the summer in an adolescent sulk, but my father quickly embraced her, as if she were a child, for she was, after all, his child, his firstborn.

AND now I have returned, more than half a century later, to the edge of the sea where, a few days after we stood in the pools of light and dark under the citrus trees, my sister drowned herself. Though it is autumn now and I am sitting in the shade, in my house, in the Sixth District, I feel as if I am on the beach in full light, staring out at the water, right next to the waves. It is a very strange feeling. All I have to do is close my eyes, and what I see is more real than what is real.

In fifty years there has been no forgetting. All the trips to glaciers, fjords, and ancient cities have been to no avail, for somehow I have always been at the Mar Nueva. I might as well have gone there every summer.

Though we maintained superficial connections, I was driven from my father forever. Despite my youth, he could never forgive me for not warning him, and from then on he thought of me as intolerably stupid. But he was wrong. We would not have been able to leave the country, and if, as he had imagined, he had gone to the Caudillo to offer himself as a sacrifice, the Caudillo, I am sure, would have killed them both. The Caudillo, after all, ruled all his life and died a natural death. García, who had succeeded him, was overthrown shortly thereafter, but not Santos-Ott, for Santos-Ott knew best of all how to obliterate opposition—efficiently, almost automatically, irrevocably.

And he did. My sister died. My parents, who had never liked Santos-Ott but had never done anything to oppose him, were broken. They lived and died in defeat. Of course, he gave them every reason to go against him, but he was clever enough to paralyze them by leaving them their son. And what do you think that did to me? The answer is that I have remained a quiet man all my life.

Claudia drowned in the deep blue, but the tides brought her home. I found her early one morning, in the shallows, her back rising above the little waves, her hair all tangled as it moved with them, and now she has a grave. Still, in December when I returned to the Mar Nueva the first thing I did was to go down to the water and report to her there, for I believe her soul and youth are in the sea.

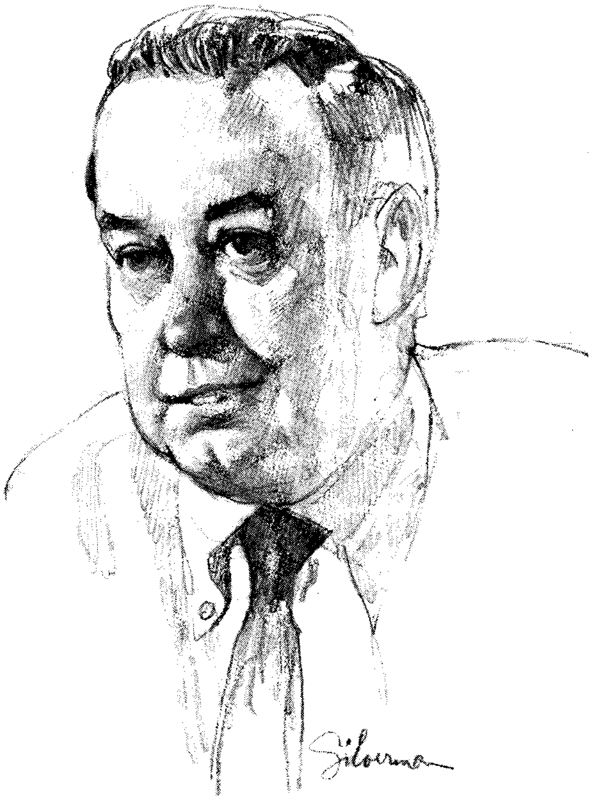
I told her how much my parents had loved her, and how they had never forgotten, not even for a moment. I told her of my life, and how I had lived it, and of my sorrow. And I told her of how, once, not long before her death, I had seen her when she thought she was unobserved, with her arms around herself as if someone were holding her.

"How do you find the Mar Nueva?" my host asked after I had walked up from the beach.

"Exactly as I remember it," I said. And then we went inside for dinner and conversation. —Mark Helprin

PROFILES

THE INITIATOR



SPECULATING on the hyperkinetic brain of Gordon Manning, a staff consultant to NBC News, the commentator John Chancellor said not long ago, "It's like a Gatling gun in there, and every once in a while one of the projectiles it fires hits the target. I think Gordon's comfortable with that style—just spewing out ideas. On the other hand, you couldn't express the sorts of ideas Gordon is forever coming up with unless you had, to begin with, a journalistic sense of the importance of the ideas. He isn't just a booker or a fixer. Gordon Manning isn't Arnold Toynbee, but neither is he the William Morris Agency. He's somewhere in between."

Officially, Manning is retired from NBC News, where until a year ago his title was "vice-president, news projects" —a designation vague enough to suggest that what Manning did on the job defied concise definition. The retirement amounted to a bookkeeping formality; Manning, at seventy, immediately became a consultant and has continued to show up at NBC News five days a week and to occupy an office at Rockefeller Center. He spends his time reading, thinking, talking on the telephone, writing memos and letters, and inducing in the people around him alternating currents of admiration and exasperation. There is no shortage of witnesses who, having worked with Manning—not only at NBC but at CBS and *Newsweek*, where he also spent extended stretches of his career—are eager to volunteer opinions on just who Gordon Manning, sui generis, is and just what it is he does. Devoted readers of the novels of Richard Condon, who is a friend of the real Gordon Manning, have across the years encountered in them a variety of characters named Gordon Manning. "The Whisper of the Axe" features Gordon Manning as an Army psychiatrist. In "A Trembling Upon Rome," Gordon Manning is an English Cardinal. The Gordon Manning of "Prizzi's Family" happens to work for a television network but in other ways fails at verisimilitude. In "Prizzi's Glory," Condon's forthcoming novel, the Republican Party selects Gordon Manning as its Presidential candidate. Although in "The Abandoned Woman" a Captain Manning (formerly of the Irish Guards) manages to make love to the future Queen of England, these fanciful Gordon Mannings do not wind up in the embraces of femmes fatales. "Basically, Gordon's above that, " Richard Condon has explained. Nor do Condon's Gordon Mannings ever get bumped off by the mob. It is in this respect that art is most clearly influenced by life—by the novelist's knowledge that the flesh-and-blood Gordon Manning tends toward perpetual motion, a habit that would deprive a hit man of a hittable target. Manning's friends understand that he has cultivated interesting acquaintances the world over and that his essential charm resides in his resourcefulness as a go-between.

"There's nothing very profound about Gordon," Benjamin Bradlee, the executive editor of the Washington *Post*—who has been a friend of Manning's since they were both editors at *Newsweek*, in the late fifties and early sixties—has said. "He has a very good sense of himself, and that gives him a good sense of what's important. He was always more interested in, say, getting in to see President Kennedy than in talking to him. The inside flavor—that's what he would want to carry away. But the challenge was to get inside. He energizes people, and he has a primitively fertile imagination. By 'primitive' I mean that I don't think he wants to know the philosophy of nuclear-weapons strategy. But he can figure out how to line up the guy who knows. He's a pragmatist, not a philosopher. He's high-energy, short-term."

Steve Friedman, the former executive producer of "The Today Show," said recently, "Gordon is a journalist—but he's also a guy. You go to his house and he challenges you to boccie. He cheats at boccie. He mixes it up. Is there anybody who doesn't like him? Yeah—the same people who think of television news as a business. Gordon thinks of it as an adventure. Gordon is not very businesslike. You don't have to worry about Gordon smoking a pipe and talking about theory. He's a guy."

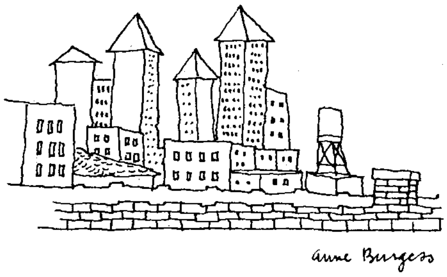
SHORTLY before nine o'clock on a Monday morning last December —the morning of the opening of the United States–Soviet Union summit conference in Washington, the third face-to-face meeting between Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev—I found Manning in the lobby of the Hay-Adams Hotel, across Lafayette Park from the White House. He was seated at a small writing table and was talking on the telephone. He speaks in a clear, top-of-the-morning, let's-get-rolling voice—answering a phone, he barks "Manning!" as if he were a city editor calling to attention a young reporter named Manning—and with a well-oiled glibness, a cascade of cold-sober, deadpan wisecracks that mesh with his working style, which inclines toward the peripatetic. The former CBS News correspondent Hughes Rudd, whose trademark was a curmudgeonly demeanor, used to complain that Manning had "the attention span of a hummingbird." For the most part, however, Manning's running patter generates bonhomie. One of Manning's favorite encomiums is "Bravo, mon coco!" On a day when things roll right, he can be counted on for a dozen "Bravo, mon coco!"s. The phrase originated with a friend, a television cameraman who lives in Paris. Manning happened to be at poolside on the French Riviera one day several years ago when the cameraman's dachshund demonstrated its swimming skills. The master hailed the dog with "Bravo, mon coco!"—a spontaneous piece of poetry that Manning, without bothering to adjust the phrase for gender, has been repeating left and right ever since. Manning has a terrific memory for names, from chairman to water boy, and a greeting from him is a gusty fanfare. A stroll through a familiar crowd in Manning's company is like being in the orbit of a professional herald. One comes to suspect that if Manning were to bump into, say, Pope John Paul II in an airport terminal he would hit him with a "Hey! Holy Father—Rome, Italy! Gordon Manning, NBC News. How the hell are you?" and then quiz the pontiff about his recent ski trip and his favorite restaurants in Warsaw.

At the moment, however, cooling his heels in the Hay-Adams lobby, Manning seemed mildly chagrined.

"The Russians stiffed us for dinner last night," he said after hanging up the phone. "Now we're waiting for them to show up for breakfast."

Specifically, he was waiting for Albert Vlasov and Nikolai Shishlin. Both men are deputies of Aleksandr Yakovlev, the Communist Party propaganda chief and Politburo member, who is one of Gorbachev's closest advisers and has been described as the General Secretary's alter ego. During a reception at the Soviet Embassy in Washington in 1984, Anatoly Dobrynin, then the Ambassador to the United States, had introduced Manning to Shishlin, and Manning had not failed to grasp that Shishlin was someone worth getting to know. Eventually, in the summer of 1986, a meeting was arranged between Manning and Yakovlev. This took place in the course of one of Manning's most ambitious undertakings of recent years—an unrelenting effort to persuade the Soviet leader to sit for an exclusive interview with Tom Brokaw, the NBC anchorman. During Manning's first encounter with Yakovlev, some encouraging byplay occurred when the Russian, who had been wounded in the Battle of Leningrad and was later decorated with the Order of Lenin, referred to Manning as "too young to remember the Second World War." When Manning replied, "Mr. Secretary, while you were defending Leningrad against the Nazis I was on a United States naval-supply ship in the Pacific, transporting Hershey bars, razor blades, condoms, and hair tonic to our fighting men," Yakovlev rose from his chair, grasped Manning's right hand in a stevedorelike grip, and declared, "We are brothers-in-arms."

More than a year later, on the eve of the Washington summit conference, NBC News broadcast a freshly taped one-hour interview—Brokaw asking the questions, Gorbachev responding. As television-news scoops go, this was a grand accomplishment. It does not detract from the telegenic charms of the principals—the adroit, well-prepared all-American anchorman and the supple-brained Soviet General Secretary—to say that if it had not been for Gordon Manning there would probably have been no interview. Although Gorbachev had the wisdom to recognize the strategic value of an hour of American prime time just as he was about to travel to Washington to sign a nuclear-arms-control treaty, this wisdom manifested itself only after Manning had spent two and a half years bird-dogging the Kremlin. (Months after the broadcast, Manning received a 1987 George Polk Award for foreign television reporting—official acclaim for his roles in bringing about the Gorbachev interview and also a week-long series of NBC News broadcasts from China earlier that fall.)



Manning's courtship of Gorbachev belonged to a continuum. In 1984, for instance, after months of subtle and not so subtle importuning, he received permission from the Communist Party Central Committee for "The Today Show" to broadcast for a week from Moscow. Yuri Andropov, then the General Secretary, died several months before the broadcasts. Nor did his successor, Konstantin Chernenko, ever consent to sit before the NBC cameras. When Gorbachev surfaced, Manning pursued him with every plausible stratagem. Anatoly Dobrynin was an old friend, and when Yuri Dubinin succeeded him as Ambassador, Manning made a new friend. Whenever influential Soviets happened through New York, Manning met with them for drinks, took them to dinner, invited them to his home. During the first two and a half years Gorbachev was in power, Manning went to Moscow half a dozen times, carrying proposals and revised proposals. He dispatched scores of telexes to his friendly acquaintances on the Central Committee. He sought the intervention of trusted emissaries—Americans who were headed to the Soviet Union on official or unofficial missions. He worked the room in Geneva, the site of the first Gorbachev-Reagan summit, in 1985, and also in Reykjavík, in 1986. He dined with the right people, drank risky quantities of Armenian brandy to lubricate the gears, and, on a couple of occasions, thought he had a deal, only to see it slip away.

"It wasn't a perfunctory, 'You're overdue with your insurance premium please remit' sort of process," Manning later said. "It was a series of continued personal contacts and riding the news waves—developments in the arms negotiations, changes in the war in Afghanistan, *perestroika*. You always bait hooks in this business, and sometimes you catch fish."

"I think Gordon has the world's largest Rolodex," Paul Greenberg, the senior executive producer of NBC News, who worked with Manning at CBS as well, said recently. "It wasn't that the other networks weren't also trying to get to Gorbachev. I'm sure people at every network said, when Gorbachev came to power, 'We should get the first interview with this guy.' And everybody else in the room said, 'Sure, you bet.' Everybody sent a telegram to Dobrynin. They all thought they were on top of the situation. But they couldn't have been doing anything like what Gordon was doing."

"It wasn't that he beat the bushes harder than anybody else for two and a half years," said Les Crystal, a former president of NBC News. "He beat them for ten or twelve years." In the spring of 1987, Sandy Gilmour, the Moscow bureau chief for NBC, had a conversation with Valentin Lazutkin, the director of foreign relations for Gosteleradio, the Soviet state network. Some months later, Gilmour told me, "Lazutkin and I started talking about Gordon, and he told me, 'Well, I can say this, I can say that I truly love this man. He is very down to earth.' "

In the minds of certain enlightened Soviet bureaucrats, it seems, to be down to earth is to approximate sainthood. When Manning began to campaign for the Gorbachev-Brokaw interview, he entertained a vision of the General Secretary and the NBC anchorman in a casual setting: on the patio, say, of a dacha in the Lenin Hills (with Raisa Gorbachev dropping by for a chat along the way)—touches that would imbue the exercise with a resonant person-to-person tone. The setting that the Soviets had in mind, however, was the Cabinet Room in the Council of Ministers Building, inside the Kremlin, and that is where the interview took place. At its conclusion, Gorbachev chatted with his American guests while he autographed copies of his book "Perestroika." At one point, he asked a translator for the English spelling of Gordon Manning. Then he took a copy of a coffee-table collection of photographs of Moscow and presented it with the inscription "To Gordon Manning—the *Initiator*. Gorbachev." When Brokaw said, "You know, Mr. Secretary, it is Mr. Manning who has been sending all those telexes," Gorbachev replied, "I finally said, 'Enough, let's go ahead and do the interview.' "

IN the lobby of the Hay-Adams, a few minutes passed, and then Nikolai Shishlin and Albert Vlasov arrived—two amiable professional Socialists in dark business suits. Shishlin had gray hair and looked like a relative of Zbigniew Brzezinski. Vlasov, who wore eyeglasses with thick black frames, had white hair and a signi-

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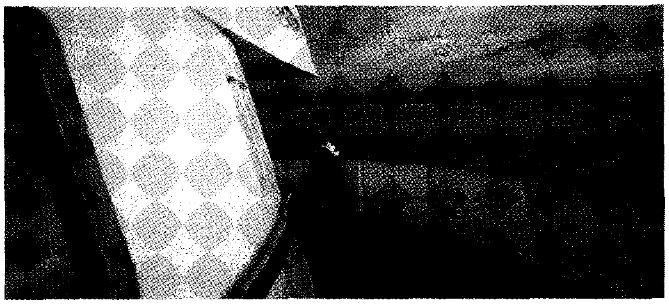

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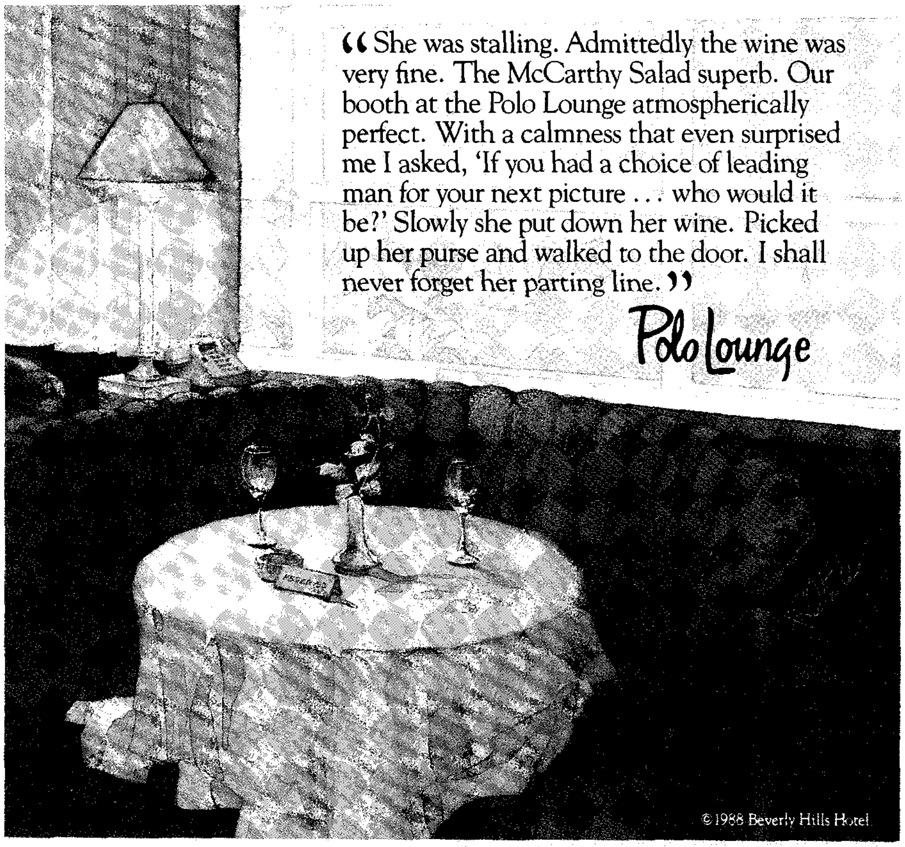

" She was stalling. Admittedly the wine was very fine. The McCarthy Salad superb. Our booth at the Polo Lounge atmospherically perfect. With a calmness that even surprised me I asked, 'If you had a choice of leading man for your next picture . . . who would it be?' Slowly she put down her wine. Picked up her purse and walked to the door. I shall never forget her parting line. "

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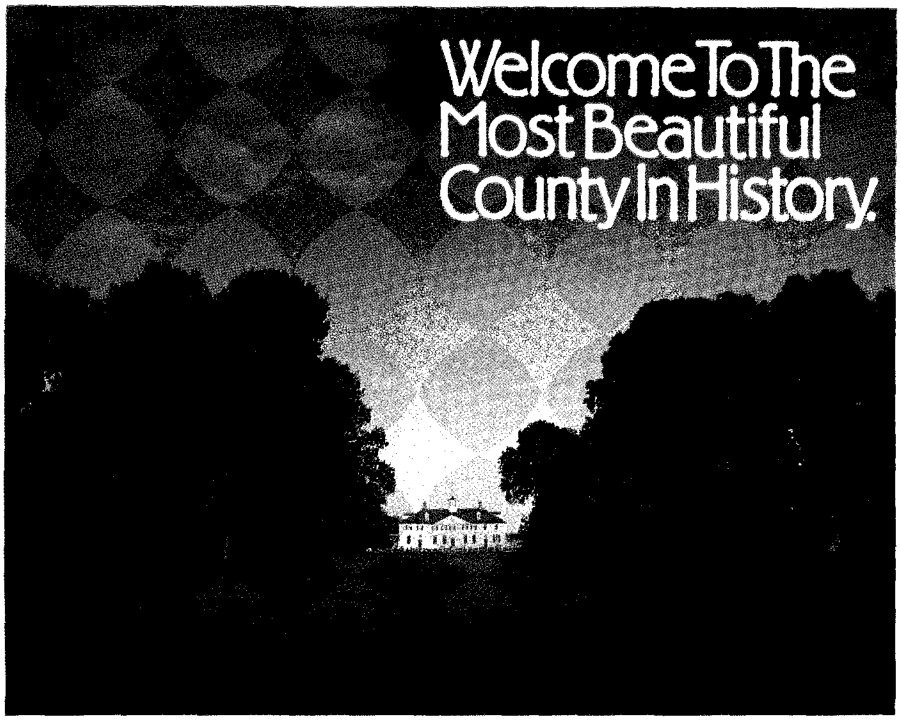

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cant cowlick, and bore an impressive resemblance to my Cousin Jack, who lives in Oklahoma City but started out near Kiev. It was in Manning's capacity as an upper-echelon talent scout that he had invited Shishlin and Vlasov to breakfast. Along with Joe Angotti, the NBC News executive with over-all responsibility for the network's coverage of the summit, Manning, Shishlin, and Vlasov headed for the dining room. NBC planned to broadcast nine hours of summit coverage over four days, including half an hour that afternoon, when the plane bearing Gorbachev would arrive, and a half-hour program that evening.

As a waiter distributed menus, Manning proceeded to the immediate priority. "Now, tonight, Nikolai, we need somebody of weight and importance to go on with Brokaw. We have a 10:30 P.M. special on the air. That's prime time. Karpov you mentioned"—referring to Victor Karpov, the Soviet arms-control negotiator.

"We will try," said Shishlin. "But I am afraid tonight he will negotiate."

"All right, then," Manning said, and, referring to a memorandum that he had prepared in New York, he began to recite other names—Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, Chief of Staff of the Soviet Defense Ministry; Anatoly Dobrynin; Yuri Dubinin; Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, the First Deputy Foreign Minister; Valentin Falin, the chairman of the Novosti Press Agency; Georgi Arbatov, the head of the U.S.A. and Canada Institute—as potential guests, he hoped, for "The Today Show."

Shishlin, who was consulting a pocket-size directory that listed all the members of the Soviet delegation and their hotels, replied, "I think we will be seeing all of them at the airport, for the General Secretary's arrival."

"You don't think Dobrynin would go on with Brokaw, do you?"

Shishlin was convinced that that would not happen.

"O.K. Wednesday, for our morning program," Manning said. "We talked about three generals."

Vlasov recommended General Gely Batenin, an arms-control expert on the staff of the Central Committee.

"Now, Albert, on Thursday, again for 'The Today Show,' we'd like you on there. Hope you're not going to be bashful."

"Is very difficult," Vlasov said,

shaking his head. "Very difficult."

The waiter arrived with food, and as Shishlin studied his order—bran cereal, bacon, eggs—Manning said, "There you are, Nikolai. Good old American breakfast. I bet you don't get that over in—"

"O.K.," Shishlin said, smiling. "I will taste."

There were a few more items on Manning's agenda. NBC was interested in preparing a story about Gorbachev's mail from American citizens. Would it be possible to get copies of some of those letters? Of more immediate concern, might Gosteleradio be able to provide film of the quarters that the General Secretary and Mrs. Gorbachev would be occupying at the Soviet Embassy, and would they consider sharing it with NBC? Vlasov and Shishlin doubted that (risky security). Joe Angotti mentioned Larisa Chicherova, the secretary in the NBC News bureau in Moscow—a Soviet woman who was eager to visit the United States but hadn't been able to obtain a visa in time for the summit. Vlasov would see what could be done about a future visa.

Angotti said, "There's a little joke in the Moscow bureau that Larisa doesn't do any actual work for the bureau—she spends all her time translating Gordon Manning's memos to you and the General Secretary."

The check arrived, Manning grabbed it, and it was time to go. When Vlasov rose from the table, so did Manning. As they shook hands, Manning looked Vlasov in the eye and said, "Albert, I want you to say to yourself, 'I am not bashful. I am not shy. I am going to appear on American television. I am going to do this for Gordon Manning.' "

MANNING wore out half a dozen briefcases during the four days of the Washington summit—a Gordon Manning briefcase that week being a legal-size white envelope imprinted with an NBC logo, bound by rubber bands. Gathering the memo that he had been referring to at breakfast, he shoved it into an already overstuffed envelope. After a three-minute detour to his room, upstairs, he reappeared in the lobby wearing a coffee-colored topcoat and a brown houndstooth-check wool slouch hat. Manning has black hair, a bit gray at the temples, and he brushes it straight back; a pink com-

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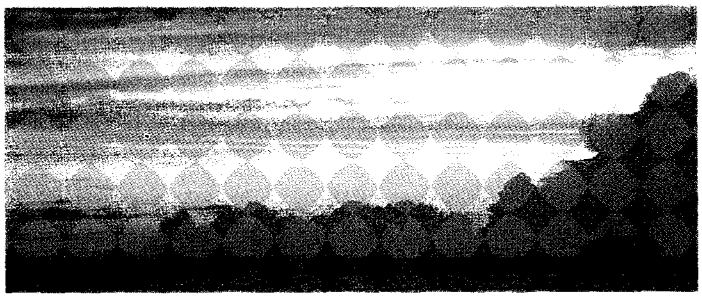

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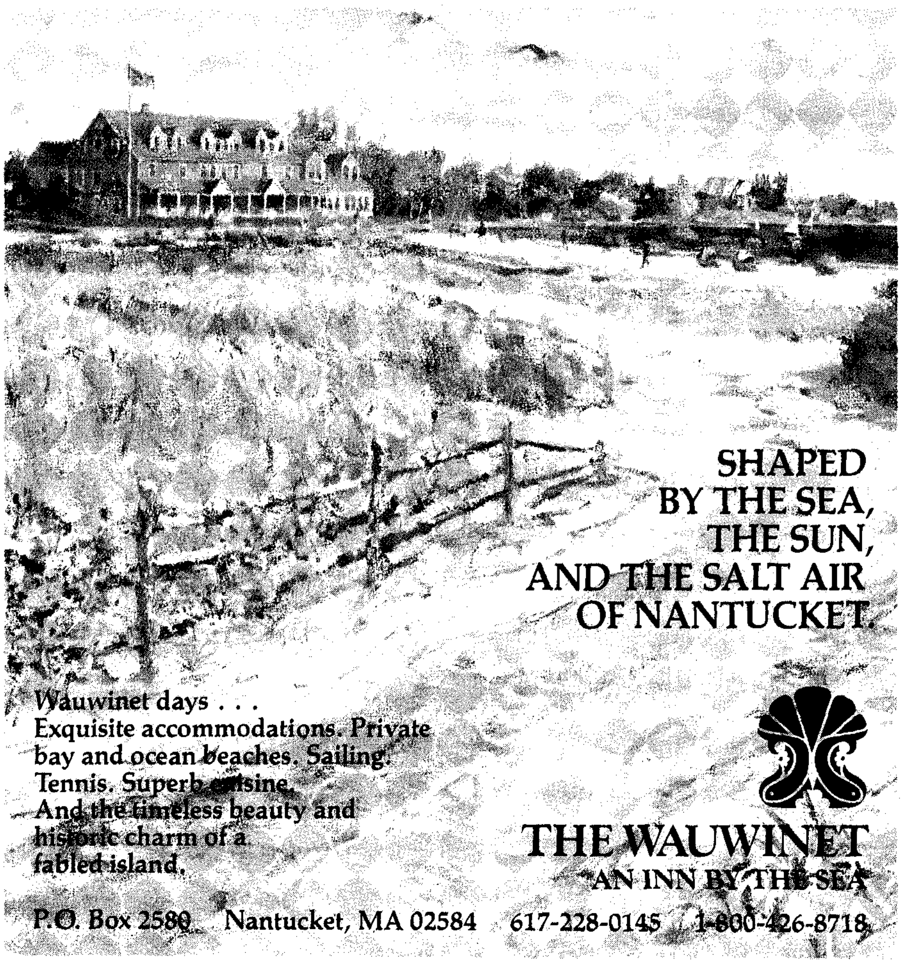
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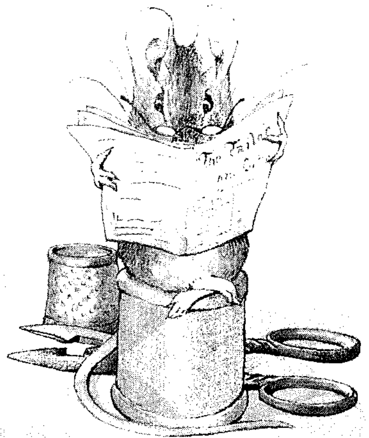

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plexion; bulldog jowls; blue-gray eyes; and a straight nose that seems custom-designed for his half-lens reading glasses. He walks with a turned-out, slightly hoppety gait—an aftereffect of surgery in 1978 and 1981 to replace arthritic hip joints. When someone asked Manning whether his prosthetic hip joints set off security alarms in airports, he said no—the joints happen to be made of plastic—"but the metal plate in my head does." The slouch hat makes Manning, who is five-nine, look like a tallish gnome.

The weather in Washington that morning was sunny, chilly, and crisp. NBC had a temporary broadcast installation on the Ellipse, a half-mile walk from the Hay-Adams, and Manning and Angotti headed there now. The newsroom was a double-width trailer situated next to a two-story tower, which contained the anchor booth—a cubicle with a Plexiglas wall that afforded a full-frame view of the White House. The trailer had the mobile-newsroom usuals: blond Masonite panelling, gray acrylic carpeting, chrome-and-vinyl armchairs, wide folding tables, plenty of telephones and computer terminals.

Manning made himself at home and put in a call to WRC-TV, the NBC station in Washington. He began the conversation without preliminaries: "O.K., let's review the bidding now. I've got Vitaly Zhurkin to sit with Brokaw this afternoon. When do I pick him up and when does he go on the air?" After he finished that call, he went to work trying to track down Zhurkin, a deputy in the U.S.A. and Canada Institute, to confirm his availability. He phoned Zhurkin's hotel: no luck. Then he called his own office, in New York, to retrieve from his Rolodex the phone number of the Soviet press office in Washington.

While Manning was on hold, John Fritsche, an NBC News senior unit manager, came into the trailer and mounted a large plastic clock on one wall.

"Uh, excuse me, sir," Manning said, putting a hand over the telephone mouthpiece. "Is that my wristwatch you're delivering?"

"Hey, Gordo!" said Fritsche. "Congratulations on Moscow. Great coup!"

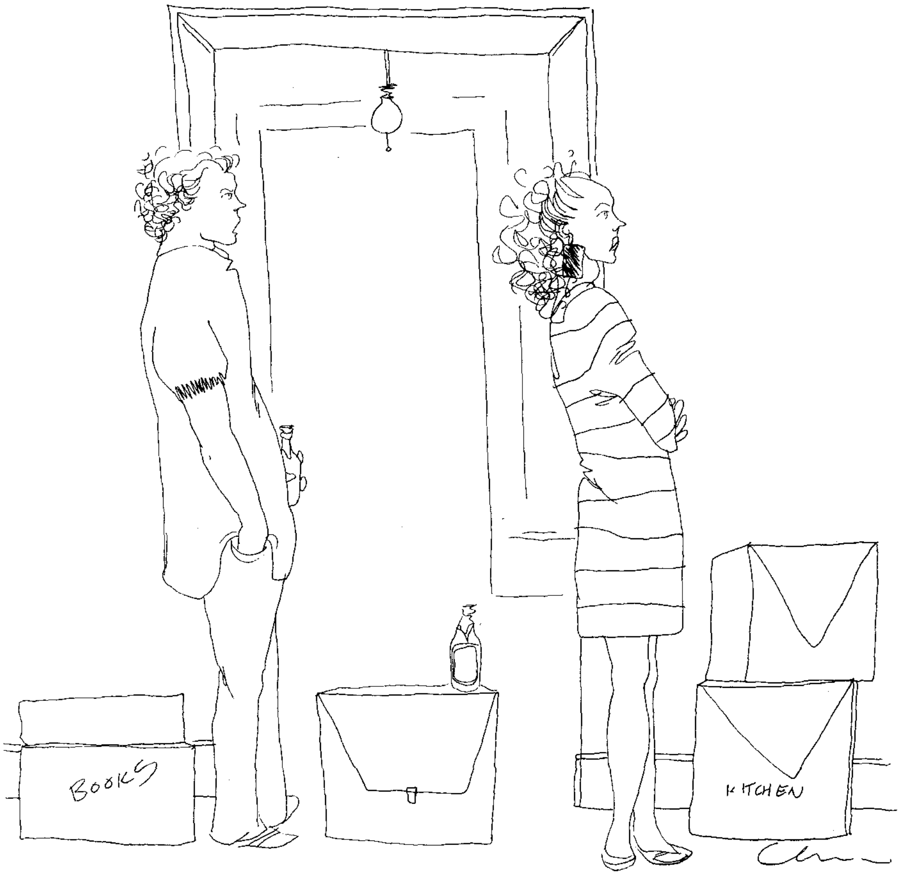
All week long in Washington, Manning was forced to endure that sort of thing—old friends accosting him on the street, grabbing his lapels, telling him, in so many words, "Bravo, mon coco!" Later that morning, when he and Angotti stopped by the Washington headquarters of Gosteleradio, on the back lot of the CBS News building, the blandishments interfered with his work. Manning and Angotti had gone there to speak with Genrikh Yushkiavitshus, the vice-chairman and American operations chief of Gosteleradio. From Yushkiavitshus, a long-time friend, Manning hoped to get his hands on some footage of the interior of the Soviet Embassy—the same stuff he had asked Vlasov and Shishlin about at breakfast—as well as copies of Gosteleradio's own transmissions from the summit. He found Yushkiavitshus in a trailer, in the company of a couple of backslappers whom Manning knew from his CBS days. The atmosphere was friendly, but Manning would not have been heartbroken if the CBS people had removed themselves from the room and allowed him to speak with Yushkiavitshus in private. This did not happen, however, and Manning left the trailer empty-handed.

A limo and driver were at Manning and Angotti's disposal, and from the CBS News building, on M Street, it took them northwest, toward WRC. Along the way, Angotti told me that, independent of Manning, he had come close to arranging the Gorbachev interview himself. "I had the whole thing set up, almost," he said. "I was working through a Western European peace group called the Alerdink Foundation."

Manning remonstrated with a series of throat-clearing noises.

"O.K., Gordon," Angotti said. "But I had some great fun. I went to a lot of terrific parties in Holland."

Inside WRC, Manning found his way to the office of Margie Lehrman, a producer for "The Today Show" who is based in Washington. She was meeting with Marty Ryan, the program's executive producer, and two other producers, Ron Steinman and Cliff Kappler. Manning sat down on a sofa and began tossing out the names of possible interview guests: Vitaly Zhurkin; Fyodor Burlatsky, a political scientist and a columnist for *Literaturnaya Gazeta*; Yevgeny Primakov, the direc-



"Well, now that we have a place, I guess what we'll need is things."

tor of the Institute of World Economy and International Relations; Z. I. Chernyshev, the Soviet Chief of Protocol.

"What about some of the bigger guys?" Marty Ryan said.

"I was after Yuli Verontsov, the chief arms negotiator, but I haven't heard on that yet," Manning said. "Or else Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, the First Deputy Foreign Minister." In a pinch, he said, he could probably get Boris Piadychev, a deputy spokesman for the Foreign Ministry. For the broadcast the next morning, Manning had lined up John Chrystal, an Iowa banker and farmer—a nephew of the late Roswell Garst, whose farm, in Coon Rapids, Iowa, Nikita Khrushchev had visited in 1959. Every two years for nearly thirty years, Chrystal had been visiting the Soviet Union, and he had known Gorbachev since his days as Secretary of the Central Committee for Agriculture. "Chrystal is scheduled for a six-thirty A.M. pickup at the Hay-Adams," he said. "And I have a six-thirty pickup at the Madison Hotel to go get one of the Russians."

"Gordon," Ryan said, "who in the delegation is a big shot?"

O.K., well, for Wednesday, Manning could deliver Gely Batenin, the arms-control expert on the staff of the Central Committee, who was recommended by Shishlin and Vlasov. And Valentin Falin, the chairman of the Novosti Press Agency, was available for Thursday.

A television set in the office was tuned to a live Cable News Network broadcast of a news conference that was being held by Marlin Fitzwater, the White House press secretary, and Gennadi Gerasimov, the chief spokesman for the Soviet Foreign Ministry. "Let's get Gerasimov for Wednesday," Ryan said.

Cliff Kappler mentioned Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister.

Manning said, "You know, last night over at the Madison"—one of three hotels that the Soviets were occupying for the week—"ABC had five good-looking young women, two of whom spoke Russian, working the lobby."

"And we had one English-speaking consultant," Marty Ryan said.

"One vapored-out seventy-year-old English-speaking consultant," Manning said.

"One vapored-out seventy-year-old English-speaking consultant with bad hips," Cliff Kappler said.

"Get me the Shevy man for Thursday morning," Ryan said. "You won't fail, Gordon. I know it."

Manning slipped into an office down the hall to make a few calls. At one point, Joe Angotti entered the room and said, "Have you done anything on Zhurkin yet?"

"I'm trying to get him."

"Well, skip it. Because there are no head winds. The plane's coming in at four-ten"—twenty minutes ahead of schedule—"so there's less time to fill."

Freed of an immediate task, Manning decided to take a ride downtown and recirculate through the Madison Hotel lobby.

"Stanley, what are your instructions?" he asked the limo driver along the way.

"Not to leave your side, Mr. Manning."

"Bravo, mon coco!"

It was late in the lunch hour when we arrived at the Madison Hotel, and the dining room was sparsely populated. We took a table next to a window, Manning ordered gumbo and chicken salad, and before the food arrived he excused himself to scour the premises.

"That's Yevgeny Velikhov, the Soviet Star Wars guy, in the back," he said when he returned, nodding toward a table that was on the opposite side of the room and was partly hidden from view. "But I don't see anybody else."

Ben Bradlee sat at a table a few feet away, having lunch with a friend. When Manning had entered the dining room, Bradlee gave him a big hello, clapped him on the shoulders, and congratulated him on the Gorbachev interview. "Ya done good, Gordo," Bradlee said, smiling broadly. "You've come a long way since covering sports, interviewing the Splinter. Come see me."

Invoking the Splendid Splinter—Ted Williams, of course—Bradlee had referred to Manning's journalistic wellspring: wire-service sportswriting. Manning comes from the school of born reporters, the endlessly curious, world-is-my-oyster variety, the foot soldiers who might have answered the call to the priesthood if it hadn't been for the celibacy part and so answered the call to newspapers instead. He did most of his growing up in Waltham, Massachusetts, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, spent three years after high school working at a variety of jobs, entered Boston University at the age of twenty-one, and graduated in 1941. His senior year, he became managing editor of the *Boston University News* and a reporter for what was then called the United Press Associations, which he joined full time after graduation. The U.P. motto was "A deadline every minute," and the enforcer—the wire service's New England manager—was Henry Minott, a little man who actually wore a green eyeshade. "Henry was the best teacher I ever had," Manning told me. "He used to say, 'Plan for the things you can plan for so you're ready for the things you can't plan for.' He was relentlessly competitive. His criteria for what made a story were: Who cares? Why do they care? And why do they care now? There were fourteen people in the Boston bureau, and we covered all of New England but Connecticut. The Associated Press had three bureaus working the same territory. We were a guerrilla army of journalism. All out of college. No overtime, no expenses. Henry had us all quivering. Of course, you got beat a lot, but you couldn't help it. You sank or swam under Henry."

The job of a U.P. utility man in Boston was to rewrite the dispatches from northern New England and to cover shipwrecks, politics, crimes of passion, and the local gods: the Red Sox and the Bruins. "Writing sports was the way to show if you had any flair or style," Manning said. What felt good was when the U.P. bosses in New York, informing editors around the country what to watch for on the night wire, would herald an item like "Gordon Manning in Boston. 'How Ted Williams Sees Dizzy Trout's Fastball,' 300 words."

In 1943, Manning enlisted in the

Navy. He was married soon thereafter, to Edna Currier, a woman who has proved to be exceptionally companionable and extraordinarily forbearing. The Navy sent the Mannings to San Francisco, where the first of their four sons was born. When the war ended, Manning would have loved to work for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, but so would a lot of other people, and he returned to Boston, to the U.P., and became New England sports editor. When he left the U.P. for the second, and last, time, in 1946, it was to move to Washington, where he briefly edited a publication called *Sportfolio*. From there he moved to New York, where he worked on a number of sports magazines. For a while, he was a writer and editor on a Cowles weekly called *Quick*. The day that a fellow-editor appeared at Manning's desk holding a can of marshmallow fluff and asked him to rewrite a recipe on the label for a feature in the magazine was the day he told himself, "I've got to get out of here." *Collier's* had commissioned him to write an article on Yogi Berra, and now he took a job there as a staff writer. Within a year, he became managing editor—a position he held until 1956, when he left *Collier's*, which was about to fold, and joined the staff of *Newsweek*.

Kermit Lansner, who eventually became, along with Manning, a co-executive editor of *Newsweek*, remembers Manning's arrival: "Then, suddenly, this character appears on the scene—this wisecracking little fellow named Gordon Manning." The late fifties and early sixties at *Newsweek* have become, in Lansner's memory, "an idyllic time." Originally, Manning was hired as a senior editor, with responsibility for the back of the book—cultural and scientific reporting, reviews, and the like. When the Washington *Post* bought the magazine, in 1961, Osborn Elliott was promoted to editor-in-chief and elevated Lansner and Manning. Their job was to oversee the entire editorial content, front and back of the book. Ben Bradlee ran the Washington bureau. "It was such an exciting place to be, because we worked for No. 2," Bradlee recently recalled. "That hones your sense of competitiveness." By all accounts, Manning contributed amply to the camaraderie. In a memoir that Osborn Elliott published some years ago, he tells about a round of golf that he, Manning, and Bradlee played in Ponte Vedra, Florida, in 1962:

> As Bradlee was addressing his ball for an approach shot to the green, Manning cried out: "Watch out, Bradlee, there's a rattlesnake behind you!" "Goddamn it, Manning, cut the bullshit," said Ben. But just then we all heard the unmistakable buzzing of a rattler. Bradlee jumped a mile. His old caddie took an iron from his golf bag, and with one graceful swoop knocked the head off the snake. "That was a pretty good shot, Sam," said Manning. "What club did you use?"

A stickler for accuracy, Manning told me, "Oz gets that story wrong. I'd been needling Bradlee all the way around the course, trying to upset his game by pretending I was a TV sports commentator—you know, talking into my 3-wood, which I was holding like a microphone. But I didn't 'cry out' to Bradlee about the snake. I said it very softly. I said, 'You know, Ben, there's a rattlesnake right behind you. There's really a snake. You might want to get out of the way. Looks to me like a pretty big rattlesnake, Ben.' We were down around the green, pitching

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up. That rattler came out of the canebrake. Bradlee told me to shut up and went ahead and hit the shot. But Oz is right about one thing: I did ask the caddie what club he used."

MOST of Manning's colleagues at *Newsweek* learned to adapt to certain idiosyncrasies that have never really dissipated—what Lansner calls "a relentless, terrierlike quality to his way of editing." A galley proof that had been subjected to a Manning edit would often come back to the writer decorated with little taped-on scribbled queries. He was quick with praise but also quick to second-guess. Because each issue of *Newsweek* closed on a Saturday afternoon, Manning, who had settled his family in Westport, was in the habit of spending Friday nights in Manhattan. Late one Friday in the spring of 1964, word of a major earthquake in Alaska arrived—an act of God several magnitudes more stirring than the San Francisco earthquake. With the spirit of Henry Minott whispering in his ear, Manning issued orders to the overnight desk: "Get the San Francisco bureau chief and our L.A. people up there. Hire photographers. Also, place a person-to-person call to Lowell Thomas, Jr., in Anchorage." From a previous job, he knew Lowell Thomas, Jr., a documentary filmmaker who later became lieutenant governor of Alaska, and he also knew "the oldest trick in journalism: when there's a natural disaster, you place a person-to-person call, and the instant phone service is restored the phone company honors that." He went on, "Four o'clock the next afternoon, I got a call from Lowell Thomas, Jr. This earthquake did tremendous damage. Thomas told me about his family, what happened, and we got the story, plus photographs."

The *Newsweek* offices are at Forty-ninth and Madison. Only six blocks away, at CBS, the fact of the earthquake somehow eluded everyone. Not until Saturday morning did Fred Friendly, who a few weeks earlier had become president of CBS News, learn that the earthquake had happened. Friendly, whose initial response to CBS's second-rate coverage of the disaster was a rage that could have been measured with a seismograph, later referred to the episode as his Bay of Pigs. Never again, he vowed, would he endure this kind of embarrassment. Determined to hire a "hard news" person for CBS, Friendly soon found his way to Manning. Thus did Manning's career in print journalism end and his career in television news begin. The offer from CBS came at a time when Manning was feeling frustrated with news-magazine journalism, because of "the way time erodes the news value of a story." He believed that in going to television he was returning to his deadline-every-minute roots.

Manning's first title at CBS was vice-president and director of news. As a practical matter, being in charge of hard news—what Bill Leonard, a former president of CBS News, has described as "today's story today, tomorrow's story tomorrow"—meant overseeing everything but documentary programs. He ended up staying with the network more than ten years, during much of which he was the executive in charge of the "CBS Evening News." In 1966, Manning helped create a half-hour Saturday edition of the "CBS Evening News." This idea was not immediately embraced by everyone at CBS, the assumption being that nobody would tune in. Manning put Roger Mudd in the anchor chair and hired Heywood Hale Broun (of the windy diction and the blinding madras jackets) as the resident sports poet. Political conventions, the war in Southeast Asia, space shots—the high-pressure stuff that CBS News was learning to cover better than anyone else—was the stuff that Manning thrived on.

According to Roger Mudd, "The fact that Gordon didn't know anything about television when he came there was the best thing about him. Gordon's greatest contribution was his ability to rise above the technocracy of TV—the long lines, the microwaves, the satellite dishes, the trucks and switches and charters—and to think almost exclusively about substance. He was very tough when he had to be, but basically he loved what he was doing and just lacked the antagonistic approach that so many television executives have. He never succumbed to the feeling that there was anything he couldn't do."

Manning's tenure at CBS coincided with the so-called Cronkite era, the generation during which the "CBS Evening News" came to dominate nightly news programming. "In the corporate sense, Gordon was fearless, which is why he could come up with ideas," the CBS correspondent Morley Safer has said. "At CBS, Gordon was the guy whom you could expect to say, 'How come nobody's ever done Chou En-lai yet?' " The how-comes and why-don't-we's and shouldn't-we-be's gushed from Manning—occasionally to the consternation of his deputies, one of whom once complained, "Gordon's question mark is our command."

When Manning arrived at CBS, he didn't even have a passport. By the time he left, he had made numerous trips to Southeast Asia (including one six-week ordeal in 1970, during which he recovered the bodies of four CBS employees who had been killed in Cambodia); had seen China, India, the Middle East, and all of Europe; and had produced special interviews with Marshal Tito, in Belgrade, with Anwar Sadat, in Cairo, and with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, in Zurich.

"Going to CBS brought about Gordon's transformation from a provincial," Kermit Lansner says. "The old Gordon used to think it was an affectation if you were interested in international affairs. Knowing anything about Charles de Gaulle meant you were affected. He used to say he didn't like foreign food. He never ate veal, because his father told him if the veal had been healthy it would have grown up to be a beef."

Successfully transcending these prejudices, Manning developed an appetite for travel that was almost, but not quite, insatiable. On one occasion, he petitioned Friendly for relief. "Gordon came to me with a complaint," Friendly recalls. "He said, 'I've been working too hard and travelling too much. If I don't start spending more time with the kids and Edna, I'm afraid she's going to divorce me.' And I said, 'I can live with that.' "

Walter Cronkite—who has sailed

with Manning often, in the Caribbean and off the New England coast; who in 1971, on three hours' notice, boarded an overnight flight to Paris with Manning in a long-shot quest for an exclusive interview with the leaders of the first official permanent diplomatic delegation from the People's Republic of China to the United States in almost a quarter of a century; who went to Switzerland with him when Manning arranged the first Western television interview with Solzhenitsyn, in 1974, shortly after he began his exile from the Soviet Union—has described Manning as "the greatest travelling companion since Boswell." Osborn Elliott remembers attending a convention of news executives with Manning some years ago in Las Vegas: "I was slated to have breakfast with Gordon, who was also staying at Caesars Palace, and he called up at seven a.m., waking me up, and said, 'Oz, we have a date for breakfast this morning. I just thought you might be wondering why they have mirrors on the ceilings of all the bedrooms here.' I said, 'Yeah, Gordon, I was really wondering about that. Why is it?' He said, 'That's so you can shave in bed.' "

The notion behind Manning and Cronkite's spur-of-the-moment junket to Paris—the inspiration of a CBS producer named Sandy Socolow—was for them to film an interview with the Chinese diplomats before the diplomats departed for New York. Upon landing in Paris, Cronkite, who had a bad cold, went to the hotel and took to his bed. Manning proceeded to the local CBS bureau and drafted a letter, an interview request, to Huang Hua, who was one of the senior New York-bound diplomats. (Huang Hua had previously been the Chinese Ambassador to Canada and had been named China's representative to the U.N. Security Council. Manning had met him in Ottawa, while trying to arrange to get a CBS News team into the People's Republic in advance of Richard Nixon's first visit.) He visited the Chinese Embassy, bearing a friendly entreaty to Huang Hua, and got the door slammed in his face by a less than friendly subordinate. As a fallback, he had already bought all the remaining seats in the first-class cabin of the Air France flight that his sources had told him was supposed to deliver Huang Hua and the chief delegate, Deputy Foreign Minister Qiao Guanhua, to New York. At Orly Airport, Manning and Cronkite became aware of a second plane, at an adjacent gate, that was receiving lower-echelon members of the Chinese delegation. There came a moment in the passenger lounge when it seemed unclear whether Huang Hua and Qiao Guanhua would board Manning's Air France flight or the other. Turning to Cronkite, Manning said, "If those guys get in the other plane, we're done for," and Cronkite replied, "I knew we never should have come here. This was a terrible idea."

However, Huang Hua and Qiao Guanhua did board the right Air France plane, whose steward Manning had prevailed upon to stow camera equipment under one of the seats in first class. Before the plane even pulled away from the gate, the steward informed Manning that there was a problem in the galley and he couldn't serve breakfast. With an additional gratuity, Manning encouraged the steward to serve the Chinese dignitaries non-stop champagne instead. Fi-

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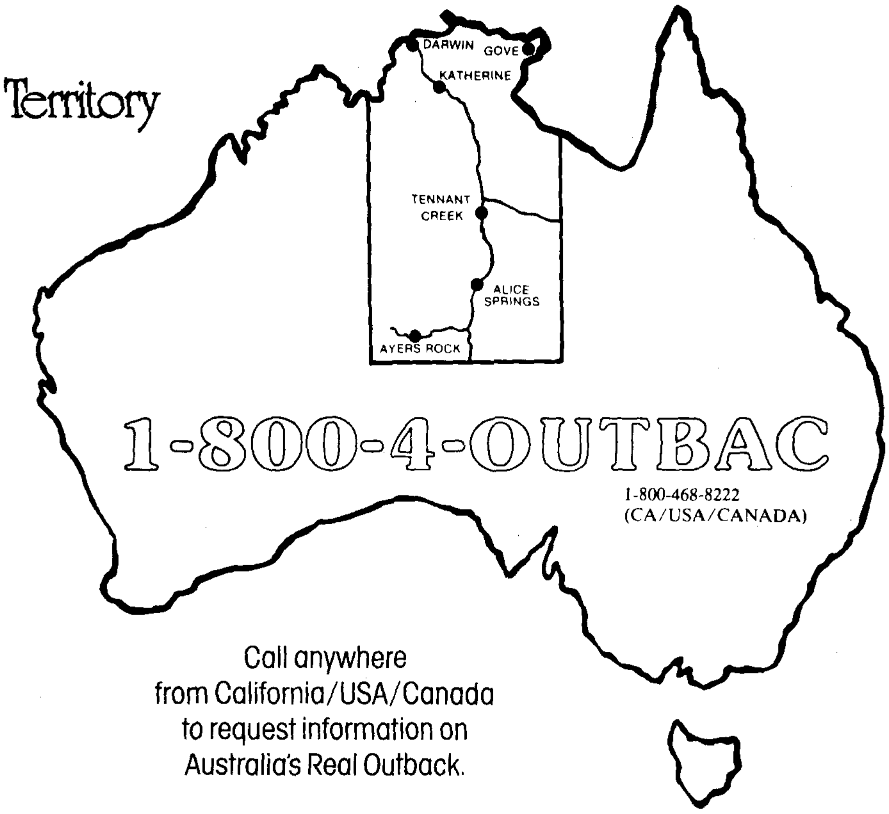

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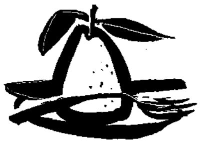
nally, Manning went forward and greeted Huang Hua and Qiao Guanhua, who reacted with alarm, as if under the impression that Manning was announcing a hijacking. Huang Hua, recognizing Manning, reassured his companion, saying, "I know him. He works for Walter Cronkite." At which point Manning gestured broadly, and magically produced Cronkite. A friendly negotiation ensued, and the Chinese agreed to give Cronkite an in-flight on-camera interview. When the plane landed in New York, the assembled press corps had to make due with a brief prepared statement by Qiao Guanhua. "It was one of those moments in journalism when this is a little boy's game and you're delighted," Manning said. "I'm coming off that plane with the film that those other guys all wanted."



Early in 1974, Manning was replaced as senior vice-president and director of news at CBS and given a less exalted, executive-producer position. He stayed on with the network a little more than a year (long enough for his pension to vest), during which he arranged the Solzhenitsyn interview. Along with Eric Sevareid, he also created a series of one-hour "wise owl" interviews—conversations with the likes of John McCloy, George Kennan, Robert Hutchins, and Willy Brandt. Manning's decision to resign altogether, in 1975, did not dismay certain CBS executives, whose affection for him was limited. An ostensible factor in his fall from grace was his role in the hiring of Sally Quinn as a co-anchor of the "CBS Morning News"—an inglorious episode for all involved. (Quinn later wrote a book, "We're Going to Make You a Star," in which she told about having fantasized going on the air and saying, "Good morning, I'm Sally Quinn and *we are not prepared to do this show* and I don't know what I'm doing up here.") In reality, the Sally Quinn business played a minor part in Manning's departure, which had its roots in complicated intramural facts of corporate life at CBS. In 1966, Fred Friendly—protesting the network's decision to televise reruns of "I Love Lucy," "The Real McCoys," and "Andy of Mayberry" rather than George Kennan's live testimony during the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on the Vietnam War—resigned as president of CBS News. That same day, Manning was approached about succeeding Friendly but, out of personal loyalty, he said he wasn't prepared to discuss the idea. It was not that he did not wish to be president of CBS News; it was a matter of circumstances and timing. This infuriated the network group president who had made the approach—who believed that Manning's loyalty was misplaced. Manning saw in the network group president a flawless representative of a subculture that he had a habit of referring to as "a bunch of salesmen from Hoopletown." Nine years later, the chief salesman from Hoopletown brought about Manning's removal as head of hard news.

Manning had not seen it coming, although some of his friends felt that he should have. Only months before, he had gone to China as the escort of William Paley, the chairman of CBS, and his wife, Barbara. Every day, he had breakfast, lunch, and dinner with the Paleys, who seemed to share Walter Cronkite's view that Manning was an ideal travelling companion. Unfortunately, the trip, which was supposed to last two weeks but stretched into more than a month, turned out to be fateful: in Beijing, Mrs. Paley became ill with what at first appeared to be bronchitis and later turned out to be terminal lung cancer.

"Nobody who's ever been close to Paley—at his best a very good fellow, at his worst something else—has stayed close for a long time," Fred Friendly later said, analyzing the consequences of Manning's close relationship with the company chairman. "That's just something we all learned: when you get too close to Paley, it turns to ashes. And Gordon was certainly as close to Paley as anyone else in the news division."

Whatever personal affection Paley felt for Manning did not impel him to veto the decision to demote Manning. Years later, Walter Cronkite asked the network group president to explain what Manning's sin had been. The answer was "He pressed too damn hard."

WHEN Manning arrived at NBC, in mid-1975, as when he had arrived at *Newsweek* and CBS, aspects of his legend had preceded him. "There were two basic accounts of who Gordon Manning was," Joe Angotti has said. "On the one hand, he was this wonderful, beloved fellow who had been running CBS News. And on the other we had reports about this maniacal little guy who does nothing but write memos. All the things we'd heard turned out to be true in one way or another. We were bewildered by him at first. He was just a flurry of activity constantly in motion."

Officially, Manning was "executive producer for specials and politics," and his immediate task was to coördinate coverage of the 1976 Presidential campaign. The centerpiece of NBC's Election Night set (and again in 1980 and 1984) was a mammoth Manning-inspired apparatus, a fourteen-by-twenty-four-foot Plexiglas map that would illuminate in blue any state that was won by the Republicans, in red any state that went to the Democrats, and in white any state that was not yet decided. Several years ahead of computer-generated graphic simulations, it required its own air-conditioning system. It wasn't just a piece of glitz. It rendered literally the Big Picture.

Excused from responsibility for day-to-day news coverage, Manning was able to exercise his talents as a superbly connected gadfly. In 1977, he conceived and produced a special program titled "Human Rights: A Soviet-American Debate," and won a Columbia-DuPont award. He did the diplomatic advance work for "The Today Show" 's week of broadcasts from Moscow in the fall of 1984, and then turned his attention to Vietnam. A satellite ground station was installed in Ho Chi Minh City, and, in April of 1985, ten years after the last American soldiers had departed, NBC broadcast the first live pictures ever from Indo-China to the West. He brokered NBC News's week of broadcasts from China last fall, and lately has been trying to get permission for NBC News crews to work in North Korea while the 1988 Summer Olympic Games take place in Seoul.

In the spring of 1985, Tom Brokaw and a camera crew went to La Libertad, a mining town in south-central Nicaragua that is the birthplace of President Daniel Ortega, to gather material for an "NBC Nightly News" segment. They had not been long in La Libertad when they became aware of the presence of a reporter from Tass. It occurred to Brokaw that he might like to capture the man from Tass on film, and so, along with an assistant, Marc Kusnetz, he introduced himself.

“And where is it you are from?” the Soviet asked.

“NBC Television,” Brokaw said.

“NBC? I see. Well, do you know Gordon Manning?”

“Of course,” Brokaw said.

“*The* Gordon Manning?”

“Yes,” Kusnetz said. “There’s only one.”

“Thank God,” the Soviet said.

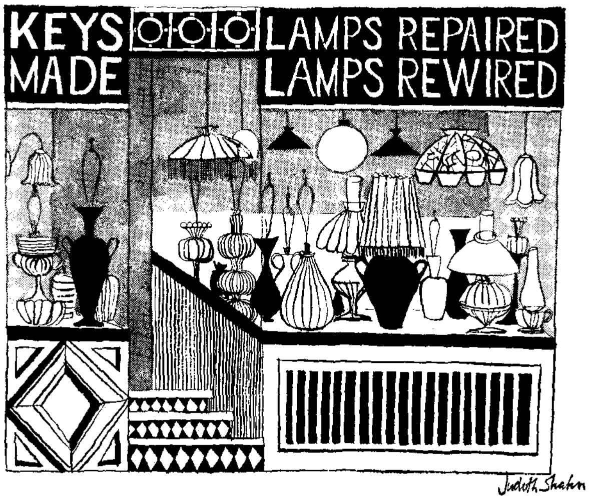
For a couple of years in the early eighties, Manning was the executive responsible for “The Today Show.”

“His job, rather than telling me what to do, was to protect me from the fools who were running this place,” Steve Friedman, the former executive producer, has said. “Gordon threw himself in front of the train many times.” When Friedman decided, in 1980, that he wanted Richard Nixon to sit for a five-part series of interviews during the Presidential race, he enlisted Manning. “This was before Nixon made his comeback. I didn’t go to Leonard Garment. I didn’t go to Nixon’s P.R. guy. One day I went to Gordon. Lo and behold, three months later, we ended up in Nixon’s town house, with Teddy White doing the interviewing.”

This is not to say that Manning has never delivered a body he wished he hadn’t. In 1977, he engineered Gerald Ford’s oral memoirs, with John Chancellor as the interviewer. “I think Gerald Ford went to sleep on the air before I did, but I went to sleep shortly after that,” Chancellor has said.

Nor did Manning reveal himself to be an ideal producer, a buttoned-up master of the control room. Because it happened almost twelve years ago, Tom Brokaw has a mellow recollection of the night he and David Brinkley co-anchored a one-hour special on the death of Mao Zedong. Manning was ostensibly presiding in the control room.

“It involved what are called lashups from all over the world,” Brokaw said. “And it was chaos. Things didn’t come up on the satellite when they were supposed to. I was trying to read names off the TelePrompTer that I wasn’t sure how to pronounce. At one point, Brinkley, in order to interview Eugene Rostow, had to walk, on camera, from one end of the set to the other. And Gordon was the executive in charge. During a break, I got up from my chair and went into the control room to tell him, ‘We are crashing and burning. This is a disaster,’ and I found him on the phone to Joseph Kraft. It was one of those conversations where he’s saying, ‘Well, look, Joe, it’s always a pleasure. Best to Polly. And lunch when you get back to New York. O.K., Joe.’ If it had been anyone but Gordon, I would have had a meltdown.”



DURING lunch at the Madison Hotel, while Manning was recounting for me some of his biography—starting with Henry Minott, he fast-forwarded here, backtracked there, and had arrived back at the pursuit of Gorbachev—Bradlee, on his way back to the office, stopped by the table once more.

“Hey, Gordon, you still sending memos on matchbooks?” he asked.

A written message from Manning—commonly known as a Gordogram—is a to-be-treasured artifact bestowed on just about anyone who has sustained an acquaintance with him for more than, say, four hours. I’ve been on friendly terms with Manning ten years longer than the minimum, and during that time I’ve received Gordograms imperfectly typed on hotel stationery, handwritten in block-letter scrawls on postcards and magazine-subscription blanks, and scribbled in the margins of newspaper clippings—never yet on a matchbook, but once on a cocktail coaster.

“The matchbooks are fine if they aren’t already printed with advertisements to go to welding or drawing school,” Bradlee said.

“You know, John Chancellor claims I once sent him a long memo on one of those toilet-seat sanitary covers,” Manning said. “But I think he made that up.”

Gordograms emanate from Manning’s ruminations while he is shaving, from conversations with interesting fellow-passengers, from this story in *The Economist* or that one in the Hong Kong *Daily News*. A newspaper that has passed through Manning’s hands looks as if it had been messed with by a kindergarten collage class. Some of Manning’s associates claim to have received Gordograms on sugar-cube wrappers. Once, when Manning was convalescing from hip surgery and couldn’t defend himself, Roger Mudd showered him with a hundred or so empty Sweet’n Low packets that he had inscribed with mini-memorandums of his own. Paul Greenberg says, “Gordon’s killed more trees than Chernobyl.” The Gordograms that circulate among the “A” list at NBC tend to be about what worked or didn’t work on last night’s broadcast, or they are proposals for special kinds of debates; special kinds of programs; So-and-So who could make a contribution to “The Today Show;” possible stories (the man in Baraboo, Wisconsin, who does mating dances with whooping cranes; the rumor he had heard—and, in March, 1984, passed along to anyone who might want to follow it up—“that Ronald Reagan conducts a lot of his life by astrology”).

“I would always read the first sentence, then I would check to see whether anybody else had got it,” Steve Friedman, who, having left NBC, has been forced to subsist on a low-Gordogram diet, has said. “If no one else had got it, I read it. If anyone else was on the list, I didn’t read it, because I knew somebody else would respond. I often got seven a day, thirty-five or forty a week. I once got one that started out on hotel stationery, in longhand. The next two pages were napkins. Then page 4 was typed. Those were the ones you knew were sent only to you.”

Tom Brokaw says he reads Manning’s memos—not all twenty-eight pages sometimes, but he reads them. The final day of NBC News' venture to China last autumn happened to be Gordon and Edna's forty-fifth wedding anniversary. Aboard a flight from Beijing to Shanghai, Brokaw toasted the Mannings and presented them with a handsomely bound collection of China memos.

"They took up an entire seat on the plane," Brokaw said. "You know, when we were in China we had some disagreements with the Chinese, and we became involved in these contentious sessions. And quite often, to make a point, the Chinese would bring out one of Gordon's memos. They had them all neatly arranged in plastic folders. The Chinese treated this stuff as if it were a communiqué from the Congress of Vienna. They would say, 'But Mr. Gordon Manning, in his memorandum of such-and-such date, represented to us that'—whatever. And we would leave those meetings, and Gordon would always berate me. 'See, Brokaw! The Chinese take my memos seriously. Brokaw doesn't even read them! But the *Chinese* . . .' "

Steve Friedman says, "Gordon will be pounding out memos as long as his fingers are nimble enough to type. And after that he'll write them in crayon. Three weeks after he dies, we'll still be getting them. Maybe from the hotel he's staying in."

LUNCH done, Manning wandered out of the Madison Hotel dining room, saying, "Let's go look for some Comrades." At that moment, a fleet of limousines had gathered at the hotel's main entrance, on Fifteenth Street, to receive the V.I.P.s whose presence was expected when the General Secretary's plane arrived at Andrews Air Force Base. In the milling crowd, Manning spotted a couple of pals—Aleksandr Aksyonov, the chairman of Gostele-radio, and Sasha Petrov, his interpreter. He also greeted Boris Piadychev, a deputy spokesman for the Foreign Ministry, and Genrikh Borovic, who looked like a professional wrestler but was actually an agitprop playwright and Soviet television personality. Nobody had much time to chat, so Manning decided to ride back to the NBC studio at the Ellipse. He had calls to make. He began trying, fruitlessly, to track down Victor Karpov, the arms negotiator, still hoping to book him for a special broadcast that evening with Tom Brokaw. He checked in with Marty Ryan, of "The Today Show."

"Now, this is for tomorrow morning, right?" Manning told Ryan. "That would be Tuesday. One Russian you want, correct? O.K., we possibly have Bessmertnykh or Yuli Verontsov. For Wednesday, the general who speaks English. And then, Thursday morning, Gerasimov—unless we get Albert Vlasov. O.K., I'm at the Ellipse now. I'm here, and if you have any legwork for me keep me posted. Bravo, mon coco!"

Manning had a few Gordograms to get out. In a room equipped with eight computer terminals, he chose one of two manual typewriters and began to write letters to Victor Karpov, Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, Yuli Verontsov, Yevgeny Primakov, and General Gely Batenin.

Brokaw wandered over. "Gordon, do you know anything about Dobrynin?"

"They gave me a flat no. So I'm trying to get Karpov."

"For ten-thirty tonight? Great."

A few minutes later, Brokaw was back. "Gordon, if you can't get Karpov, how about Gerasimov?"

"I can get him!"

"What about Arbatov?"

"I can get him!"

Brokaw beamed and, patting Manning on both shoulders, said, "Gerasimov was in great form at his news conference today. Let's get him."

"Gerasimov fought me hard on the Gorbachev interview, you know," Manning said. "I saw him last night. I grabbed him by that alpaca coat of his and looked him in the eye and said, 'We couldn't have done it without you, Gennadi.' He smiled. There were two smiles. His and mine."

All three networks had planned special news coverage at four-thirty, when Gorbachev's plane was due to arrive. At that hour, Manning led me to the mobile control booth, one trailer away from the makeshift newsroom. He sat in the rear, about twenty feet away from a bank of more than a dozen illuminated television monitors. Several screens showed Brokaw straightening his necktie and chatting casually with Brent Scowcroft, his first interview guest. "A minute to airtime," the assistant director said.

" 'A minute to airtime,' " Manning said. "I like that."

There was an opening telephoto

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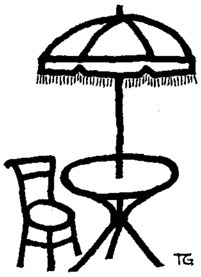
shot of Gorbachev's plane as it approached Andrews Air Force Base, a quick cut to the crowd of dignitaries assembled on the tarmac, then a cut to Brokaw and his guest at the studio. NBC failed to televise the actual touchdown, and Manning said softly, "I would've stayed with the plane." The camera caught Secretary of State George Shultz conversing with Eduard Shevardnadze. To the tune of "Some Enchanted Evening," Manning sang to himself: "Shultz and Shevardnadze . . ."



When the broadcast was over, Manning had more work to do: letters to finish; phone calls to make; a briefing list that Robert Wright, the president and chief executive of NBC, could study before a meeting with Gorbachev later that week. (Wright was one of a handful of American media executives who had been invited to a rather cozy gathering at the Soviet Embassy. Manning would also attend. It was a provocative session during which Wright, seated directly opposite the host, posed a question about human rights and Gorbachev replied, "I did not come here to be interviewed. If you want an interview, I will ask you questions.") I decided to go back to my hotel for some rest. Manning and I agreed to meet again at eight-thirty that evening in the lobby of the Hay-Adams.

At eight-thirty-five, we were on our way from the Hay-Adams to the Madison Hotel, once again to troll for Soviets. The sidewalks teemed with pedestrians and police officers. At the corner of Sixteenth and K Streets, waiting for a light to change, we heard a familiar chorus of rapidly approaching sirens. For no apparent reason, the lead vehicle—a District of Columbia police car, with a strapping black cop behind the wheel and a crewcut, mustached Russian (obviously) security agent riding shotgun—halted briefly as it reached the intersection. It seemed that something the Soviet security agent had said or done had provoked the D.C. cop. One could easily read the lips of the cop, who, defying the howl of the sirens, was treating his startled passenger to a lesson in American slang. When the motorcade moved again, a ZIL limousine shot past us. Manning thought he had spotted Pavel Palashchenko, one of Gorbachev's primary translators, inside the ZIL. "Hey, that might be the big guy," he said.

A dark-haired young pedestrian who wore a Walkman stood next to us.

"You K.G.B.?" Manning asked him.

The pedestrian shook his head, indicating that he hadn't heard the question. He removed his earphones. "What's that?"

"You in touch with the Russians?"

A canvass of the glittering lobby of the Madison—it glowed with ormolu and chandeliers and was filled with red and white poinsettias—didn't turn up any of the faces Manning was hoping to see, so he found a house phone. When he tried the room of Nikolai Shishlin, he got no answer. This rankled him: Manning had just done his Russian friend a favor. Only two hours earlier, Shishlin had phoned and said, "Gordon, my friends are thirsty. You could find us perhaps some Scotch?" and Manning had arranged for a case of Dewar's to be delivered to the Madison. Getting through at last to Albert Vlasov, he said, "Albert, I'm really in very desperate shape. Nikolai told me he would call me back in twenty minutes—that was two hours ago—and I haven't heard from him, and I'm down in the lobby now. Albert, we have had no Soviets on the air yet. It is to your advantage to help us out. . . . O.K., thank you. I'll be here."

Moving around the corner, toward the elevators, Manning spotted Gennadi Gerasimov, the Foreign Ministry spokesman, and his deputy, Boris Piadychev. With no coaxing, Gerasimov acknowledged that he would be available for an interview that evening. At the moment, he had a shopping bag full of packages and wanted to go to his room. As he departed, Manning began to sweet-talk the handsome, gaunt-looking Piadychev. Soon Piadychev was asking, "What will be the general area of questions?"

"The agenda for the summit talks. Where do we go from here. The general scope of things. The I.N.F. treaty."

"Hmm." Piadychev wanted to think this one over. "When does this go on the air?"

"Tomorrow morning," Manning said. "This is live."

"Live?"

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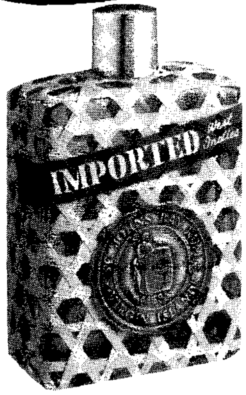

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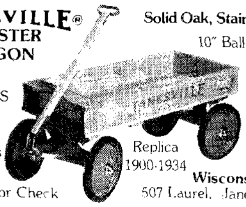

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"I will pick you up at six-thirty," Manning said.

"Six-thirty? This is so early. We Russians are lazy. We like to sleep."

"Hey, Boris, this is summit time. The good old summit time."

Not long after this conversation broke up, an NBC errand runner named Steve Plotka entered the lobby carrying a large package wrapped in shiny red paper—Nikolai Shishlin's case of Scotch. Manning had meanwhile moved back to the house phones. Bending over to rest the whiskey on the floor, Steve Plotka succeeded in splitting his trousers along the seam. While he contemplated what to do about that problem—his solution was to remove his jacket and tie the sleeves around his waist—an assistant manager of the hotel appeared and brusquely explained that no packages were allowed in the lobby, that it would have to go back outside. Steve Plotka retreated through a revolving door with the Scotch and was greeted by explosives experts from the Secret Service and the District of Columbia Police Department. Some other Secret Service guys were milling in the lobby, along with what looked like a claque of K.G.B. agents—men who wore tiny receivers in their ears and seemed to have done their shopping at Banana Republic. For reasons that eluded me, the K.G.B. men suddenly began to dash in and out of the lobby. At a pay phone now, Manning was saying to someone at NBC, "I've lined up Gerasimov for tonight. . . . Two minutes? Well, hell, you've got to give him more than that. I'm killing myself down here. . . . What plane crash? . . . Well, this is a summit special. The news comes on at eleven o'clock. That's when you report the plane crash. This is a Soviet-American summit. This is our fourth broadcast and our first Russian."

Two men, one of them wearing press credentials that identified him as a representative of *Pravda*, approached Manning. "Mr. Manning," the *Pravda* man said. "Who are you looking for? Perhaps we can help."

"I don't need anyone," Manning said, waving them away. "I'm on a call to the outside."

The Soviets retreated. A minute later, however, Shishlin materialized and introduced Manning to the solicitous Soviets, one of whom, a prematurely white-haired man with a

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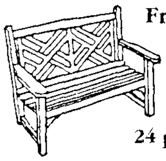

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dark William Powell mustache, turned out to be General Gely Batenin, the very person Manning was hoping to put on the air. His companion from *Pravda* was Gennadi Vassiliev, a political columnist. The group found some easy chairs in the lobby, and Manning settled down to business. "Now, Mr. General, let me tell you the plan and we'll see if it suits you," he said, and then he turned to Vassiliev and asked, "Does the General speak English?"

"Yes, he speaks English, but he is sometimes in need of help."

"Perhaps you would like to come on the air with the General," Manning proposed.

That prospect suited Vassiliev. The United States government was picking up the out-of-towners' hotel and meal tabs, but the Soviets had only limited pocket money. A little coast-to-coast television exposure seemed like a nice extra perk.

"Who will be his partner?" Vassiliev asked.

"He'll be alone," Manning said. "Oh, who will interview him? Gumbel. Bryant Gumbel."

"Gumbel," said Vassiliev.

The General nodded in recognition and said, "Ah, Gumbel."

Manning needed to collect a few biographical details. "And the General is a war hero?" he asked the man from *Pravda*.

"Too young. He is the one to keep your eye on for the future."

"And, Gordon," Shishlin interjected, "because ABC and CBS and CNN have all asked me to appear with them, and because of our long friendship, I have decided I will speak only to NBC."

"You're on," Manning said.

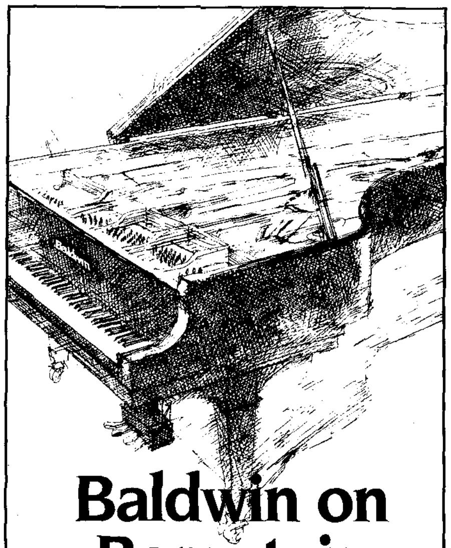
Gennadi Gerasimov had returned to the lobby from his room, wearing his gray alpaca topcoat and a faintly supercilious, bemused smile. Gesturing toward him and then toward the other Soviets, Manning said, "You gentlemen know Mr. Gerasimov?"

At six-thirty Wednesday morning, Manning told Vassiliev, a driver would be waiting in front of the hotel to pick up General Batenin.

"And your first name?" Vassiliev asked. "It is . . . ?"

"Gordon. G-o-r-d-o-n."

"Gordon Manning," Nikolai Shishlin told the man from *Pravda*. "My best friend." —Mark Singer



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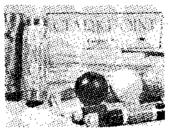

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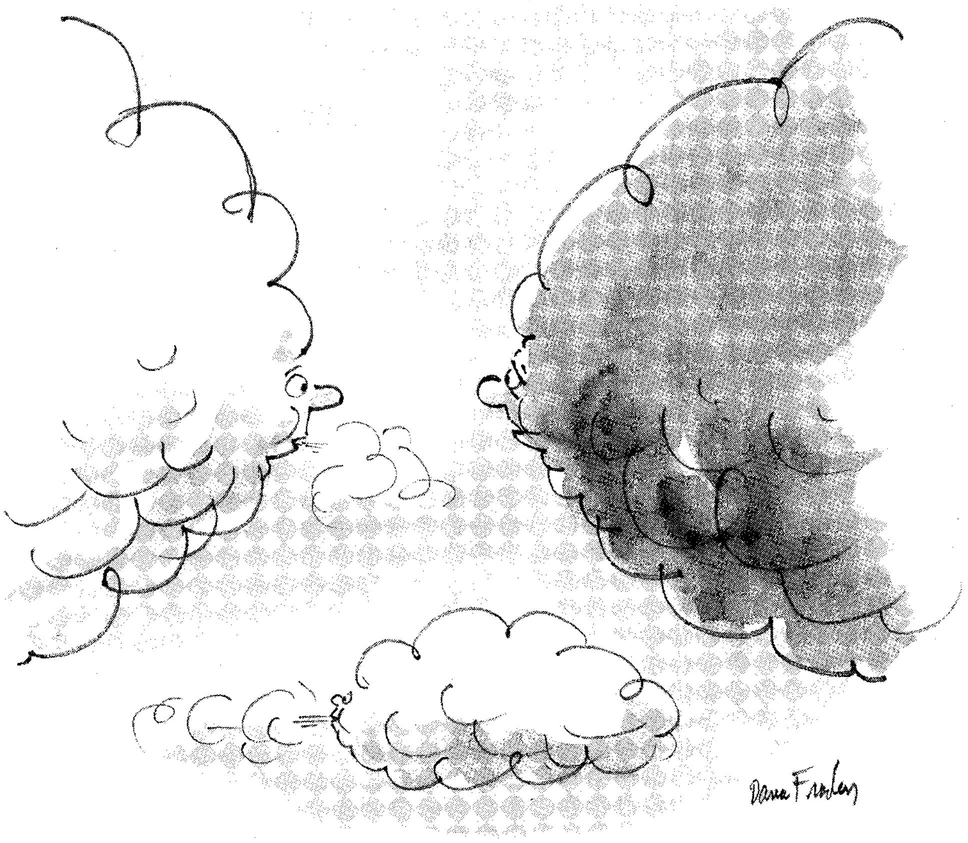
THE SPORTING SCENE

A MASTERS TO REMEMBER

THE rise of the Masters, the youngest by far of golf's four major tournaments, seems in retrospect to have had a certain inevitability. The game's three other major events—the British Open, the United States Open, and the Professional Golfers' Association of America Championship—were first played in 1860, 1895, and 1916, respectively. When the Masters was inaugurated, in 1934, by Robert T. (Bobby) Jones, Jr., undoubtedly the most popular sports hero the South has ever produced, it was intended to be a small spring gathering of old golfing friends, both amateur and professional, that Jones had made during his spectacular career, which crested in 1930, when he swept the British Amateur, the British Open, the United States Open, and the United States Amateur championships, to pull off his unprecedented Grand Slam of the four major events in which an amateur is eligible to play. In the autumn of 1930, after announcing his retirement from competition, Jones devoted most of his time to the founding of the Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia. Only a few months later, he began to work in collaboration with Alister MacKenzie, the famous British golf-course architect, on building his dream course over the rolling acres of what had once been an indigo plantation and had later become one of the South's first great nurseries. In the spring of 1934, when Augusta National held its first informal invitational tournament, it proved to be such a happy occasion for the players and for the fans that it seemed only logical for it to become an annual event. In 1937, Jones agreed to call it the Masters, since everyone else had been doing that since 1935.

There are many reasons for the exceptional popularity the Masters has continued to enjoy over the decades. To begin with, it is held in the first full week of April, when the South's dazzling spring is usually at its peak. Pink and white dogwoods bloom beneath tall pines in the stretches between the fairways. The high bank that follows along the left side of the thirteenth fairway as it nears the green is a blaze of azaleas of every shade of red and purple. Some years, both the crab-apple trees on the fourth hole and the redbud trees on the sixteenth are in bloom. All these splashes of color are set off by the high stands of pine, the undulating fairways of Bermuda grass overseeded with ryegrass, and the large bent-grass greens. Wisteria is invariably in blossom on the roof of the Southern Colonial clubhouse. The mockingbird sings. This vernal profusion is especially appreciated by the tournament's thousands of regular patrons who have spent the winter in the cold, drab North, counting the days until April rolls around and it is time once again to get their lightweight clothes out of closets.

Each spring since the close of the Second World War, a dozen or so golfers from foreign countries have been invited to participate in the Masters. Some of them have earned their invitation as winners of major events the previous year, and the rest by having distinguished themselves in important competitions. Until this year, only three foreign golfers had won the Masters: Gary Player, of South Africa, in 1961, 1974, and 1978; Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, of Spain, in 1980 and 1983; and Bernhard Langer, of West Germany, in 1985. On the eve of the recent Masters, the gatherings of the tournament's regular fans at Augusta National or at parties around the town were as animated and congenial as ever, but one detected a somewhat different feeling in the air: a good many more people than usual seemed to sense that a foreign golfer might well win the tournament. One of the reasons for this was how close Greg Norman, of Australia, had come to winning the Masters the two previous years: he lost by a single stroke both times. Another reason, undoubtedly, was the lingering memory of the 15–13 triumph of the European team over the American team in the Ryder Cup match last September, at the Muirfield Village Golf Club, in Dublin, Ohio. That was a signal achievement—the first victory ever by an invading team on American soil in this



"Do you have some Tums? I'm filled with acid rain."

series of biennial matches, which stretches all the way back to 1927. However, no one had any intimation that Alexander Walter Barr (Sandy) Lyle, a thirty-year-old Scot, who was one of the stalwarts of that European team, would become the first British player ever to win the Masters. Lyle moved into the lead on the second round, and went on to carry off the tournament in what surely must be one of the most thrilling finishes in the history of golf.

THE Augusta National course has rarely, if ever, been in better condition than it was this April. The greens were firm, and the fast fairways seemed to have more grass on them than ever before. The man responsible was Paul Latshaw, a bent-grass expert, who early last year left the Oakmont Country Club, outside Pittsburgh, to come to Augusta National as its new course superintendent. An average golfer could play a brassie off the fairways this year, and a scratch golfer could play a driver—and sometimes did.

On Thursday, the day of the opening round, the sky was clear, the sun was bright, and a southwest wind was really whipping over the course. Many of us got a taste of the playing conditions by following the two Honorary Starters, Gene Sarazen and Sam Snead, who teed off at eight-thirty and, using a golf cart, played the first nine holes in just about an hour. Sarazen, who won the Masters in 1935, turned eighty-six in February, and Snead, the Masters champion in 1949, 1952, and 1954, will be seventy-six at the end of this month. Both of them hit the ball very well. I then went into the clubhouse and had a hearty, unhurried breakfast before going out onto the course again.

The wind had risen. A cold wind, it was now blowing at fifteen miles an hour and gusting to twenty-five miles an hour. It swirled in every direction. This is characteristic of the winds at Augusta National, a course that is laid out over a vast natural amphitheatre that slopes gradually down to its stage, the twelfth green, which is situated on the far side of Rae's Creek. Most of the holes are bordered by pines, and this may be one of the reasons the wind twists so unpredictably. I couldn't remember the last time the Masters field had had such a vehement wind to contend with. Around noon, I sought the opinion of the veteran guard at the press stand at Amen Corner, where the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth holes conjoin. "I think this is the strongest wind we've had here since 1983," he said. "If anything, it's blowing harder today."

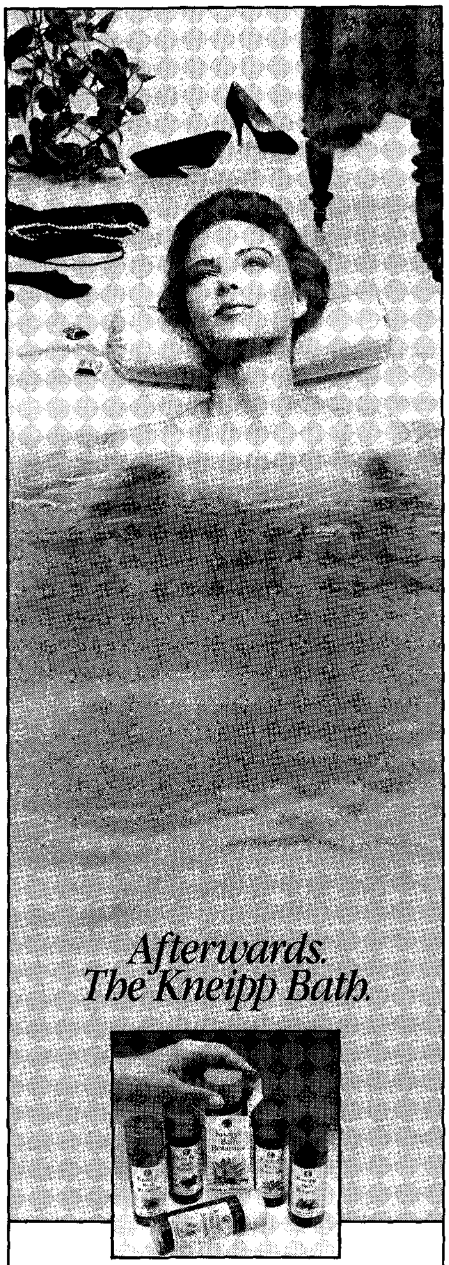
Before venturing down to the far corner of the course, I had watched the twosome of Mark O'Meara and Bobby Wadkins play the fifteenth and sixteenth holes. They had been the first twosome out that day, and O'Meara was then leading the tournament. Somehow, despite the wind, he was two strokes under par after the first fourteen holes. On most days, the 500-yard par-5 fifteenth—and also the other short par 5 on the second nine, the 465-yard thirteenth—can be reached in two shots by a golfer who follows a long drive with an accurate second shot to a green guarded in front by a water hazard. Jones and MacKenzie, devout practitioners of the strategic school of golf-course design, believed in rewarding a golfer who accepts a dangerous challenge and pulls it off. That had no relevance on this day, however. The wind was blowing dead against the players on those two holes. On the fifteenth, both O'Meara and Wadkins had laid up short of the small pond before the green on their second shots. The pin was set on the right side of the green some thirty-five feet back from the front edge. O'Meara's third shot was much too timid. It landed on the bank before the green and rolled back into the lumpy cordon of rough at the edge of the water hazard. He played a poor fourth shot—he barely got the ball onto the front of the green. He was down in two putts for a bogey 6, and now stood one stroke under par. The pin on the sixteenth, a 170-yard par 3 over water, was placed this day on the high ledge at the back right corner of the green. O'Meara's tee shot, a long iron hit smack into the wind, finished in the fringe to the right of the green, about fifteen feet from the putting surface and another fifteen feet or so from the pin. He tried to run a chip shot onto the green, but it expired after a weak bounce, still in the fringe, about a foot from the green. O'Meara elected to putt the ball. Rotating slowly, it had barely moved past the hole and only a few inches to the left, it seemed, when it caught the downslope. It did not stop rolling until it had reached the left edge of the green some thirty-five feet away. It took O'Meara three more putts to get down. His triple-bogey 6 put him two strokes over par for his round. He finished with two good pars for a 74. Under such demanding conditions, on a course that measures 6,905 yards from the back tees, I thought that it would take extraordinary golf for a player to bring in a par round of 72. I also wondered if the pin placement on the sixteenth had not been too severe. In any event, later that day, Ian Woosnam, of Wales, and Ballesteros also took four putts on the sixteenth.

On this opening round, the wind continued to blow fiercely all day. No player had the best of the weather. Somehow or other, two men managed to bring in rounds of 69. The first was Larry Nelson, the winner of the 1983 U.S. Open and the 1987 P.G.A. Championship. Nelson was even par for his round with seven holes to play. He birdied the short twelfth by holing from ten feet. On the fourteenth, a 405-yard par 4 downwind, he put his approach with a pitching wedge two and a half feet from the flag to set up another birdie. He went on to birdie the seventeenth, a 400-yard par 4 that also played downwind, when his 9-iron approach finished two feet from the flag. The other player who managed to bring in a 69 was Robert Wrenn, now in his fourth year on the P.G.A. Tour, who had qualified for the Masters by winning the 1987 Buick Open. With four holes to play, Wrenn was only one under par, but he birdied the long fifteenth and topped off his round in style by sinking an eight-foot birdie putt on the eighteenth. Four players were around in 71: Mark Calcavecchia, Don Pooley, Langer, and Lyle. The amazing thing is that there were only seven rounds over 81. The quality of the golf on this opening round brought home how skillful the current touring professionals are.

THE weather changed overnight. On Friday, a perfect Georgia spring day, the temperature was in the high seventies, and a southwest wind—the prevailing wind—sifted softly around the course. Nevertheless, Augusta National still presented a redoubtable challenge. The turbulent wind on the opening round had dried out the greens and speeded them up. It took judgment and execution of the first order for a golfer to place an approach shot within fifteen feet of the pin, and he needed to be that accurate to set himself up with a real crack at a birdie. I walked a good many holes with Tom Watson and Ben Crenshaw, an attractive pairing. They are two of the most thoughtful and articulate people in golf, and their vistas include many interests outside the game. Both of them had posted 72s on the opening round, but neither was in top form this day. Watson's swing was a little choppy—there wasn't enough width to either his backswing or his downswing. Crenshaw's rhythm was fairly smooth, but he was having trouble gauging just where he should try to land his shots on the resilient greens so that they would end up close to the tight pin positions. Watching the sheath of concentration in which each of the two men was enclosed throughout this round emphasized what an arduous, punishing game tournament golf is. Two under par for his round after six holes, Watson bogeyed the seventh when he misjudged the distance to the pin on his pitch shot, and then parred the last eleven holes. Crenshaw, one of the most gifted putters in the game, made no putts to speak of en route to a 73. Watching the frowning tenacity of Crenshaw and Watson served as a reminder that, in order to succeed in big-time golf, a player must always think in terms of the seventy-two holes that a tournament comprises. Every hole counts, because it is critical for the player to stay relatively close to the front-runners all the way, so that at the start of the fourth round he will be in a position to challenge the leader if he has his best swing going and is lucky enough to have one of those days on the greens when the correct line to the cup is as obvious to him as if it had been painted with a brush.

The complexion of the tournament changed suddenly in the middle of the afternoon. Frank Urban (Fuzzy) Zoeller, the 1979 Masters champion, who had had a 76 on the opening day, brought in a 66. He had played an astounding round. He had made only one bogey—he had found the bunker behind the fifth green with his second shot—and he had made seven birdies. He had set six of them up with a succession of terrific iron shots: on the first hole, a 7-iron to ten feet from the pin; on the long second, a sand wedge to ten feet; on the seventh, a pitching wedge to five feet; on the ninth, a pitch to eight feet; on the short sixteenth, a 6-iron to a foot and a half; and on the seventeenth a pitching wedge to ten feet. He had made all these putts, as goes without saying, and he had also picked up a birdie on the long thirteenth by reaching the green in two with a 3-iron and two-putting from thirty feet. Zoeller, who likes to clown a bit on the course and look at the merry side of things, astonished everyone, after his round, by attacking the greens at Augusta National as unfair and unsuitable. "One day, someone will wake up and make these greens playable," he said at his press conference. "Putting on tricked-up greens like this is no fun at all." He added, "I would like to have a fair show not only at the Masters but at all the major tournaments." One had to think that this outburst, coming as it did on the heels of his splendid round, had to be prompted by some entirely different circumstance. In any event, since Zoeller's 66 was the low round of the second day, his freewheeling outburst on the condition of the greens at Augusta National was featured the next morning in the sports sections of many newspapers across the country.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the second round was Sandy Lyle's emergence from the pack with a sharp 67. Lyle's first round had been a 71, and his total of 138 at the halfway mark gave him a two-stroke lead on the nearest man, Mark Calcavecchia. Having watched the telecast of Lyle's victory the previous week in the Greater Greensboro Open—he had defeated Ken Green on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff by sinking a ten-foot putt for a birdie—I didn't think it was in the cards for him to win two weeks in a row. Most people I talked with felt the same way. Earlier this year, Lyle won the Phoenix Open



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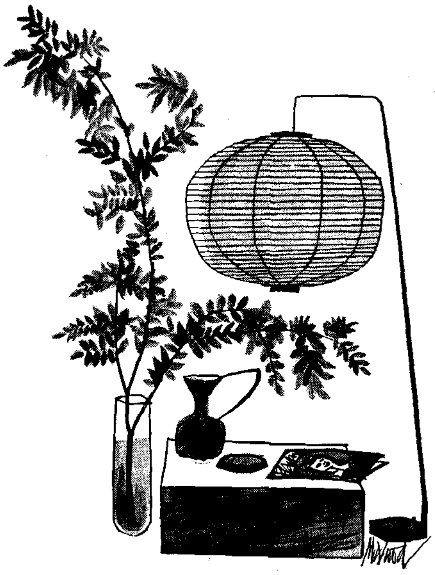
on the third hole of a playoff with Fred Couples. There is no question that Lyle is a much sounder player today than he was in 1985, when he won the British Open at Royal St. George's, in Sandwich, mainly because he fell away a little less badly on the last few holes than Payne Stewart and the other men who were in a contending position. On the second day of the Masters, I watched Lyle play the last nine holes, and was impressed by many things about his game. A tall, trim, fair-haired fellow who stands six feet one, he has a deep chest and strong legs, and has always been a long hitter. He seems to have acquired even more length over the last few months. On his backswing he used to take the club back on the correct plane until it was almost shoulder-high. Then he would move his hands and the club head a bit inside that arc and onto a flatter plane. When he is in this country and wants to get his swing checked out, he goes to see Jimmy Ballard, the professional at the Doral Country Club, in Miami. He now takes the club back on the correct plane and keeps it there, and I would suppose that Ballard is responsible for the change. Lyle now uses a three-quarter-length backswing on all his full shots, including his drives. He has such natural power that there is no need for him to take the club back farther. His game on and around the greens has also improved markedly. He has become a very competent putter. Indeed, Lyle seems much more confident in every way. Incidentally, it is now eight years since he made his first appearance in the Masters, in 1980, after compiling the best record on the European Tour the previous year. Whenever he scored well enough in the Masters or in other American tournaments to be interviewed by the press en masse, he came across as a shy, quiet, rather remote fellow. He provided a sparse rundown of the clubs he had used on the holes he birdied or bogeyed, and that was about it. The man who met the press after the second round of this year's Masters was much more outgoing and was patently enjoying himself. "The last eighteen months have been very pleasing," he said. "I've played worldwide, and my game is more consistent." In answer to a question, he said that his father, Alex, was a golf professional, and had started him playing golf at the age of three. "My dad has always been beside me," he added. At the end of his session, he said, "The American golf courses have helped my game a lot, and so have the practice facilities."

Forty-six players, in the starting field of ninety, made the 36-hole cut, which came at 151. Jay Haas and Paul Azinger, who have won tournaments on the P.G.A. Tour this year, failed to make it, as did Woosnam, the wee Welshman—he is five feet four and weighs a hundred and twenty pounds—who last year won a record total of a million eight hundred thousand dollars in prize money and was also a prominent member of the European Ryder Cup team.

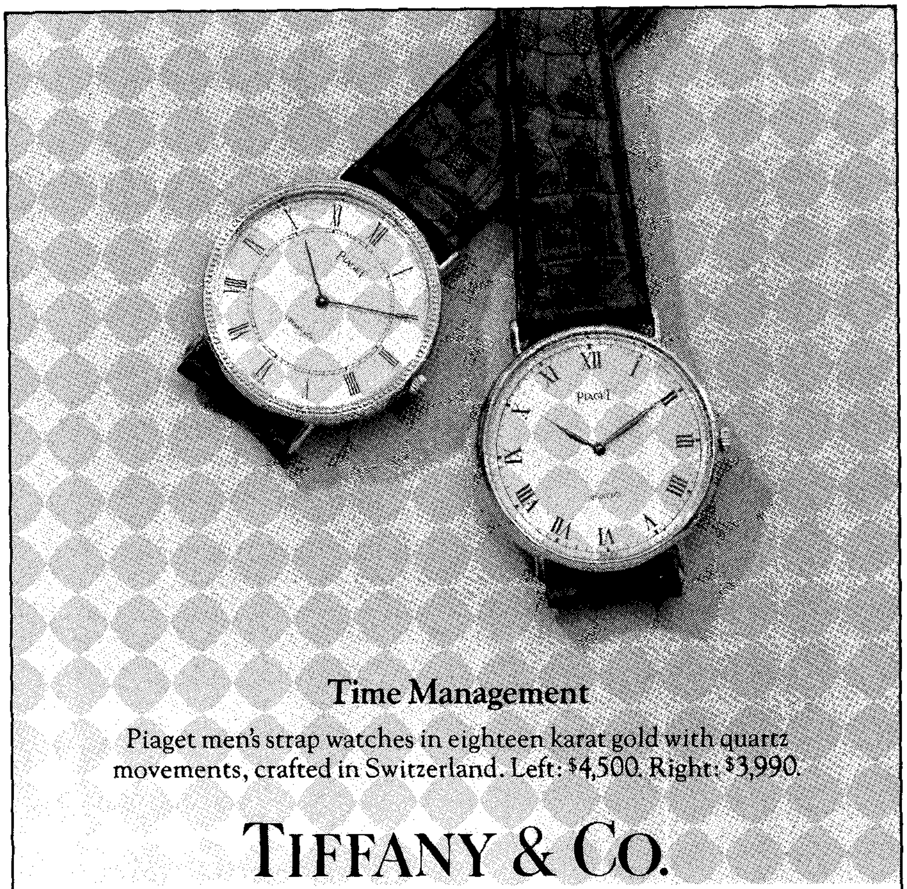
ON Saturday, when the third round was played, the sun beamed down and there was a nice touch of wind abroad. It was a perfect day for golf. Lyle went off in the last twosome at one-forty-five. He was paired with Calcavecchia, who, at 140 (71-69), was two strokes behind him and two in front of Zoeller and Gary Hallberg, who were tied for third. A husky six-footer who has got his weight down to two hundred pounds, Calcavecchia is an interesting young man. He was born in Nebraska, but his family moved to Florida when he was thirteen, and he grew up in the Palm Beach area. He was captivated by golf and played the game the year round. At the University of Florida, he was a member of the golf team for three years but then decided that it was time to move on. He turned professional in January, 1981, and qualified for the P.G.A. Tour that July. He was in over his head. In none of his first five years on the tour was he able to win as much as thirty thousand dollars in prize money, which is a pittance these days. He had to caddy for his friends on the tour to keep afloat. In 1985, he caddied for his close friend Ken Green in the U.S. Open, at the Oakland Hills Country Club, on the rim of Detroit. The following year, Calcavecchia started to turn things around. He led the field in the Southwest Golf Classic, in Abilene, Texas, and, all in all, collected $155,012 in prize money. In 1987, he won the Honda Classic, in Coral Springs, Florida, and went on to earn over a half million dollars, plus a spot on our Ryder Cup team. An assertive young man who thinks positively and speaks positively, Calcavecchia, at twenty-seven, has shown that he can play some very good golf when the pressure is on. He is a long, straight driver and a first-class putter.



Lyle appeared to be in a relaxed mood throughout the third round. On the 555-yard par-5 second hole, he was over the green with a drive and a 3-iron, but he got down in two for his birdie. He birdied the third, a drive-and-pitch par 4 to an elusive green, by stopping his approach a foot from the flagstick. He didn't seem to be fazed in the least when he missed the three-foot putt he needed for his par on the fifth. He birdied the 535-yard par-5 eighth, which is all uphill, by holing from twelve feet. When he turned the first nine, he had opened up a four-stroke lead on the closest man, Calcavecchia. Lyle moved along without incident until he came to the 465-yard thirteenth, the first of those two short par 5s on the second nine, on which a player who wallops a big drive can easily carry his second over the narrow arm of Rae's Creek, which, after following along the left side of the fairway, breaks across it just before the green. Here Lyle made a tactical error. As he related in his interview session after the round, when he was standing on the elevated tee of the thirteenth, a dogleg hole on which the fairway breaks to the left about two hundred and fifty yards out, he saw Hallberg, in the twosome ahead, standing by his ball well around the corner as he waited to play his second. Lyle thought how satisfying it would be to hit a huge drive like Hallberg's and have only a 4-iron or so left to the green. He decided to play the hole aggressively. This is generally an unwise decision for a golfer who is leading a tournament. It proved to be somewhat costly. Lyle pulled his drive into the pinewoods along the left side of the fairway, and the ball ricocheted into the arm of Rae's Creek. It cost him a stroke to lift the ball from the hazard. He then played a 4-iron safely short of the creek before the green. On his fourth stroke, he hit a pitch thirty feet from the pin, and then got down in two putts for a bogey 6. Calcavecchia, who parred the hole, was now only three strokes off the pace.

Lyle quickly regained his composure. He got his par on the fourteenth, which Calcavecchia bogeyed, and again led by four strokes. On the fifteenth, the pin was positioned in the front left corner of the green. Lyle made a standard par 5: he was over the green in two, and down in a chip and two putts. Calcavecchia, after a big drive, went boldly for the flag with a thumping right-to-left 4-iron. The ball carried the far bank of the pond by about three yards and drew up twelve feet below the pin. He coolly stroked his putt for an eagle into the center of the cup. He was now back in the hunt, only two strokes behind the leader. Calcavecchia picked up another stroke when Lyle took three to get down from the back fringe on the sixteenth, but he gave it back quickly when his pitch to the seventeenth caught the front bunker. Both men finished with 72s.

I had caught only bits and pieces of the low round of the day, Crenshaw's 67. Playing patiently, keeping his tee shots on the fairway and his approach shots on the safe side of the pins, he avoided any bogeys on his round. He picked up his first birdie on the 205-yard fourth hole, where his 4-iron finished twelve feet from the pin. On the seventh, a short par 4 on which it is extremely difficult to gauge just how hard to hit the approach to the small, elevated green, he set up another birdie by stopping his pitch three and a half feet from the flag. He saved his par on the eleventh by getting down a fair-sized putt on the exceedingly slippery green. He holed three birdie putts on the last five holes: a touchy six-footer on the fourteenth, a thirty-foot downhiller on the seventeenth, and a more or less level putt from twelve feet on the home green. Crenshaw is not the kind of fellow who enjoys being critical of a course of the quality of Augusta National, but he intimated that some of the greens—the eleventh



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in particular—were much too fast. During his session with the press, he was asked if it had been fun out on the course that day. "I can't say it was," he replied. "You can't take a swing at the ball with your putter. If you're above the hole, you've got to just breathe on it."

After his round, Lyle was once again as confiding as an old friend. He admitted that he had taken too much of a gamble on the thirteenth. "I've got to go out and win the tournament now," he said. "I've got to go out and do a 70, and let the others fire at me." He had radiated ease and confidence during his round, and he had several times tipped his white visor to acknowledge the plaudits of the spectators gathered around the greens. He would need to be at his best on the final day, because there were a lot of good golfers within striking distance of his fifty-four-hole total of 210. Crenshaw and Calcavecchia were at 212. Langer, Couples, and Zoeller were clustered at 214, with Ballesteros, Pooley, and Craig Stadler a stroke farther back. Watson was six strokes off the pace, after a 73 that could have been considerably lower. The short sixteenth had been his undoing. The flag was positioned at the back of the green, but it wasn't as close to the downslope as it had been on the opening day. Watson's iron shot ended up in the Brillo-like fringe. He elected to putt the ball from the fringe, and then took four more putts to get the ball into the cup. He had unquestionably given himself too many strokes to make up on the final round.

After gathering up my umbrella and bag, I walked down the aisle of the press building, and said good night to Bill Inglish, a former editor of the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman and Times*, who is the Masters' official statistician. He replied, "Twenty-eight times during the previous fifty-one Masters, the leader at the end of fifty-four holes has gone on to win it."

ON Saturday afternoon, I had spent about forty minutes at the press stand at the far corner of the course watching the last four twosomes play the eleventh and twelfth holes. Joe Concannon, the Boston *Globe's* fine golf writer, had told me on my arrival that the players would have trouble with the green on the eleventh, a 455-yard par 4 that tumbles down a long hill. He thought the green was too fast. It had been sanded the two previous evenings, as had several other greens, and it had a brownish cast to it. The pin was positioned that day a bit to the front on the left side of the green. It was obvious that a golfer whose approach shot had finished past the pin and to the right would have his trouble coping with the speed of the green. I mentioned to Concannon that the greens at Augusta National had to be firm and fast, because the fairways are so wide and there is no rough to speak of. The greens are, in a way, the first line of defense. Concannon agreed in principle, but he said he still thought that the eleventh green was unfairly fast. We watched Pooley and Watson, Couples and Chip Beck, Zoeller and Hallberg, and Lyle and Calcavecchia play the eleventh. In several instances, a lightly tapped putt came to a stop and, moments later, slid on two feet or more. I told Concannon I had changed my mind—he was absolutely right.

I mention this episode because on Sunday morning, shortly after I brought my gear into the press building, the *Times* sports columnist Dave Anderson asked me how I thought the eleventh green had played on Saturday. I told him it had been exceedingly fast when I watched the last four twosomes go through. "Do you know what Crenshaw said about that green?" Anderson asked, with a chuckle. "He said, 'There's nothing alive out there.' Do you think we might go and have a talk with the course superintendent about it?" The office of Paul Latshaw, the superintendent, is only seventy-five yards or so from the press building. When we asked for him there, we were told by the people in the office that he was out on the course and wasn't expected back for some time, and that he couldn't be reached by phone. They suggested that if it was something in reference to the course we might try Jim Armstrong, the club's general manager, or Hord Hardin, the chairman of the Masters. We walked over to the tournament-headquarters building to see Hardin.

As you can imagine, Hardin is a very busy man during the Masters. He had a free moment and cordially invited us to come to his office and have a seat. Anderson explained why we were calling on him. He brought up Crenshaw's description of the eleventh green, and noted that Crenshaw isn't a person who criticizes a course without good reason. I added my thoughts on how that green had played late on Saturday. Hardin, who manages to retain his perspective despite the responsibility of his position, told us there was something that Bob Jones had said about the golf course which we might be interested in reading. He reached across his desk and located the sheet of paper he was looking for. "This is what Jones wrote in his book," he said, and he read the following:

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"I think that says it pretty well, doesn't it?" Hardin said. He called Kathryn Murphy, the Masters executive secretary, to his office and asked her to make a couple of copies of Jones' statement, which is the opening paragraph of Chapter 20, "The Course," in his book "Golf Is My Game," which was published in 1960.

"Let me see if I can get hold of Mr. Latshaw," Hardin said. He called Latshaw's office, and was told that he was out on the course. He then dialled the number of a post on the course, and asked the man who took the call to have Latshaw call him back. Mrs. Murphy returned with two copies of the Jones paragraph, and Hardin handed them to us. He then spoke of the difficulty of getting the course just right for the Masters, and as we were discussing this his phone rang. He listened for a while and then said, "If you have to syringe them again, don't hesitate to." Turning back to us, he said, "That was Mr. Latshaw. He said everything's alive and thriving. He syringed the eleventh and a number of other greens before the start of play. I guess you heard the instructions I gave him." We thanked Hardin and got up

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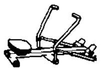

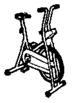

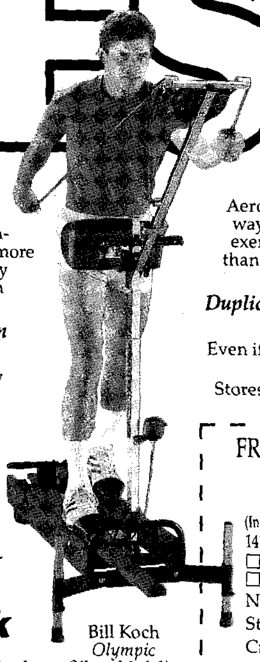

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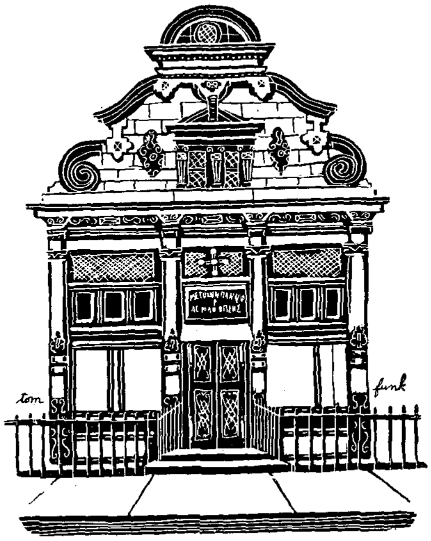
to leave. He smiled, and said, "Bent is a very delicate grass."

SUNDAY was another lovely day for golf. There were a few light clouds in the sky, and a mild wind was coming out of the southwest. Lyle was paired with Crenshaw in the last twosome to go out. Stadler and Ballesteros, both of them five strokes behind the leader, were three twosomes in front of them; Zoeller and Couples, both four strokes behind, were two twosomes in front; and, just in front, Langer, four strokes behind, was paired with Calcavecchia, who, like Crenshaw, trailed Lyle by only two strokes. On the first three days of the tournament, Lyle had set up his low rounds by breaking par on the first nine holes with a 35, a 33, and a 34, in that order. He proceeded to handle the first nine well for the fourth straight day. He birdied the 555-yard par-5 second by reaching the green with a drive and a 7-iron. He is long! His 5-iron to the 205-yard fourth bounded seven or eight yards over the green and into fairly deep rough, but his second shot, a running pitch with his sand wedge, rolled into the cup, at the back of the green, for a most improbable birdie. He gave that stroke back when he took three putts on the sixth. On the seventh, the short par 4, he pulled his 1-iron tee shot into the trees on the left but scrambled out his par when he made a twelve-foot putt. He pushed his drive a shade on the ninth, a 435-yard par 4 to a hilltop green, but his 7-iron from the light rough finished a foot from the pin. Out in 34, Lyle started for home with a comfortable four-stroke lead on Calcavecchia. At this point, Crenshaw had fallen five strokes behind the leader. On the first nine, he had made a routine birdie on the long second and a more Crenshavian one on the third, where he chipped in from eighteen feet. After this, the edge came off his game. He lost his last chance to get back into the battle on the thirteenth, when, after he played an elegant chip that crawled slowly over the ridge on the left side of the green and coasted to within three feet of the pin, which was set front and right, he missed his short putt.

The back nine proved to be harder for Lyle than the front had been. His problems started on the eleventh. Here his 7-iron approach rolled a foot or two over the back right edge of the green. The day before, he had been fooled by the speed of the green, and had to hole a six-footer coming back to retrieve his par. On Sunday, this green looked greener that it had the day before, and it was playing a good touch slower. Lyle's primary concern was not to repeat the mistake he had made on Saturday. His understandably cautious chip slowed down quickly and died a full ten feet short of the cup. His missed the ten-footer and his par. This was clearly of some concern to him. A glance at the leader board close by told him that his once comfortable lead of four strokes had been whittled to two by Calcavecchia, who usually putts well under pressure. Calcavecchia had holed from twenty feet to birdie the eleventh and had just saved his par on the twelfth by getting down a seven-footer.

The flag on the twelfth, the celebrated 155-yard par 3, was set this day at the back right corner of the green, twenty-five feet or so beyond the front bunker, which is cut in the bank on the far side of Rae's Creek, about eight yards wide at this point. In relation to the twelfth tee, the green runs diagonally at about the same angle as the hour hand of a watch at two o'clock. The green is quite narrow, and beyond it on the left is a wall of clumpy rough, indented by two bunkers. This is not the kind of hole even a stout-hearted golfer can face with equanimity. In addition to its other perils, a sneaky wind often sweeps out of the woods behind the green and blows into the golfer's face. Many Masters have been lost on the twelfth. Most experienced golfers believe that the best place to miss your tee shot is "short and left," so that the ball ends up on the front part of the green or on the fringe just beyond it. A nice lag putt of around fifty feet or a tidy chip of about the same length, and the golfer has a shot at his three. At worst, he comes away with a four. The one thing a golfer who is leading the tournament should never do is to go for the pin when it is positioned at the back right of the green, as it invariably is on the fourth round of the Masters.



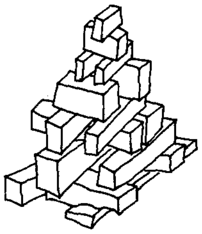
Lyle decided to go for the pin with an 8-iron. No unforeseen gust of wind suddenly swept across the green from the woods. The ball sailed over the front bunker, but it was fading a little and was not going to be long enough. It came down at the top of the steep bank at the right of the green, and toppled into Rae's Creek. An official directed Lyle to the drop area on the fairway before the creek. Playing three now, Lyle was confronted with a ticklish shot. He would have to carry the ball about fifteen yards to be sure of landing it on the green. If he hit it too hard, it would roll into the shaggy fringe on the far side of the green. Lyle played a very good shot that ended up in the fringe. From there he made a superb chip that finished a foot and a half from the hole, and tapped in the putt for a double-bogey 5. It could have been worse, of course, but now, having dropped to five under par for the tournament, for the first time since the second round he was no longer in the lead.

Up ahead on the thirteenth, Calcavecchia got down in two putts from thirty-five feet for a birdie 4, and now he was out in front by a stroke—six under par for the tournament. One other man was in the running. Stadler, playing a hole ahead of Calcavecchia, had moved into contention when he eagled the long eighth. This had put him five under par for the tournament. He had bogeyed the thirteenth but birdied the fourteenth, and so, like Lyle, he was only a stroke back.

The anguish that Lyle felt was apparent as he came off the twelfth green. His face was gaunt, and there was a stiffness to his gait as he played the thirteenth. He felt that he had stupidly thrown the tournament away. After a

Brobdingnagian drive on the thirteenth, he pulled his 7-iron approach shot into the middle bunker to the left of the green. Under the circumstances, he played an exceptional sand shot: the ball finished twenty feet beyond the pin, on the low right side of the green. He was down in two putts for his par. He made an orthodox par on the fourteenth. The 500-yard fifteenth offered him his best chance to pick up a stroke on par and get back into a tie for the lead with Stadler, who had birdied it, and with Calcavecchia, who had left himself with a ten-foot putt for his par and had made it. After a prodigious drive, Lyle chose to go with a 5-iron on his second. The pin was set on the right side of the green and to the back. Pumped up as he was, Lyle didn't need that much club. His iron shot landed about hole-high and bounced about fifteen feet down the fringe at the back of the green, about thirty-five feet from the pin. The day before, he had acknowledged the gallery's cheers on the fifteenth with a graceful wave of his visor. This day, rapt in thought, he was hardly aware of the gallery. His chip shot from the back fringe was hit too boldly. The ball caught the left edge of the cup, which slowed it down, and he was left with a putt of about six feet for his birdie. He missed it on the left. Before Lyle putted out, Calcavecchia, on the nearby sixteenth green, had holed the ten-footer he needed to save his par. It put him out in front in the tournament all by himself once again, for Stadler, after birdieing the fifteenth, had failed to make the putt he needed to save his par on the sixteenth. As for Lyle, with three holes to play, he was still faced with picking up a birdie to catch Calcavecchia. He seemed to me to be much too tense to rise to the challenge. He still seemed to be thinking about how stupid he had been to go for the flag on the twelfth.

I watched Lyle on the 170-yard par-3 sixteenth play a soft 7-iron shot some fifteen feet past the pin, which was set on the far left side of the green. He had a slippery downhill putt left. I headed for the green of the 400-yard seventeenth to see how Calcavecchia handled that short par 4. He had put his second about sixteen feet past the pin, which was positioned on the right side only twenty feet or so from the front edge. His bid for his birdie trickled four feet past the cup, but he made the putt coming back. It was then that I noticed on the leader board across the seventeenth fairway that a red six had been posted for Lyle on the sixteenth: he had made the crucial birdie he'd been chasing, and was now tied for the lead. As he came up the seventeenth fairway, one could see that his birdie on the sixteenth had transformed him. The signs of strain were gone from his face, and he looked like a man who meant to win the Masters. His second shot, a wedge pitch of barely a hundred yards, bounced onto the front edge of the green and spun back onto the fairway, inches off the green and twenty feet or so from the pin. His putt for his birdie just missed catching the left edge of the cup. It looked as if we were headed for a sudden-death playoff.



The eighteenth at Augusta National is a 405-yard par 4 that breaks to the right in the landing area of the fairway and runs uphill all the way to a two-level green, guarded in front on the left by a bunker and along its right side by another bunker. The flag was situated on the lower terrace of the green and well to the left. In the landing area of the fairway, a large double-bunker patrols the left edge, ready to gobble a tee shot hit too far to the left. Lyle chose to go with his 1-iron off the eighteenth tee. He wasn't interested in distance. He wanted to keep the ball on the fairway. He pulled his tee shot a fraction, and the ball bounced into the lower of the two bunkers and finished just below its abrupt front face, which is a little less than three feet high. Up ahead on the green, Calcavecchia had putted out for his par. Lyle had his work cut out to match it.

Lyle said later that he had thought it was all over when he saw his tee shot roll into the bunker. "I was about a hundred and forty yards from the pin," he went on. "The thing I needed was a decent lie." He had one. When he hit the ball, he said, he could tell by the feel of the shot that it had the right distance. It rose high above the fairway right on line for the pin. It pitched on the green, bounced about twenty-two feet past the pin, and then slowly slipped back down the slope of the green and finished ten feet past the pin. Now he had that birdie putt to win. It was a straight putt. The ball was dead on line all the way and fell into the middle of the cup.

Lyle's rounds of 71, 67, 72, and 71 gave him a total of 281. His amazing escape from the bunker and his perfect putt made him the first player since 1960 to win the Masters by birdieing the last hole when he knew he had to. That year, Arnold Palmer had caught and passed Ken Venturi by firing a 6-iron five feet to the left of the pin and holing a putt that broke a shade to the right. There is little question that Lyle's shot on the eighteenth stands as the greatest bunker shot in the history of the game. It eclipses Doug Ford's feat of holing out from the bunker before the green on the last hole to win the 1957 Masters by three strokes, and also Bob Tway's twenty-five-foot hole-out from the front bunker on the seventy-second hole at the Inverness Club, in Toledo, which enabled him to win the 1986 P.G.A. Championship. Interestingly, the golf shot that most closely resembled Lyle's was the one played by Bobby Jones on the last round of the 1926 British Open, at Lytham St. Anne's, in Lancashire. Jones was paired with Al Watrous, a young professional from Michigan, on the last two rounds of the championship. In the afternoon, when they came to the seventeenth, a 411-yard par 4, they were tied for the lead. Jones hooked his drive into the loose sand in the rough to the left of the fairway, which doglegs to the left. Watrous's tee shot was down the middle. He proceeded to put his second shot on the front part of the green. In order to reach the green with his second, Jones would have to carry the ball a hundred and seventy yards over the scrubby rough directly on his line to the pin. Fortunately, he had a clean lie, but if he caught as much as a pinch of sand before contacting the ball, he would be in deep trouble. Jones selected his mashie-iron, the equivalent of a strong 4-iron. He got all of the ball on the face of his club, and hit a high, arcing shot that cleared the rough and bounced onto the green about twenty feet from the flag. As it turned out, Watrous misread the speed of the

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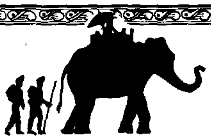

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green and took three putts. Jones was down in two. He was now in the lead, and he went on to win his first British Open. A plaque in the sandy rough on the seventeenth still marks the point from which Jones played that famous shot. It says, "R.T. JONES, JNR. THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP 25TH JUNE 1926."

BOTH of Lyle's parents were born in Glasgow. His father, who was the professional and greenkeeper at the Clober Golf Club, outside Glasgow, received a better offer from the Hawkstone Park Golf Club, in Shrewsbury, Shropshire, before Sandy's birth. As an amateur, Lyle represented England in golf, but on turning professional, in 1977, he decided that, as the son of Scottish-born parents, he would represent Scotland in international matches. He first came to world attention in 1985, when he won the British Open. Before winning the Masters, he had won four tournaments in this country: the Greater Greensboro Open in 1986 and 1988, the Players Championship in 1987, and the Phoenix Open early this past winter. Last autumn, he played a prominent part in the landmark victory of the European Ryder Cup team, but, while that experience unquestionably bolstered his confidence, his breakthrough in the Masters should be viewed as a very personal one for Lyle. It requires heart to lose a lead fairly late in the last round and fight back and win a tournament of consequence. Lyle's father walked the course in his son's gallery on his four rounds. They did not exchange words on the course, but Lyle knew where to look to spot his dad.

A final word about Lyle's incredible finish. He may be the only professional golfer today who during his practice sessions allots a few minutes to picking the ball cleanly off the sand of a bunker on full shots. He learned to play that shot as a boy, and has found it valuable. To execute it properly, Lyle has two touchstones: he keeps his weight forward and his swing short.

The 1988 Masters, like so many of its predecessors, had more than a spot of melodrama about it, but I cannot remember a more exciting finish at Augusta National. It also marked the coming-of-age of Sandy Lyle as a golf personality and as a player who may well go on to win many more important tournaments.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Zone Poem

SEEN through the eyes of two angels who hover over the city blocks, Berlin is in tinted black-and-white. The image suggests metal, with a little of the lustre of old coins or tarnished silverware. And as the camera wafts in and out of airplanes, and into rooms high up in apartment buildings, and the angels observe the forlorn, dissociated lives of people who live in reverie, it's as if black-and-white itself had petered out—as if the movie image was exhausted. What you see has a bluish-green softness, and it's clear enough, but it feels at a remove; it's a reminder of an image. "Wings of Desire"—the original title of this Franco-German production is "Der Himmel über Berlin," which means the heaven, or sky, over Berlin—has the look of a dupe of a dupe. That look is telling you that movies are now ghosts of themselves.

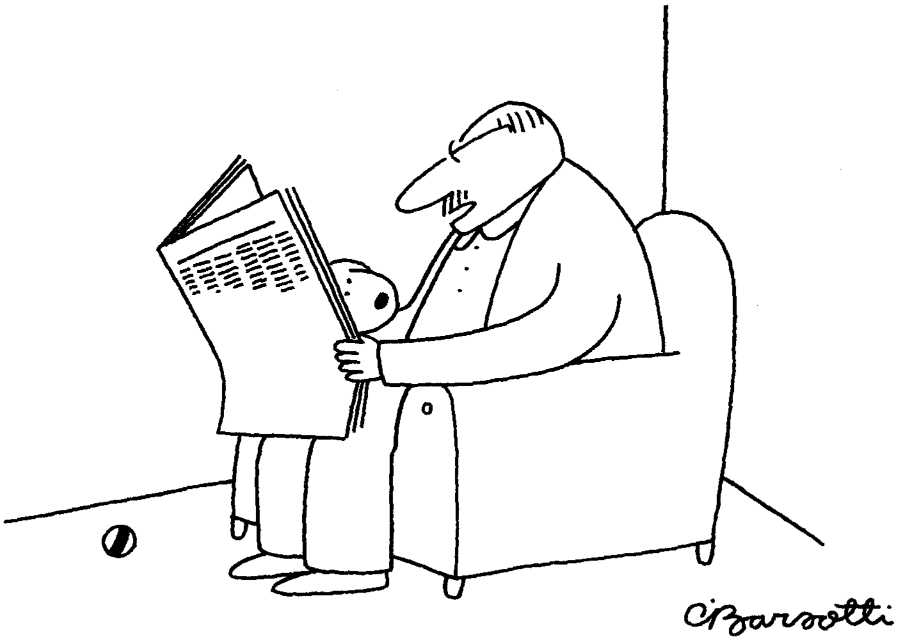
The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child," stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. And a sad-faced old man called Homer (Curt Bois) wanders through the ruins of the old metropolis trying to keep its story alive; his thoughts trigger flashbacks to Nazi atrocities.

The two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—roam through the bleak concrete buildings of the divided city; its ugliness is almost abstract. Wearing suits and overcoats, the two observers look like civil servants, except for their ponytails. They pick up scraps of stories as they move unseen among desolate individuals, listening to what's in their minds—listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. The angels have a poetic presence: they're antennae for the thoughts of anonymous Berliners who can't speak what they think. (There are no emotional outbursts; the people's interior dialogues are detailed, measured, accurate—as if they could describe something only by its exact dimensions.) The angel Damiel's face is infinitely compassionate, and the angel Cassiel knits his brow in worry; these two are in a muzzy state of empathy for everyone, everything. And they listen with the patience and concern of a seraphic, neutered uncle. Children can see them, and so can some grownups—those who are childlike at heart (moviegoers, perhaps, and Americans), those who aren't split asunder, and still have the ability to feel things directly.

For about forty-five minutes, the mood of the opening shots is sustained. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. The dim whimsy, the recitations of prose poetry that recall the Beats—it all produces a blissed-out stupor that feels vaguely avant-garde. And this movie, which is dedicated to Ozu, Tarkovsky, and Truffaut, is full of charming (and almost charming) conceits, such as the angels' attentiveness to the murmur of thought in the modern, fluorescent-lighted state library building. (It suggests "Alphaville" with lead weights on the camera.) This is where solitary people—who look as if they were forgotten by the world—come to read and to walk among the books. (These walkers recall the book memorizers in "Fahrenheit 451.")

The film can hatch conceits in viewers. The angels can make you feel as if you're walking around in the presence of an absent world, in the presence of people you've known. And when you see the angels listening to the people's thoughts you may miss someone to whisper your feelings about the movie to. You have plenty of time for musing while looking at this after-the-apocalypse city; scarred by the Wall—the dividing line of two powers, and the symbol of the divided souls.

"Wings of Desire" constantly articulates the impossibility of finding any meaning in anything. At the same time, it's a love-story message movie. The angels, in their apartness and in their distress over the spiritual emptiness of the people, are like the cliché kind of intellectuals. Then Damiel, drooping from the sameness of his everlasting rounds and the ennui of seeing in monochromatic tones, eavesdrops on the thoughts of Marion (Solveig Dommartin), a beautiful, lonely French aerialist who's dressed as an angel with feather wings, and performs in a tacky circus. (She recalls Merna Kennedy in Chaplin's "The Circus" and Nastassja Kinski in Coppola's "One from the Heart.") She goes to a punk-rock club, and Damiel watches her there, dancing by herself, gyrating, her manner zombielike. When he sits among the children who are entranced by her trapeze work, this Chaplinesque girl awakens him to childish joy—of what it's like to believe in the magic of trapeze artists. He feels the stirrings of desire, and he sees



"What the hell did you do with your day before I retired?"

her in color. He begins to long for the ordinary pleasures—to hold an apple in your hand, to drink a cup of hot coffee. When he turns in his wings—so to speak—and plunges to earth, he has a new spring in his walk. The film breaks into full color, and he goes to find his aerialist.

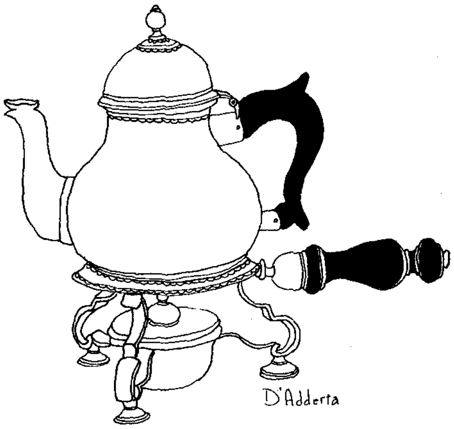
He searches the city for her, and she searches, too, for she knows not whom, and they meet in the bar that adjoins the punk club. There, looking right at the camera, Marion speaks to Damiel for the first time, and it's an oration. She goes on and on, declaiming—giving voice to her romantic, enigmatic thoughts in the affectless tone that he found so fetching when he listened to the workings of her mind. (It's as if Merna Kennedy, at the end of the silent "The Circus," started to speechify.) And she faces the audience and challenges us to take our voyages. *Gott im Himmel!*

A friend of mine says that he loved every second of this movie and he *couldn't wait to leave.* To put it simply, "Wings of Desire" has a visual fascination but no animating force—that's part of why it's being acclaimed as art. The film's lassitude—the way shots are held for small eternities, and the action seems to begin every three or four minutes—suggests some purpose beyond narrative, suggests that you're experiencing the psychic craving of the Berliners as they drift through their chilly days, searching to be whole again. It's a sluggish, weary-winged fable; it seems to be saying that if you're a grownup living in postwar Germany a reminder of childish joy is the most you can hope for. The half-hearted coming together of Damiel and Marion is a fairy tale that we're not quite meant to believe; the film's tone of high German woe certainly indicates that. Even if Wenders wants to believe it, his moviemaking betrays him: the color sections are tawdry compared with the spooky spirituality of the black-and-white passages. The film's meaning appears to be: We Germans recognize in ourselves a forever-to-be-unfulfilled wish for connectedness.

The only character with any pep is an American, played by Peter Falk, who is starring in a Nazi-period film that's being shot on the site of an actual Second World War bunker. Falk—he's called by his own name—enjoys the pleasures of simple sensory gratifications. With his big noggin and the gruff mischief in the way he plays along with the other characters, he's solidly American. (And he's a relief from Ganz's poignancy; there's so much of it that it gnaws at you.) Falk is the only free agent in the whole movie: when he takes a step, he really wants to go where he's heading. Even when he soliloquizes like the Berliners, his thoughts are practical; they have a funky warmth. (In interviews, Wenders says that Falk wrote this material himself.)

My guess is that the Falk subplot is in the picture mainly because Wenders loves American movies and the people connected with them. But, if I read Wenders right, he's also suggesting (as he has in the past) that movies are the American language, and that American movies (and rock) have colonized the Germans, causing another rift in their consciousness. He's saying, "How lucky the Americans are—they didn't suffer the way we did." He knows he can't make movies that race along, that are all narrative, studded with personalities. He's got his Rilke and that scar of castration, the Wall. The whole movie is saying, "If only I could express myself like a child or an American moviemaker! Then I could unify the divided German soul, or, at least, my own soul."

But, of course, Wenders doesn't get into the spirit of popular art. When he uses a pop form, it's lifeless—a simulation of ascetic high art. Marion is lovely, but on her last night with the circus, when she and one of the roustabouts at the outdoor farewell party sing together, Wenders seems to have just plopped them there. He names the circus for his celebrated cinematographer, Henri Alekan (and includes allusions to Cocteau's 1946 "Beauty and the Beast," which Alekan shot), yet from the sound of the laughter of the children who are supposed to be showing their joy at the circus they've got infant doses of Weltschmerz. The punk-club scenes are so rhythmless and desolate that they're almost a parody of German anguish. And I have misgivings about Wenders' including actual atrocity pictures; it's as if he wanted to fortify his sense of defeat, his enervation. But then this is a movie with depressive angels—a notion worthy of Tarkovsky (for whom the whole universe was depressive).



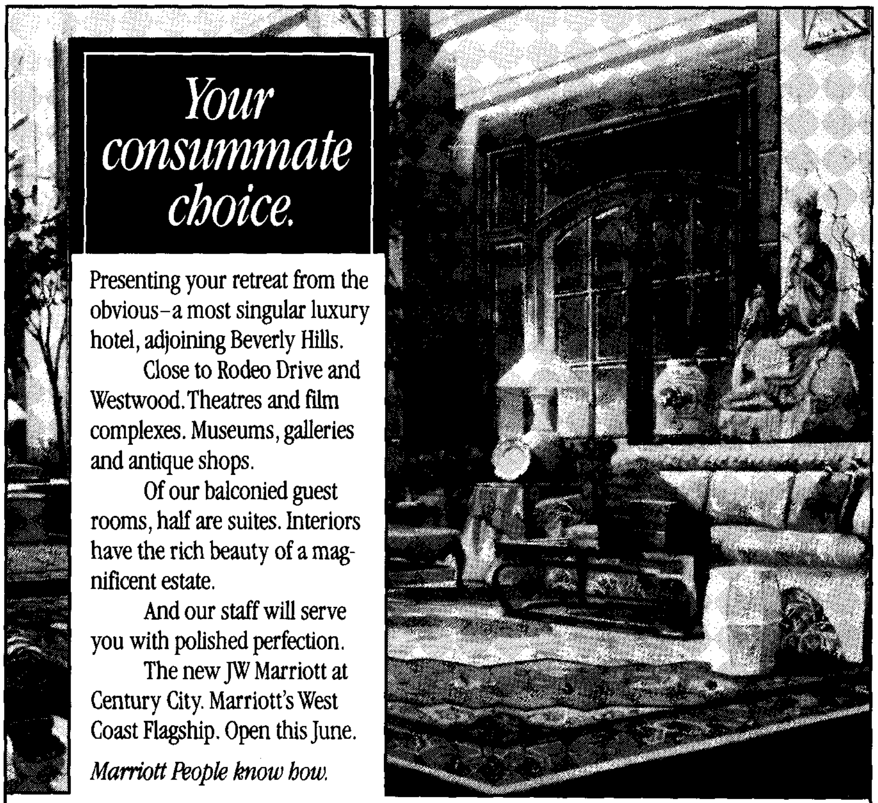
Wenders films what makes him feel impotent. Yet he wants to inspire us: when Damiel and Marion embrace, Wenders wants to light a candle in our hearts, or, at least, half a candle. It's this torchbearer Wenders who uses such corny devices as having the children be able to see the angels; he even has a little crippled girl who smiles at Damiel. Sentimentality and meaninglessness: postmodern kitsch. It's enough to make moviegoers feel impotent.

GEORGE LUCAS, who produced "Willow," says, "It's a pure fantasy *film that came out of my psyche.*" Maybe only a movie mogul can believe that he's the source of the world's treasury of legends and movies. If you took Bible stories and "Peter Pan" and "Robin Hood" and the "Oz" books and the Grimm Brothers' fairy tales and "Gulliver's Travels" and "Lord of the Rings" and "Ran" (and the "Star Wars" trilogy) and put them in a hopper and spun it around until it was a whirring mess of porridge, you'd have the mythical-medieval "Willow," or something close to it. The evil sorceress Queen Bavmorda (Jean Marsh) is killing all the newborn babies in the Daikini domain, because of a prophecy that an infant born with a special mark will bring about her downfall. The savior baby girl is sneaked away to the forest by a midwife, and after she has been put on a raft of rushes she drifts downriver into the land of a peaceful, elflike people, the Nelwyns. Willow (Warwick Davis), a young Nelwyn farmer, takes her back to Daikini territory and tries to protect her. Eventually, with the help of a Daikini scalawag, the swordsman Madmartigan (Val Kilmer), and a rebel Daikini, Airk (Gavan O'Herlihy), Willow storms the evil queen's black castle. (Queen Bavmorda's armies are led by a Darth Vader-like giant in a death's-head mask, General Kael—an *hommage à moi.*)

There are said to be about four hundred special-effects shots (from Lucas's Industrial Light & Magic), but they're not prepared for dramatically, and there's no feeling of wonder in them. When vicious black boars tear the midwife apart, or when a bunch of little platinum-wigged Tinker Bells flit about, or nine-inch-tall men called Brownies scurry around, or the baby is on a shield that rockets down mountain after mountain, or men and women are transformed into pigs, you feel as if you'd fallen into a pile of mixed metaphors. Disguised in a dress, Madmartigan does a drag act; later, the queen's beautiful warrior daughter (Joanne Whalley) threatens to castrate him; two of the Brownies bustle about like miniature Catskills comics. It's doubtful if any action-adventure director has a strong enough style to give this script (by Bob Dolman, based on Lucas's story) a tone and a shape, and Ron Howard, who's got the job, is lost. When the death's-head general, holding the baby aloft, gallops through the troops on his black horse, slashing right and left, and crying out "No mercy! No mercy!," there isn't any real threat in it. And at the climax, when the baby (crying) is on a high altar, about to be slaughtered, while the evil sorceress queen battles with a good sorceress—it's like "Johnny Guitar"—you're too embarrassed for the moviemakers to feel any suspense.

Ron Howard shows his gentle talent only in his handling of Willow: the three-foot-four-inch Warwick Davis has a sweet-faced humility, which could make parts of the movie appealing to kids. It's always great to see Billy Barty. He plays the High Aldwin of the Nelwyns; i.e., he's Gandalf delivering the message: You have to believe in yourself. The baby (played by Ruth and Kate Greenfield) has endearing little drops of drool hanging from her lip, and the decorative use of chain mail is very chic. But maybe George Lucas should believe less in himself—he keeps trying to come up with an original idea, and he can't. Yet something from his psyche does come through: Lucas, who has undergone a costly divorce, has made a sword-and-sorcery epic in which all the power is in the hands of women.

—PAULINE KAEL



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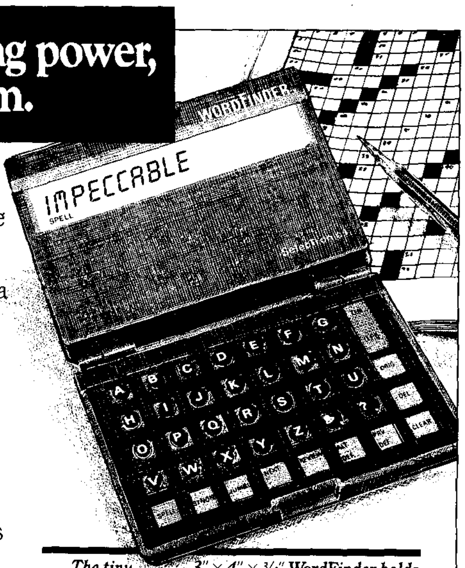

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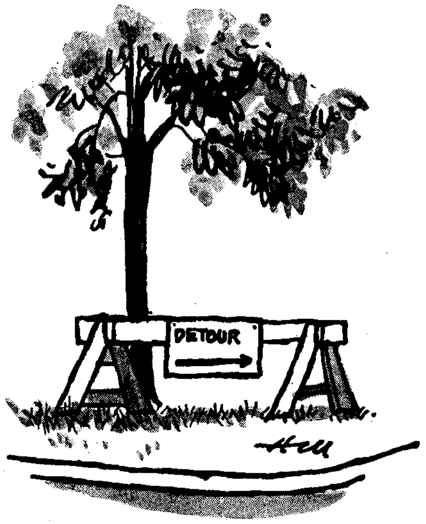
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MAY 20

THE students here like combat clothes. They like old insignia and leather paratrooper jackets, and their great status symbol is a pair of eighteen-hole Doctor Marten's "bovver boots," imported straight from skinhead England to the streets of Saint-Germain, thanks to the shoe arrangements of the E.E.C. These boots are a common denominator, like beads in the sixties and jeans in the seventies. So many people wear them that, over the years, they have lost their old associations, and parents in Paris are now quite used to seeing their children sit down to Sunday dinner at Grandmother's house dressed for an invasion. One of my neighbors likes to say that the way she tells her own children from the real thing is that her children have Derrida in their pockets, but the truth is my neighbor has very little experience of "the real thing." When she finally saw it—when she saw pictures of the children from Jean-Marie Le Pen's Front National marching through Paris this month in combat boots—it was doubly shocking, because brutal symbols borrowed in play or parody are always shocking when they are returned, suddenly, to their proper context, and this shock is part of what the French refer to as the Le Pen effect. *L'effet Le Pen.*

Jean-Marie Le Pen is the man who just ran for President of France on a platform—if the word applies—of throwing foreigners out of the country. He calls himself a patriot and a nationalist, and sometimes a Christian nationalist—though most people here would call him a racist, and some have called him a Fascist, and the Archbishop of Paris, Jean-Marie Cardinal Lustiger, has said that to his mind Jean-Marie Le Pen, with his French version of a *Blut und Boden* politics, is right in the tradition of the anti-Christian neo-paganists who organized at the turn of the century as the Action Française. What Le Pen is, mainly, is a demagogue who has found his constituency. He has promised to return France to the true French, and to this end he decided to "reclaim" May Day, presumably from sinister left-wing foreign workers who might be celebrating. He called out the militants of the Front National. In Paris, thirty thousand of them came. There were coal miners from the country, with their faces blackened and their head-lamps shining, representing "the French worker." There were God-crazed women carrying wreaths and lilies for the statue of Joan of Arc. There were *intégriste* priests, and friends from Italy and Belgium with the flags of their own neo-Fascist parties, and, finally, the terrifying boys with their "bovver boots" and paratrooper pants and starched white camp shirts, their scrubbed faces and their clipped hair. Only the boots were familiar. People saw them coming and looked up, half expecting to see a pair of worn jeans and a spiky haircut, green or orange, and maybe a couple of earrings hanging from one ear, and instead they saw those stiff, frightened, furious faces out of an old propaganda film by Leni Riefenstahl.

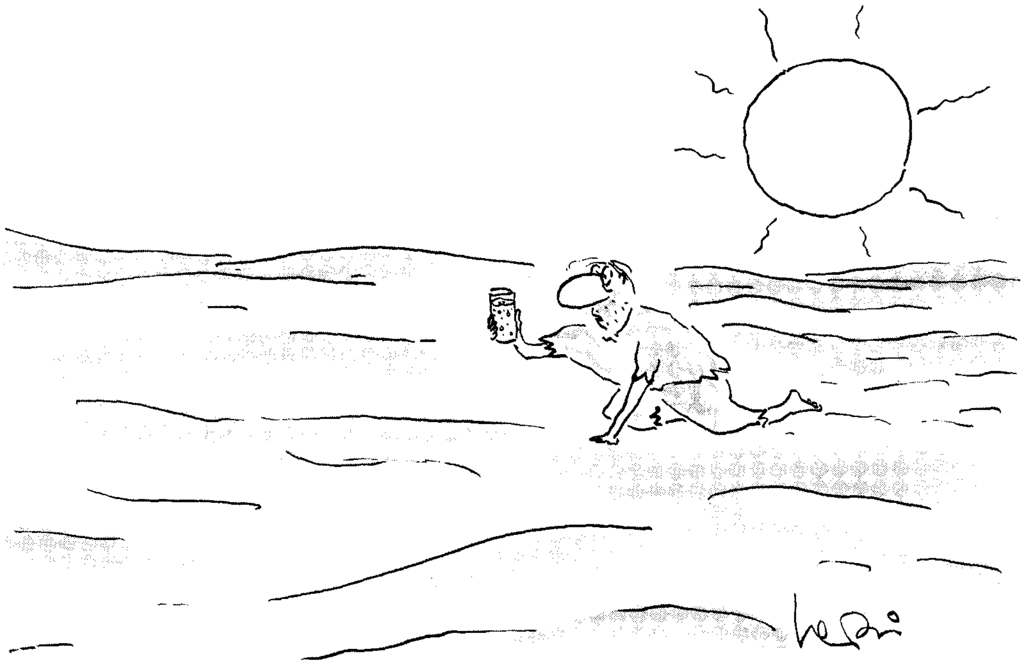
Le Pen led them up the Rue de Rivoli, from St. Joan's famous statue on the Place des Pyramides to a "Front National High Mass" in the Tuileries, and it was hard to believe that only a mile or so away the workers of the left were celebrating what they had always, understandably, taken to be their own holiday. His *défilé* was a repellent spectacle, and most Parisians I know stayed at home to avoid it. Some said that they did not want to be taken for demonstrators. They did not want to open the paper Monday morning and find themselves padding a Front National head count. And some were frightened, because there was talk of violence—what with thirty thousand Lepénistes demonstrating so close to fifty thousand workers from the city's labor unions. And as for the springtime tourists, one American columnist wrote portentously about "a little blood in the streets" of Paris, and after that the tourists stuck to their hotels.



JEAN-MARIE LE PEN wants to be President. It is unlikely that he ever will be President, but four and a half million people voted for him in the first round of the Presidential elections this spring, and they were not, as so much of the press claimed, simply a protest vote. They were not simply ordinary men and women who had somehow fallen into the cracks of history, ignored, unclaimed, and unrewarded, while *la France profonde* turned into a *France polyglotte* of immigrants and unemployment and indiscriminate hard times. They have always been around, as François Mitterrand himself pointed out the night before he was elected. Balzac described them. They are the French of narrow provincial prejudices, if not necessarily provincial addresses. Their France is a place where hatred feeds on regret, where difference is suspicious, and where it is easier to blame enemies—Jews or Communists or, now, Arab workers—than to acknowledge the unkindnesses of "pure" French life or the hypocrisy of the politics here or the neglect so many Frenchmen suffer at each other's hands. In a way, Le Pen has freed them, the way Vichy freed them, from the burden of their social contract. The people who blame their malaise (as Le Pen explains it to them) on foreigners and AIDS carriers and on the fact that, in 1981, François Mitterrand abolished the guillotine are the same people who in 1941 were dealing in accusation and intimidation, spying on one another from behind their curtains, and plotting revenge on what they imagined was their neighbors' fortune.

They are a constituency raised by hard times, but they do not die with the hard times. They are France's own version of a moral majority, waiting to be assembled, instructed, and aroused. Some of them are poor people. It is fashionable now to talk about the French poor, or, rather, about "discovering" the French poor—as if it had taken a burst of insight and intelligence to see that there was a great deal of native poverty in this country. (It is a sign of the times that Bernard Kouchner, the doctor who founded Médecins sans Frontières and later

Médecins du Monde, now runs a group called Mission France, to help bring medical care to poor French people in the *métropole*, and is Mitterrand's new "secretary of state for social integration.") But Le Pen's particular "poor" are not suffering more than any of their neighbors are suffering—or more than the immigrant poor, who they claim have taken the help that should be theirs, as Frenchmen. The truth is there are not that many more immigrants in France today than there were five or even ten years ago, and those immigrants contribute seven per cent of the country's social-welfare budget and take back only six per cent in benefits.



"A twist . . . a twist . . ."

• •

Mainly, Le Pen's constituency has been the petite bourgeoisie. (A photographer who has covered Le Pen since 1985 came home this month to say he had expected "*fachos* with shaved heads" and instead found "little French grandfathers.") The people who vote for him are often compared to the shopkeepers and the small farmers who voted for Pierre-Marie Poujade in 1956—sending fifty-two deputies, Le Pen among them, to Guy Mollet's Fourth Republic parliament—and some of them are in fact old Poujadistes. But some are also *pieds noirs*, settlers who fled Algeria in 1962, along with a million other *colons*, and have never forgiven de Gaulle, or the *métropole* French, for their betrayal—though most of them have been successful in France, and in the Midi many of them are millionaires.

And, more and more, the people who vote Le Pen are workers. They are workers who used to vote Communist, and who have had no trouble at all transferring their loyalty to the Front National. French workers have always been xenophobic. Stalin knew this. It is said that his orders in France toward the end of the Second World War were to purge the Communist underground of its "foreign elements" (most of the hit men of the Paris Resistance were Communist Jewish refugees from Eastern Europe), so that the Party's local hagiography would be properly, purely French when the war was over and Communists were busy recruiting again in the mines and factories. In a way, he succeeded. The first significant opposition to the immigrant workers who began to arrive in France in the early sixties—recruited in coastal souks and remote Saharan villages by French companies so eager for cheap North African labor that they were offering finders' commissions—came from the Confédération Générale du Travail, the Communist trade union, and the first organized violence against immigrants took place in a workers' suburb outside Paris, under the aegis of the local mayor.

It has to be said, of course, that for years the only people in any real contact with the foreign workers were French workers. Le Pen does well with those French workers, the way he does well with the *pieds noirs* in places like Marseilles, where a quarter of the people are immigrants, by making a virtue of their resentment and giving their bitterness a kind of ideology. It was only a matter of time before he claimed May Day for them. A few years ago, it was Joan of Arc he adopted. St. Joan used to be taken out of the history books once a year, on the anniversary of her burning, and dusted off for worship by a contingent of *ancien régime* Catholics who were keeping their swords sharpened and their tiaras polished for the next Restoration, and whose idea of a nice time was a pilgrimage to Marie-Antoinette's tomb on Bastille Day. But Le Pen made Joan the patron saint of the Front National, and no one thought to dispute him when he led his first Défilé Jeanne d'Arc up the Rue de Rivoli. The only people who stood up for the young saint were Paris intellectuals who had seen "the Joan movies" and debated the relative martyrdoms of Falconetti, Ingrid Bergman, and Jean Seberg. They wrote letters to the papers to say that Joan was really a "Christian socialist" in the Dauphin's armor, and to point out that it was English kings, and not Algerian street-sweepers, whom Joan (in her own combat boots) had wanted to send home.

THERE are four and a half million immigrants in France, and about three million Muslims. Two million of these Muslims are indeed "immigrants"—resident workers and their families—but a million of them are French, either because they were born in France and thus were automatically French citizens ("Their fathers fought for a fatherland, let them stay there," Le Pen says) or because they fought for France in Algeria and were "repatriated" after the war. Most of the Muslims are North African Arabs. Some are Turks, but there are also Pakistanis and Mauritians and black

West Africans. They come from all over. They are, mainly, the people Le Pen wants out of France—the people he claims are the source of all the trouble in the country, from crime to AIDS to steel mills and coal mines closing down. No one denies that France has an "immigrant problem"—that there is crime in Nice and Paris and Marseilles, where a lot of young immigrants are out of work, or that a Turkish woman squatting by her brazier in the stairwell of a housing project has very little in common with a modern French housewife or, for that matter, with a modern Turkish housewife. But the "immigrant problem" is largely a problem because the respectable politicians, left and right, have ignored it. They ignored it because it was complicated, and because it was risky, politically, to address, and maybe because even talking about a "problem" made them sound racist to themselves. Mainly, they ignored it because, whatever problem there was, it was the French, and not the immigrants, who had created it, convincing themselves that with a little more immigration, a little more cheap labor from their old colonies, France was going to be the great industrial power in Europe.

Le Pen—with his posters of Alsatian women wrapped in chadors and churches turning into mosques, and his quotes from Hezbollah about France becoming an Islamic republic in twenty years—is determined to convince the French that they have been invaded. And the fact is that a lot of perfectly reasonable people here talk about the immigration as if it were an invasion. They talk as if a million and a half North Africans had made a kind of Mediterranean beachhead, and then swept north across the country while fifty million ingenuous Frenchmen sat around and watched them, too intimidated or too guilty or too kind to tell the immigrants to go away. They point to the fact that "no one dies" anymore in some immigrant neighborhoods, that bodies disappear at night, unreported, and by morning whole identities—passports, health insurance, work permits—have been bought and sold and new foreigners are "legally" in France.

Half the North Africans here have been around since Charles de Gaulle was President. De Gaulle believed in what he saw as the irresistible civilizing influence of France, and it may be because of this that he considered France immune to the uncivilizing influence of anybody else. He welcomed his old colonial subjects "home" to the *métropole*. He thought it was a mark of great common sense that so many people chose to come. He would have agreed with François Mitterrand—in some ways the most Gaullist President of France since the General himself—who replied to a question about the immigrant problem by saying that if you invite somebody to your house the civilized thing, the French thing, to do is tell him, "Dear friend, my house is your house."

Officially, immigration stopped here with the oil crisis—with the terrible winter of 1974, when factories in France were closing every day and people panicked and started to talk about sending the immigrants home. Every industrial country in Western Europe produced some sort of ban on immigration that year. The immigrants had been the labor with which Europe recovered, the base of everybody's economic miracle. They were welcome as long as they were useful, and it has been argued that as long as they were welcome they were more amenable to that irresistible civilizing influence de Gaulle believed in. Today, too many of them are isolated from any influence. They live in ugly new towns that rise on barren concrete flats off superhighways. They envy the other Arabs, the Arabs who live in Paris or Lyons and have someplace to walk to, something to look at, something to do, and they learn to despise the French, who are learning to despise them. They are helped in this by "Islamic brothers" who turn up in their new towns, sent by God (and Khomeini and Qaddafi) to arm them with the tenets of a radical new Islam. Those brothers are turban versions of the *intégriste* priests who march with visiting delegations from Europe's new Fascist parties whenever Le Pen claims a holiday for the Front National. They are part of the context of the Front National, the way perfectly decent people who would never vote for Le Pen themselves can be part of the context.

The other night, a young man who works for Mitterrand said that Le Pen became respectable not when four and a half million people voted for him but when the first educated Parisian said yes, naturally, he despised Le Pen and everything Le Pen stood for, but, after all, when he looked at Marseilles, and saw what a terrible, unfamiliar, foreign place Marseilles was turning into, he could understand why so many *petits bonhommes marseillais* had started voting for the Front National. The difference between France right now and France after the last Presidential elections, seven years ago, is the number of people who say they despise Le Pen but have you seen Marseilles?

Jean-Marie Le Pen is a fifty-nine-year-old Breton—a fisherman's son with a pale, fat face, a cruel temper, and an astonishing ability to ride out the sort of scandal that would have finished any other politician in the country. France, of course, is funny about scandals. Until the *ouverture* this month—the *ouverture* is François Mitterrand's Socialist *glasnost*—the only real scandal was a lapse in ideology, and it is still considered more of a scandal here to change your views than, say, to commute between your wife in the Élysée and your mistress in the country. The sins of politicians have always been pretty much ignored in France. Everyone gossips about them, but no one really seems to care. The French explain this by saying they are practical, or worldly, or bored. They never understood what they considered the fuss about Watergate in America, and they certainly didn't understand the fuss about Gary Hart. But even in France there is something remarkable about a politician's surviving, as Le Pen survived, the fact that his fifty-year-old ex-wife poses for *Playboy* scrubbing floors in not much more than a maid's bonnet—with the explanation that he refused to give her any money and told her to get a job cleaning houses—or that she talks to reporters about how he hates Jews and

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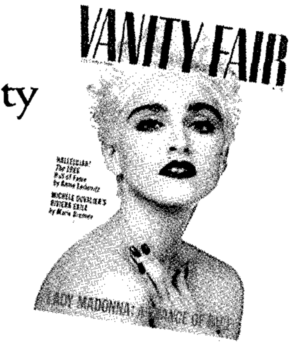

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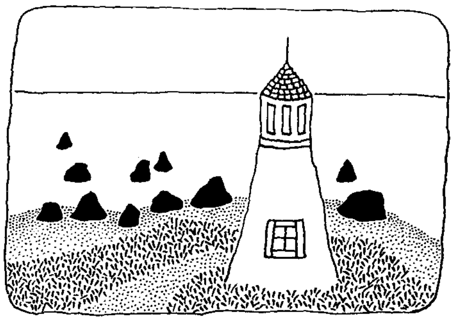
hides his money in Switzerland and refers to Hitler as Uncle Dolphi. The crazy ladies and the vigilant schoolboys who march for St. Joan and the purity of France are not at all distressed by what Pierrette Le Pen has to say in *Playboy*. They are not distressed by anything in a violent and sordid history that began when he was a schoolboy himself. They say, to every Le Pen story, "*Il a de la gueule*"—he has style.

There is a police dossier on Le Pen that dates from his student days and has him brawling and drinking and generally making trouble. He was arrested twice here in the fifties—once for street fighting (he was fighting Communists, he says) and once for attacking a driver and resisting arrest. He was studying law then, but he never practiced. He had volunteered as a paratrooper in Indo-China, and he liked the life so much that in 1956 he left the National Assembly—he was a Poujade deputy in 1956—and volunteered again, this time in Algeria. After that, he earned his living from a record company, producing what could be called music for the far right (Nazi songs, German marches) with a partner who used to be an officer in the Waffen-S.S. In 1972, he founded the Front National. In 1983, in the town of Dreux, he made his first deal with the "respectable right" and, for all practical purposes, took over the *mairie*. A few years later, he was in the European Parliament—and about to enter the National Assembly at home. No one knew much about his past until 1984. In July that year, *Le Canard Enchaîné* printed stories to the effect that he had tortured prisoners in Algeria, and by February the next year *Libération* reporters in Algiers had found witnesses to support those stories. Le Pen sued both papers for defamation, and eventually won. His style was simple and *contestataire*. Whenever anybody criticized him, he sued. He sued *Le Monde*, *Le Matin*, *L'Événement du Jeudi*, and just about every other liberal publication in the country. For a while, there were so many Le Pen lawsuits on the docket of the Seventeenth Correctional Court at the Palais de Justice in Paris that reporters were calling it *la chambre Le Pen*, but still their papers were full of Le Pen scandals. One of them involved a mad cement millionaire named Hubert Lambert—an alcoholic and pill-addicted patron of right-wing politicians whom Le Pen and his wife were looking after, and who died in their care of complications from cirrhosis, leaving Le Pen a mansion in Saint-Cloud and four million dollars. Another involved an old Rumanian defector named Gustave Pordea, who wanted to buy himself a place on the Front National's list of candidates for the European Parliament, and did, and won. Pierrette said that Pordea paid Le Pen five hundred thousand dollars for it. Jon Swain, of the London *Sunday Times*, who wrote the story, said that Pordea was a "secret agent," in place in France for forty years.

By now, nothing about Le Pen or his friends or his family is surprising. His wife "tells all" to the *Sunday Times* and *Rolling Stone*. His blondest daughter—he has three blond daughters—runs for the Neuilly town council and can't remember the name of Neuilly's main street. (It is Avenue Charles de Gaulle.) Le Pen himself talks about gas chambers being a "detail" in the history of the Second World War, and warns people to stay away from trees in summer because mosquitoes carry foreigners' germs to clean French men and women, and he even lifts the slogan that students use when thugs from the Front National attack them. "*Touche pas à mon pote*," they say. "Don't touch my buddy." Their posters used to be all over the country. Le Pen has covered them with posters saying "*Touche pas à mon peuple*." Don't touch my people. He is a fixture of the morning papers, a comic-strip villain with his fist raised and his shirt popping open and a balloon of invective floating above his head. When he was starting out, he used to flaunt his violence. Even now, with a political party of his own and advisers teaching him how to be respectable, he flaunts it. He wears a suit and a tie, and goes on diets, and gets himself invited to the Council on Foreign Relations to speak, but there is always a moment when he lets go. He calls it his peasant pedigree. He is shameless, and it may be that he succeeds because he is shameless, because, to his followers, he represents some warped ideal of a "real" France, a France without its civilizing hypocrisies, without the famous *pudeur* that usually mediates between the things Frenchmen feel like doing and the things they do.



FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND is going to be President of France for another seven years, and the curious thing is not that he was reëlected, or even that he was reëlected by such a large majority—more than fifty-four per cent of the vote—but that he managed to persuade so many people that it was a job worth having. Everyone says that the campaign this spring was a campaign about personalities—and it was, to the extent that none of the candidates produced anything like a social program, or talked about foreign policy, or ventured an idea on what to do about the French economy, which was in terrible shape when Mitterrand started nationalizing everything and was still in terrible shape when Jacques Chirac started what seems to be called "privatizing" everything, and is in terrible shape now.

Mitterrand talked a lot about rejecting "a politics of exclusion," but this was as close as he came to addressing "the immigrant problem." Once, before the first round of voting, he said that immigrants should be allowed to vote in local elections, but under the circumstances—and whether or not he does believe that immigrants should vote here—it was not a very honorable thing to do. It was not meant to win more votes for the President. It was calculated to frighten voters on the right, the way Le Pen's posters of good Frenchwomen in chadors had frightened them, with the spectre of immigrants in power, and the result, as Mitterrand must have expected, was that a lot of people who would have voted for Jacques Chirac switched their vote to the Front National. Chirac never recovered, although it was pointed out by the Chiracians that François Mitterrand had had five years of a Socialist

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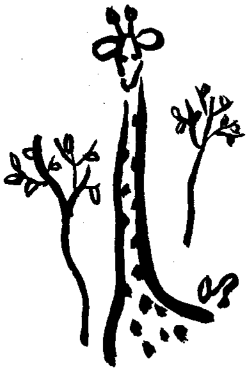
National Assembly before the conservatives took it over in 1986 and Chirac became Prime Minister—plenty of time to give immigrants the vote if that, indeed, was what the President wanted.

Mitterrand is a masterly politician. He wanted to stay in the Élysée, and that was his one real priority. The Presidency of France has been a drug to him. His friends say he is addicted to it, and all the talk on election night about a "new politics" of *ouverture* and reconciliation—with Mitterrand's old Socialist ministers going on television one after the other and renouncing ideology with the fervor of the newly converted—was really an exercise in turning necessity into wisdom. He cannot "cohabit" again, the way he cohabited for the last two years with Chirac and an opposition Cabinet. Nobody wants to cohabit. It was a nice word—snug and sexy—and only the French would have thought to use it to describe the domestic arrangements of two ambitious and entirely incompatible politicians thrown together by the electoral accidents of a Presidential state with a parliamentary system, but it never made a marriage. Mitterrand's new Prime Minister, Michel Rocard, had no mandate from the President to put together the kind of coalition government Mitterrand claimed he wanted—a government of Socialists and "centrists" committed, among other things, to working together against *l'effet Le Pen*. What Mitterrand wanted was to dissolve the Assembly fast. He wanted new elections, in order to secure the influence he has now, for any coalition in the future.



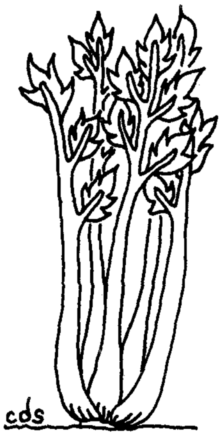
The *centrists*—people like Raymond Barre, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and Simone Veil, from the Union pour la Démocratie Française, as well as people from a couple of small liberal parties—were holding out for a change in the voting laws. They saw their best chance in a return to some sort of proportional representation, and Mitterrand saw his in the majority system France has now. Mitterrand has no other interest in that system. He claims to believe in *la proportionnelle*. He says it is a more democratic system, and in fact he changed the voting laws in 1985 and restored it—for the first time since the fall of the Fourth Republic. He did it for the sake of a few Socialist seats in an Assembly the Socialists were going to lose anyway. And he did it cynically, knowing that it would put the Front National into the legislature and expose the country to a new kind of legitimized racism. Rocard, who was the Agriculture Minister then, quit the government in protest, and didn't really make his peace with Mitterrand until the elections this year. Le Pen had no seats in the National Assembly before the laws changed. Afterward, he had thirty-five—and in two months France had its old majority system back. Now Mitterrand says that he is too concerned for France to risk sending forty or fifty more Le Pen deputies to the Assembly, and, given the mood in cities like Marseilles and Nice and Toulon, where Le Pen won in the first round of the Presidential elections, this is probably what would happen if the country (as the French put it) "went proportional" again.

The election laws have now been changed eleven times since the French started voting for a National Assembly, and the curious thing is how few people seem to disapprove of the practice. The closest I heard to a complaint this year came on election night from a man who said, "It used to be thanks to M. Mitterrand that we had a Front National in the National Assembly, and now it is going to be thanks to M. Mitterrand if we do not have a Front National in the National Assembly. What do I tell my children when they ask me, 'Papa, who is Tonton?' "

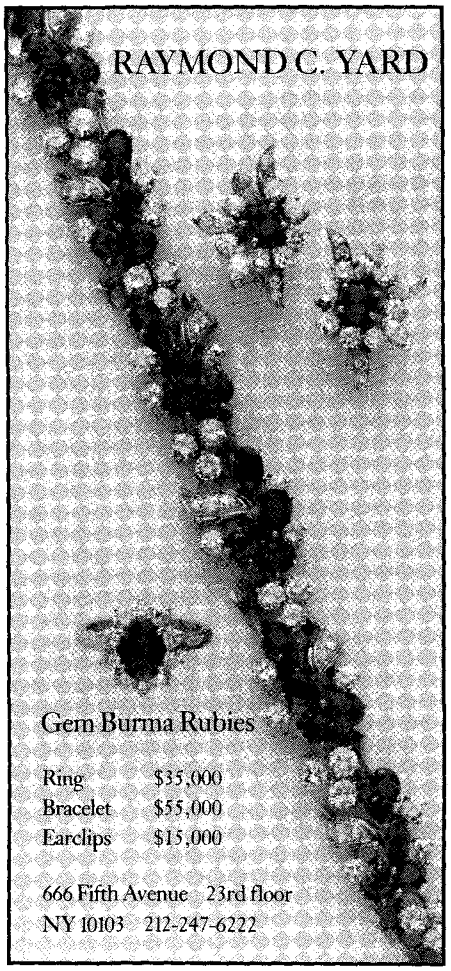
TONTON means "uncle." It is a word that French children use. They do not use it when Uncle is twenty-five and plays tennis and dates investment bankers who look like models. They use it when Uncle is seventy-one and wise but a little fuzzy and takes long, solitary walks. They call François Mitterrand Tonton, because Tonton is the image of the New Mitterrand—not the Mitterrand who rearranges election laws in the name of Socialist principles and shatters the opposition in the name of the right of immigrants to vote but the Mitterrand of the campaign posters, taking a "Mitterrand Generation" baby by the hand and leading her off into a balmy and untroubled future. Tonton is the kind of uncle who will sacrifice narrow politics, and even private dreams, to restore the country to all his nieces and nephews. Sometimes thinking about Tonton makes the French uneasy—Ronald Reagan, for example, is considered *un vrai vieux tonton*—but mainly, after all these years of left and right, they are comfortable with the illusion of a President above politics.

Seventeen million people voted for Mitterrand, and they voted after a week that called the President's power into serious question. It was a week in which Chirac (still cohabiting as Prime Minister) took over what everyone had assumed were Presidential prerogatives and functions—a week in which Chirac brought home the last three French hostages in Lebanon, sent troops to New Caledonia to raid a cave where twenty-two French policemen and a French judge were being held prisoner, and broke a diplomatic agreement with New Zealand, repatriating a French secret agent who was on a South Pacific atoll serving three years of what could be called house arrest for her part in blowing up a Greenpeace protest ship in Auckland Harbor and killing a young Portuguese photographer in the process. Chirac's "triumphs" were staged so politically and—especially in the case of the hostages—timed so crudely that people wondered whether they were going to help or hurt him. (In the end, they seem to have done neither.) But the important question was where the Prime Minister got his authority. The constitution was not particularly helpful. The constitution of Fifth Republic France was Charles de Gaulle's private bylaws. It was invented by him and written for him at a time when it was unimaginable that France was not, as he liked to put it, "*moi.*" It never occurred to him that a French President would lose the respect of his government, even his opposition government, and end up cohabiting as bitterly as François Mitterrand did with Jacques Chirac—but then the General was thinking of himself. It never occurred to him that a President who lost his government would do anything but step down.

Whenever there is an election now, people start arguing about what the constitution means. Jurists write long articles to each other in their law reviews, and journalists write how-to pamphlets for the public, but the truth is that the constitution, like the General, never really set the ground rules for French political life after the General died. It may be that, in the end, the President of France is powerful not because his power is written into the constitution but because Charles de Gaulle was powerful. Power was not an issue when Georges Pompidou and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing were President, and it was not an issue for the first five years (and two Prime Ministers) of Mitterrand's septennate. But once Chirac was in the Matignon, power was often a matter of who got to the telephone first.



The jurists, reading and rereading the constitution, had always agreed on one thing—that affairs of state "belonged" to the President. Practically speaking, this meant that foreign policy, defense policy, and diplomacy originated in the Élysée, and that the Foreign Minister and the Defense Minister reported to the President. For a while, Chirac left Mitterrand these prerogatives. He was busy trying to unload the banks and businesses and holding companies that Mitterrand had nationalized, and then (in a manic impersonation of Mrs. Thatcher putting England on the market) he was busy trying to unload anything else he could think of, including the job of towing your car away after the second ticket. He brought the *promoteurs* back in force—the ten-percent middlemen who had put together the development schemes and investment packages when Georges Pompidou was President. He let the unemployment ride and the inflation rise (hidden by statistics that brought it down to three per cent), and called this market economics and dynamic fiscal policy. He hired a tough, colorful Corsican named Charles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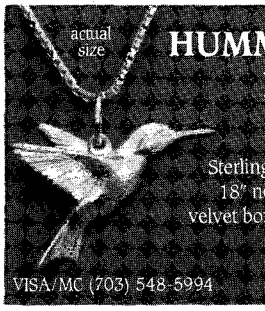

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Pasqua to run the Interior Ministry, and he and Pasqua began to take over the sort of operations and negotiations that should have been the President's to delegate. The hostage crisis ended up in Chirac's hands—and Pasqua's portfolio. It was Chirac who ordered the commandos to New Caledonia, and Chirac who brought the secret agent home from her atoll (she said she was pregnant from a "conjugal visit" and needed to come to Paris to see the obstetrician), although the French Secret Service—the Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure—"belongs" to the President and his Defense Minister and has not been responsible to a Prime Minister since 1965, when the Moroccan dissident Mehdi Ben Barka was kidnapped here, outside the Brasserie Lipp, and killed by French policemen and French agents presumably in Morocco's pay.

Some people claim that by election day this year François Mitterrand had very little power besides the power of his own tenacious, authoritative, and austere persona. He had what could be called a moral power, and the remarkable thing is that it often passed for more power than Chirac, with the government and the National Assembly behind him, had. Mitterrand, of course, could have challenged Chirac or even fired him, but that was hardly the politic (or practical) thing to do a couple of days before an election between them—especially when their quarrel had to do with French hostages who for three years had suffered horribly at the hands of Muslim fanatics, and French policemen held in a cave halfway around the world by guerrillas who had already hacked to death three of their colleagues, and a supposedly pregnant woman who had got her Greenpeace orders before Jacques Chirac was even Prime Minister. And then, too, in the end, Chirac's *coups de pouvoir* didn't really look like power. Chirac lacked Tonton's immaculate authority. He lacked appearance. It was Mitterrand—"communing with trees," as his ads described him, while three clandestine operations were carried out—who always seemed to be the man in charge.

JACQUES CHIRAC and François Mitterrand have the same advertising agency. The partner of the man who turned Mitterrand into Tonton has Chirac for a client, and it was his job to turn Chirac, at fifty-five, into the "young alternative." He began when Madonna came to Paris for a concert. Chirac invited Madonna home to the Mairie—Chirac has been the mayor of Paris for eleven years—and declared himself her greatest fan. The adman said that he was trying to make Chirac sexy. The Prime Minister was photographed on the grass, in bright-blue jeans and a sweatshirt (looking like a male model with a mid-life crisis). The ads said "*Oui, c'est Chirac!*" and the endorsements were fulsome—my favorite one said "He has music in his heart," and was signed Slava Rostropovich—though not nearly as fulsome as the endorsements Mitterrand collected. Four hundred rich and famous (and occasionally foreign) people signed a page in *Le Monde* to say that France needed a Socialist President just like Mitterrand. One of them was Yves Saint Laurent's business partner, Pierre Bergé, who is trying to launch himself as an *intellectuel de gauche* and to this end has started his own magazine—for which he writes a column in praise of Mitterrand called "Politics and Style." One was an actor named Pierre Arditi, who said that in a disintegrating world "Mitterrand tells me I am still here." The best of the Mitterrand batch—the one everybody quoted—came from Maurice Rheims, who used to be the auctioneer at Drouot. Rheims said that Mitterrand was "a man in the Etruscan style."

People talked a lot this spring about the candidates' advertising. They said it was "American," but I would say it was as French as the ads that run in movie theatres here before the feature starts—ads that take you all over the countryside and sell you the glory of France and then sell you the beer or the deodorant or the chewing gum. The French prefer appearances. Ideology was always a matter of appearances here, and now renouncing ideology is also a matter of appearances. The campaign was, after all, about appearances. It had to do with settling images of France, images of power, images of Tonton, images of what a President of the Republic should be. The alarming thing, after all the reassuring images, was the reality of the "bovver boots" on the Rue de Rivoli. —JANE KRAMER

DANCING

Forty Years On

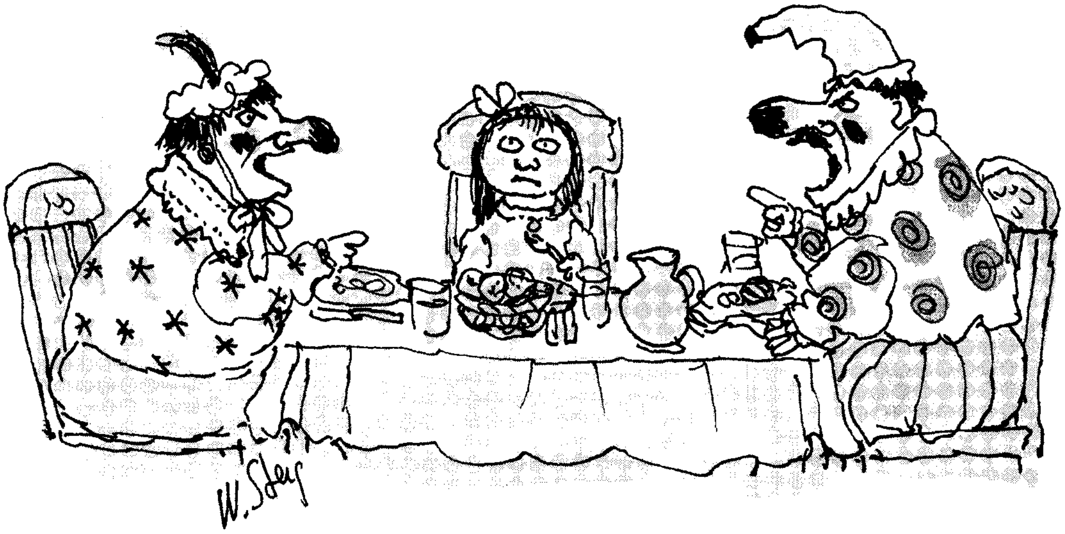
New York City Ballet began its fortieth-anniversary celebrations in determinedly forward-looking, patriotic fashion, with a three-week American Music Festival. The statistics are impressive, and here are a few. Twenty-two world premières (that's counting *pièces d'occasion*), made by fourteen choreographers, of whom several were creating on this company for the first time. Five commissioned scores. Numerous guest dancers, conductors, singers, and musicians. What with musical works given as undanced overtures in addition to the danced repertory, there was an extensive, albeit incomplete, array of American composers, major and minor. The company's past was not neglected. Six works by George Balanchine were given, ranging in date from 1936 ("Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," with its 1968 revisions) to 1970 ("Who Cares?"): these included the first revival in ten years of "Ivesiana" and the restoration of "Western Symphony" 's third movement, not seen since the sixties. Although Jerome Robbins contributed no new works to the festival, the seven of his works shown covered an impressive span, from 1944 ("Fancy Free") to February of this year ("Ives, Songs"). So far so commendable.

Another anniversary occurred during the festival—that of Balanchine's death, on April 30, 1983. As it had been five years ago, the State Theatre was open for matinée and evening performances; three Balanchine ballets could be seen. But there was no fuss made and no sense of In Memoriam, and that was all in accordance with his desires and with the festival's tone. I mention it, however, because for many people New York City Ballet has been shrouded in mourning since the death of this greatest of choreographers. They feel, quite reasonably, that ballet is now leaderless, and that the dance world is much more petty—"The odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon." Some members of his old audience do not return to watch his company dance anymore; for others the only thing that can dispel their gloom about ballet is a good performance of a Balanchine work—when, for a while, he is among us again. A few choreographers elsewhere, unafraid of the inevitable charge of hubris, have taken it upon themselves, with varying degrees of success, to forge the post-Balanchine era; I refer in particular to Twyla Tharp and Karole Armitage. And now, with the American Music Festival, Balanchine's company has attempted to define a post-Balanchine era for itself.

The timing was perfect: five years after his death, a proclamation by his company that it is moving on in quest of the new, as he always did. In the words of Peter Martins (who is, with Robbins, ballet master in chief of the company, and the man who took the initiative and the responsibility for the festival), "We can't live off him anymore." O.K.: but, after three weeks, one was forced to conclude that Martins' presentation of the American Music Festival showed him responding to Life After Balanchine as a shrewd policymaker, not as an artist fired by musical incentive.

Why American music, after all? Previous City Ballet festivals reflected Balanchine's long fascination with the music of Stravinsky and Ravel and Tchaikovsky. And in the cases of Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky he had already created enough masterpieces to make each festival an anthology of greatness before any new works were presented. This festival did remind us of Balanchine's and Robbins' work with American music. But it was Martins' festival, and the only real ballets he had previously made to American music were his first, "Calcium Light Night" (to Ives), and his hitherto most recent, "Ecstatic Orange" (to a partly commissioned score by Michael Torke). Not a record to persuade us that this festival arose from his own creative urges.

And what *is* "American music"? In speaking of it just now, I was accepting the festival's basic definition that an American composer is American-born; and that's how many observers of the musical world have seen it. But Balanchine was Russian-born and Martins is Danish-born; what does that make them? In the event, the festival stretched its rule for Lukas Foss—and for Balanchine the composer. A 1935 song of his, "Love Is a Simple Thing," was given (after a song by Fred Astaire and Van Phillips, "Not My Girl") as part of a closing-night would-be *bonne bouche* called "Fred and George." But there was no inclusion of the American Stravinsky. I make the point not to quibble but because nothing has demonstrated the American quality of Stravinsky's later scores better than Balanchine's choreography at New York City Ballet. Is there anything other than accident of birth that links Charles Wuorinen and Hershy Kay, Stephen Sondheim and Elliott Carter, Edward MacDowell and Philip Glass, Stephen Foster and Michael Torke? Or was the idea to demonstrate the diversity one country—*this* country—could provide? If so, what does



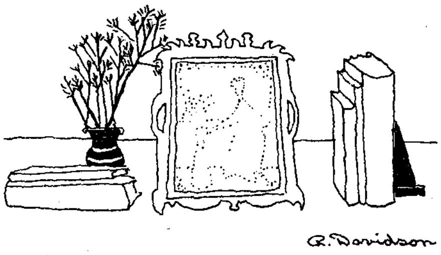
this idea have to do with dancing?

The issue of what may be particularly American about American music could have been set aside and forgotten if Martins' inspiration, and that of his co-choreographers for the festival, had risen to the occasion and provided new impetus for ballet after Balanchine. Well, certain new ballets were acclaimed, and there were several audience hits. But as the festival got into its stride what occurred served only to increase a sense of deprivation. The loss was felt not only of Balanchine but of New York City Ballet as a unique cultural institution. The value of this company is that—since 1948—it has held out the most shining embodiment of New York spirit while standing apart from all the tides of New York vogue. There are other dance companies here today that perform a similar function—most signally the companies of Merce Cunningham and Paul Taylor. What more reviving, for an observer, amid the public excitations of the city, than to experience the private visions of these artists, and to share them with an audience? No one has managed this for us with the scale and range of Balanchine. He was not ignorant of fashion, but his works did not follow or court it. More successfully than any other choreographer, he bridged high art and low art, so that "The Four Temperaments," "The Nutcracker," "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "Who Cares?" are available as philosophy or as fun.

These points must be reiterated now, because the over-all impression of the American Music Festival was of watching New York City Ballet shopping around to keep up with the Joneses. I say this with no other emotions than sorrow and alarm. The company was using famous names to add marquee value to the occasion, the way Martha Graham in recent years has used Liza Minnelli and Nureyev and Halston to help sell her wares. Some of City Ballet's P. R. ideas actually cancelled each other out. Each evening, music by a "major" American composer was given as overture while a painting by a "major" American artist was projected upon the festival's show curtain: and so Elliott Carter's "Elegy" was wholly negated by Francesco Clemente's "Untitled." On closing night, temporary deafness would at times have been a boon. Who could have imagined that this, of all ballet companies, would climax a music festival with a program that started with John Williams's "Olympic Fanfare and Theme" and closed with Ray Charles onstage singing, after other numbers, "Ol' Man River" and "America the Beautiful"? Well, the names *were* famous. But if it had not been for the often superlative dancing, City Ballet would have seemed very much like other ballet companies, and anxious to be so.

LEADING his company for the occasion, Martins shouldered the burden of choreography. We saw nine new works by him (gala items included), in addition to the revivals of "Calcium Light Night" and "Ecstatic Orange." He tackled a wide range of American composers, from George Gershwin and Duke Ellington and Ray Charles to Samuel Barber and John Adams; he choreographed to two large commissioned scores, by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich and Michael Torke. He fashioned the starring female role in each of six works for a different ballerina.

This was Martins at his most ambitious. I wish that any of his major offerings this spring—"Tanzspiel," "The Waltz Project," "Black and White," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "A Fool for You"—had the substance, the coherent dance impulse, of his "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos." I wish that any of them had the academic detail of even "Les Petits Riens" or "Les Gentilhommes." Each new work is entirely distinct: only between "Black and White" and last year's "Ecstatic Orange," both to Torke scores, is there a plain family resemblance. In the Ellington "Sophisticated Lady" and the Gershwin "Tea-Rose" he gave agreeable personal vehicles to, respectively, Suzanne Farrell and Patricia McBride, in which those senior ballerinas could shine with the glamour of ballerinadom and to our delight. Perhaps at this stage we should not hope to see the range of either of these dancers extended. Sad, however, to see the extent to which the roles he made for Merrill Ashley, Heather Watts, Kyra Nichols, and Darci Kistler used effects for which they are already known. New York City Ballet dancers are in danger of becoming as familiar as characters in a TV series. Kyra, Heather, Merrill, Darci: See them in the latest episode.



What surprises there are in the works Martins creates for his dancers are seldom rewarding. In the piece he made for Kistler and a female corps, "The Chairman Dances," he seemed hardly to have focussed on these women or on Adams' music. This score (a by-product of the opera "Nixon in China" and a superb demonstration of Adams' minimalist brilliance) wryly depicts Chairman Mao and his wife dancing in public: the music keeps changing tone, making the listener keenly aware of metre, of structure, of sonority—or so you'd have thought. Martins' ballet, with no Chairman, is minimalist rotework, based on buttery marking steps that don't even catch the music's percussive edge. In the central role, Kistler—like the corps, she's in Chinese attire, including trousers, and point shoes painted like red slippers—is given a few vague, pretty strokes of fake chinoiserie, one knee often turned in in front of the other (it looks more twenties flapper than Mme. Mao). Kistler, a ballerina in her mid-twenties and with a career that's already been wretchedly blighted by injury, showed throughout the festival her startling, adorable talent and her need for precise guidance. But Martins gave her a role with minimum definition. Nor was anything made of the corps-and-ballerina structure. To Martins, musical minimalism, China, and Kistler all proved incidental.

What's odd is that, for all the differences of idiom among the pieces, Martins' major works this spring added up to the same thing every time: neatly contrived structures and, by way of dance content, attitudinizing of one kind or another. The effect is both slick and empty. Nowhere is this more apparent or more irritating than in the two Torke works. Both announce rather too loudly that they've been sired by the Balanchine-Stravinsky collaboration: in particular, by "Agon" and "Symphony in Three Movements." The taut rhythms of those ballets are replaced in "Ecstatic Orange" by aerobic energizing, for the corps, and, for the leading couple, pseudo-erotic flamboyance. Despite the smart veneer of Torke's score, its rhythms aren't supportive, they're reductive; they all turn out to be disco-related. They're no better in "Black and White," though Torke gives us here a more marked imitation of the sonority of Stravinsky thirties and forties scores. Martins bases the dance structure of this work on two binary principles (sex, male or female; costume, black or white), on which he builds a pyramid of arithmetical games. The dance material is all self-conscious chic: it's virtually all variations on the flourished or flipped wrist. Rhythm in these two works amounts to little more than metre, and gesture is used merely as façade.

The same proves true in "The Waltz Project," a long work made for four couples, designed, surely, to be a "Liebeslieder Walzer" *de nos jours*. Martins has often shown that he's choreographing with one or more Balanchine ballets in mind; but has he ever so openly declared that he's making a reply-to-Balanchine ballet? The score is a string of waltzes by twentieth-century composers of all kinds; Martins' ballet is an unsentimental affair about the generation that doesn't waltz anyway. (At the end, we're shown a backdrop of Manhattan skyscrapers looming up from a graffiti-strewn wall—an unduly obvious way of telling us that the setting of this work is not the romantic ballroom of "Liebeslieder" or the fantasy city of "Who Cares?" It says, "This is New York and it's 1988." At the very end, the crudest touch of all: dollar signs are projected onto the cityscape.) The ballet is a catalogue of ingenious and extreme examples of partnering. As in "Liebeslieder," each couple has a different relationship. But Martins seems to reject an obvious point about dramatic male-female duets: that they are persuasive only if we see the relationship developing with the dance. Each of his couples seems to be stuck in a groove at a time of crisis. None of them acquire dignity from it: the men are manipulative without motive; and the women become trivialized. As if deliberately trying *not* to make a star vehicle here, Martins has cast the work with eight soloists who don't have any grand powers of personal projection. "The Waltz Project" is a long ballet about little men and little women.

Sexual relationships never run deep in Martins' choreography. Facile in every sense is "A Fool for You," to Ray Charles songs, intended to close the festival in funky rock-and-roll spirit. The emotions of the three couples in this piece run rather less deep than those of John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in "Grease." In the title song, Heather Watts and Jock Soto don't poke fun *at* each other; each makes insulting gestures *about* the other from behind, addressed to the audience. The duet ends with Soto making rabbit ears behind Watts's head. If the number were meant as teasing, this would be harmless enough. But Watts's role features harsh lifts; she's slung back, forth, and around. Here, as in so many of her roles, she dances like a glutton for punishment; there's a degree of glorying masochism in her performances that makes her the company's Pina Bausch ballerina. Alas, she is also its Peter Martins ballerina: she alone of the company's ballerinas danced in the two pre-1988 Martins ballets being shown; and she alone was given roles in two of his major premières. That she was intended to emerge as the festival's star there can be little doubt. The Watts-Soto partnership was given no fewer than five new vehicles. One of them, Richard Tanner's "Sonatas and Interludes," might emerge as a serious essay in classical style if it were performed by more refined dancers; and even Robert Weiss's "Archetypes," the most god-awful and pretentious new work to have been staged by this company for many a year, could have done with more purely turned-out dancing in Watts's first scene. (The same is now true of "Calcium Light Night.")

Kyra Nichols was given two new parts by Martins, but one of these was merely the Astaire section of "Fred and George," his poorest and briefest offering. She pranced on point, Christopher d'Amboise tapped, and there was a cane for one or the other of them to hold or twirl. Her other new Martins role, in "Tanzspiel," would probably have suited Watts better; but it is nonetheless a role in which Nichols' purity and power make a sad and telling impact. The work's commissioned score, by Ellen Taaffe Zwilich,

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is moody film music. ("Yes," said a companion, "for 'North by Northwest.' ") Nichols and Lindsay Fischer are its central couple, seen at first walking dejectedly on separate paths. What happens between them has been widely supposed to be based on the Robert Chambers case: they meet, she eggs him on into increasingly intense situations, approaches him with her hair down, and places his hands upon her neck as if daring him to throttle her. She does indeed die, in due course, and the hero lives on, slightly more dejected. "Tanzspiel," however, doesn't read as a sex-and-murder ballet, at any rate with its present cast. Its pained solemnity and its use of a male and female corps evoke Robbins' "Opus 19—The Dreamer," and, like that work, "Tanzspiel" recalls a number of Balanchine muse-and-poet ballets—in particular, "Meditation." But Nichols here is not an apparition whose voluptuousness and elusiveness haunt, tantalize, and inspire Fischer; she's a potent, lost soul who makes little headway with his none too Romantic lassitude. What drama there is in "Tanzspiel" is a kind we've never encountered before at the State Theatre—that of a muse whose poet fails her and who dies rejected. *Absit omen.*

The festival rolled on, the Martins premières grew more frequent, and his share of the programs became larger. Was it part of a plan that, whereas the opening gala included three items by Balanchine, one complete three-movement work by Robbins, but just one *pièce d'occasion* by Martins, the closing night had four by Martins and none by Robbins or Balanchine? Mr. B. was invoked—in the second section of "Fred and George," set to his own song. Here N.Y.C.B. girls were seen gossiping and propping up the bar and flirting with the waiters at O'Neals Baloon restaurant. At the end, an unflattering caricature by Al Hirschfeld was projected on the backdrop, depicting "George" at the ivories. The girls and waiters all waved at it. So long, Balanchine.

In his role as Balanchine's heir, Martins showed no greater hubris than in echoing the famous Balanchine-Graham collaboration of 1959, "Episodes," in which the two masters of their trade made separate works to Webern music, each taking one dancer from the other's company. The Graham dancer used by Balanchine was Paul Taylor; after Taylor's departure, the solo made for him was not danced again until, in 1986, he revived it on the New York City Ballet dancer Peter Frame. Now, for performances in the festival's last week and the one succeeding, City Ballet joined forces with Paul Taylor's company. Taylor made "Danbury Mix," to Ives music, for his own company plus Frame. Martins, using Kate Johnson from the Taylor troupe and the ex-Taylor dancer David Parsons in a foursome with the City Ballet principals Merrill Ashley and Adam Lüders, choreographed "Barber Violin Concerto." He chose the inferior but more popular score and made an inferior, more popular work. It's too obviously schematized as a drama of "Classical" meeting "Modern." The first movement reads as "We and They" (for the two couples), preserving separate idioms. Second movement: "Partner-Swapping Can Be Enriching," for Ashley and Parsons. Third movement: "Or Not," for Johnson and Lüders. The women are shown to advantage on their first entrances. The phrases in which we first see Ashley dancing are punctuated by flowing arabesques and are attractively responsive to a motif of Barber's score. Lüders echoes them, though without Ashley's glow. But, as the steps return with each musical repeat, we've soon seen them too often.

When Johnson enters with Parsons, she literally runs rings round him—softly, swiftly, beautifully. His material is really just a series of parallel-leg poses in which he raises his turned-back arms like antlers: this involves bent elbows and shoulders hoisted up to his ears.

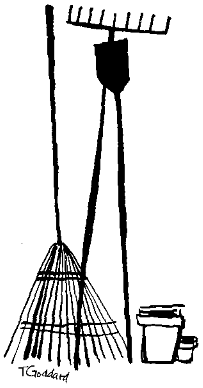
And the work never develops its four characters beyond that. Worse, it turns each of them into a cliché. Johnson comes off best, because her scuttling, comic antics suit her energy. Ashley's role is clearly designed as a portrait of the "feeling" ballerina known in such Balanchine works as "Ballade" (becomingly made for her in 1980), but though it's always fascinating to watch her combination of luxuriance and fastidious precision, this is really her Hollywood-romantic view of herself. The moment when she crouches low and then rears up at the touch of Parsons' hand—her hair suddenly loose (as in the "Serenade" Elegy)—misfires comically; and it isn't justified by the surrounding choreography, which shows no instantaneous transformation. It's just a duet of gradual compromise on her part, and, once Ashley has acquired the modern-dance elbows from Parsons, it's plain she's in decline. The final movement, in which Johnson—running, running, running—is a gadfly to Lüders, is bad farce, and encourages Lüders to exaggerate the troubled-visionary performance he gives in several romantic Balanchine ballets. Despite its title, "Barber Violin Concerto" is no more about its score than is Robbins' "Gershwin Concerto": it's a collection of anecdotes occasionally prompted by emotional response to what's heard—mood music.

Martins is an enigma. There is modesty in the way he makes ballets to serve his company; there is expertise. He is a professional craftsman, skilled in employing academic technique, stage space, music. But his craftsmanship doesn't deepen his work, it just gives it gloss. His ballets show no personal need to create, no expressive impulse. "I'm just a plumber, mending pipes," Balanchine used to say; Peter Martins seems to have taken this to heart.

EVEN in a festival so clearly concerned with putting out feelers for the future, there were too many signs of tactlessness about the past. "Fred and George" was one. Since a central image of Balanchine ballet is woman on point, it was perverse to start the three weeks with “Rhapsody in Blue,” made by Lar Lubovitch for the company to dance in soft shoes, and to end it with “A Fool for You,” in boots and shoes. For another guest choreographer, Eliot Feld, the chance to create for the festival may have been a homecoming, since as a boy in 1954 he was Balanchine’s Nutcracker Prince. But also in 1954 Balanchine made “Ivesiana.” Why, on the anniversary of Balanchine’s death, present Feld’s use of some of the same Ives music in “The Unanswered Question”? And why revive “Ivesiana” ten days later? In the context of a festival, comparisons would be inevitable, and Feld was not likely to emerge to his advantage.

Feld and Lubovitch are obvious instances of choreographers that New York City Ballet didn’t need to invite. They made works that were advances for themselves but not for the company. “Rhapsody in Blue” was as unaffected a response to the Gershwin score as Lubovitch could make, and his work was helped by being set on City Ballet dancers. He has too limited a capacity as a choreographer to get far with this tricky music, and relies too obviously on canon. (Again and again we saw the corps de ballet in lifts peeling away into the wings and then peeling back on again.) All he can do with the big climax is have everyone advance in unison high kicks. Feld’s work makes a less passive response to his score. His was an absurdist, surrealist ballet, with creatures who were half male, half musical instrument (one a drum, another a sousaphone); a girl pedalling here, there, and nowhere on a silver tricycle; and Valentina Kozlova (who to me has always been the kind of beauty who rises from the sea in a James Bond movie) slowly pulled up out of the prompter’s box in fifth position, wearing a Noguchi-style bikini. There is expression in these Ives pieces which Feld ignores, but he made a watchable work. Unlike several of the festival’s offerings, it belonged on a stage. But not *this* stage.

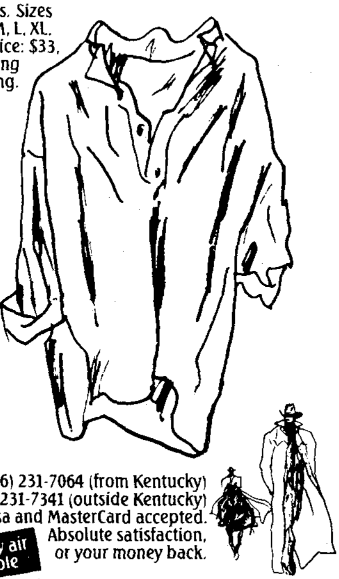
The inclusion of works by Laura Dean and William Forsythe is the surest sign that in this festival City Ballet was trying to catch up with the look of other ballet companies. Dean has her own company and has also made work for the Joffrey Ballet. She is a minimalist choreographer, who choreographs to minimalist music. To my ear, Steve Reich’s music develops more layers than she chooses to deal with in this work, “Space.” Space is something she handles largely by numbers. She employs a big male and female corps de ballet (in white), whom she sets moving in various travelling steps. The image of the female corps, in two rows, spinning in chaîné turns apart and then back together, dresses opening out and filling the stage with rippling white, is one of the festival’s more distinctive memories. There are individual thrills for balletomanes here. Who could not admire the fullness of movement that Peter Boal, who usually led the male corps in each new sequence, brought to every passage? But Dean’s use of the four principals (in black) is ludicrous: they have *less* to do than the corps and are worse company. “Space” keeps saying, “A step is a step is a step . . .”: a thin experience, and tedious.



Forsythe, who is the director of the Frankfurt Ballet, made a long piece to a taped score by Leslie Stuck, called “Behind the China Dogs,” which may have been the most warmly acclaimed event of the festival. It’s a perversion. Here was Balanchine ballet technique being employed for poseur effects. Surely Forsythe is the model Martins has in mind when in the two Torke ballets he deploys the look of “Agon” in so glibly modish a manner? “Behind the China Dogs” makes aggression look sexy and technique look like radical chic, and makes all of it look fashionably harsh and hollow. The four women are uniformed in black, hair pulled back; the four men are in vests and shorts. The overhead lighting catches the men’s thighs and hair and emphasizes the women’s anonymity. The dancers are excellent, but Forsythe doesn’t extend them—he exaggerates them, and he goes on doing so for some twenty-five minutes.

It was to be predicted that several of the works by members and ex-members of the company would be unsuccessful. A pity that some of them were allowed to run up expensive bills for design and music without trying to make much dancing. In too many cases, it seems that the chance to work with City Ballet meant not work with the world’s greatest ballet company but Costumes! Scenery! Special effects! In Bart Cook’s “Into the Hopper,” famous paintings come to life, and Jeppe Mydtskov falls in love with Maria Calegari, a Euridice who has stepped out of Hopper’s “Nighthawks.” This was accompanied by William Bolcom’s “Orphée Sérénade,” but Cook showed less interest in this than in a film onstage which Mydtskov and Calegari enter as part of their escape from the baddies. Robert Weiss’s “Archetypes” is a Watts-Soto vehicle in which Watts starts as a ballerina (Soto is aghast when suddenly he sees *bien-aimée* hideously *métamorphosée* by a clown mask), becomes “The Maidenform Woman” (Soto is the leader of seven admirals, who rape her), and ends up as a waif (protected by Soto “the Running Man”). This involved commissioned music by Paul Schwartz (another movie score), four changes of décor, and costumes for fifty-odd dancers. May it never be forgotten, and may it never be seen again. “Five,” by Jean-Pierre Bonnefoux, went through several scene changes, too, in two of which huge black objects, like telephone receivers, hung down from above. (The hot line to Balanchine and Stravinsky, I presumed.) Bonnefoux is not a sophisticated enough choreographer to illumine his music here—another new score, a complex affair for orchestra and amplified cello by Wuorinen—but one could at any rate be grateful for a ballet that was a construction of movement and steps. It got nowhere, apart from providing Maria Calegari with a few great dance moments—in particular a travelling brisé lift where her beating legs and feet cut the air with burning precision.

Amid so much that was trying hard to be new, it would be easy to brush aside Robert LaFosse’s ballet to Edward MacDowell’s “Woodland Sketches.” For four couples in pretty Edwardian dress, this work came close to cliché and sentimentality. But no other N.Y.C.B. choreographer showed so fine a sensitivity. The characters and relationships shown in its duets and solos not only developed but shifted unpredictably; and LaFosse choreographed more gratefully for the in-



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dividual gifts of his dancers—in particular Kozlova, Stephanie Saland, and, especially, Kistler—than anyone else. The festival's most forgettable works were Ib Andersen's "Baroque Variations," to Lukas Foss music, and Christopher d'Amboise's "The Bounding Line," to Aaron Copland's Second Symphony. I enjoyed some of the stylistic niceties in Violette Verdy's "Set of Seven" and the worm's-eye view of Balanchine in Miriam Mahdaviani's "The Newcomers," which seems to tell the following little story: "We're the corps de ballet, and you see? We get all the best steps, and we're happy. In fact, all the soloists base their steps on ours, they're so jealous. There's a handsome leading man; but it's lonely at the top, and he's miserable. But I dance with him, and *that* cheers him up; and later I let my girlfriends dance with him, too. Some stars come on, in their colored costumes, but who cares about them? Your heart's with us off in the wings. When we come back, he still likes me best. And we in the corps keep on having a fine time. Soon the others realize: if you can't beat us, join us. And they do."

I have saved the best première till last, because it is eventually irrelevant to New York City Ballet. I mean Taylor's "Danbury Mix." This is a peculiar work, and at its première I wasn't sure what I'd seen except I knew that Taylor had listened to his music more penetratingly than any other choreographer in the festival. As in a Balanchine ballet, one hears the music better for watching. From the score (taken from three separate Ives works) he takes conflicts of elegant conviviality and brutish force, mysterious rituals and bright festivity. It's one of Taylor's dark and obscure pieces, and it is not suddenly elucidated by a second or third viewing. Karla Wolfangle is a multifaceted priestess figure; Peter Frame appears in just one section, dancing some of the most clearly Taylorish steps in a ballet that is full of Taylorisms. It builds strangely and powerfully, and it has many haunting moments, such as when Wolfangle is surrounded by three rings of chasing dancers: she stares at them helplessly, and then, as they vanish, falls in terror to the floor. The work's many moods are a perfect complement to the odd layerings of Ives' music. Loneliness within a crowd, satire and sweetness combined, the comedy of brutality: I heard and saw these things at the same time. The juxtaposition of composer and choreographer is so right that I'm surprised we haven't seen more Ives works from Taylor. Unlike any other première in the festival, "Danbury Mix" is both deeply American and a work of art.

GOING to the Balanchines amid all this was, of course, like coming home, even with the disturbing mysteries of "Ivesiana," a work I had never seen before. In all six Balanchine works one could see dancers being given tests and opportunities that nothing else in the festival provided. This is true even of the restored third movement of "Western Symphony," although at the first performance one couldn't help feeling that it doesn't have enough for Kyra Nichols. (The second-cast Nichol Hlinka finds it a more fitting challenge.) The male role is juicier: Damian Woetzel (or Carlo Merlo) has a lovely line of big temps de flèche that wait in the air, then a comic series of sidewise jumps with feet tucked up together which get faster and smaller and sillier. "Ivesiana" apart, these pieces showed Balanchine at his most "popular" ("Western," "Stars and Stripes," "Tarantella," "Who Cares?," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue"). I suspect that some people who'd been cheering Forsythe's and Dean's and Martins' works must have dismissed these ballets the way that in London supporters of Kenneth MacMillan have long viewed most of Frederick Ashton: master confectionery, of course, but escapism. "This is the *eighties*," I heard people say as they defended "The Waltz Project" or "Behind the China Dogs." But, except for "Danbury Mix," the great events of the festival were all in the Balanchine ballets: the débuts of Darci Kistler in "Slaughter," of Peter Boal in "Stars and Stripes" and, with Nichol Hlinka, in "Tarantella;" Maria Calegari in the fourth movement of "Western;" and, above all, Kyra Nichols, on April 27th, in a transcendent "Stars and Stripes." It is not nostalgia for a happier era of ballet that motivates those of us who hailed these performances, and it is not piety toward the dead. It is simply that Balanchine choreography is itself a festival. Watching it, we are more alive than under any other circumstances.

—ALASTAIR MACAULAY

MUSICAL EVENTS

Marking Time

SEVERAL conductors have begun—with striking results—to perform Beethoven's symphonies in the belief that the composer meant what he wrote when he affixed metronome marks to his movements. John Mauceri has begun to do the same for Verdi, in productions of "Rigoletto" and "Aida;" and in Wilmington, Delaware, last month David Lawton conducted a "Ballo in Maschera" taking cognizance of Verdi's metronome marks. The exact figures, although mathematically precise in a way that dynamic indications (*mf*, *ppppp*) and verbal tempo indications (*andante mosso quasi allegretto*, Verdi's instruction for the second-act finale of "Ballo") cannot be, are not sacrosanct. The acoustic properties of a particular house and the technical abilities of particular artists may suggest adjustments that lead to a more effective performance. Moreover, as both Beethoven and Brahms declared, emotions cannot be confined by a figure. But there is enough of a pattern in Verdi's marks to suggest that he had a sense of recurrent or related tempi's playing a part in the dramatic structure. The "Ballo" prelude begins at quarter note 63, which is sustained through the opening chorus, doubled at Riccardo's entrance, resumed at Renato's entrance, and doubled again in the final chorus of the scene. The second scene begins at 63 (Ulrica's invocation), and 63 and 126 are recurrent indications. In the final scene, each measure of the (triple-time) dance music, at quarter note 96, matches—as closely as metronome figures allow—a 4/4 measure at the "basic" 126 tempo. Meanwhile, another set of related tempi involves 80 (Riccardo's "La rivedrà," the close of Act I, the start of Act II), 40 (Renato's "Alla vita"), and 160 (key moments in the love duet and in Act III). One should not make too much of this. Verdi's tempo structures, like his large-scale harmonic structures, yield to the dramatic needs of the moment. But it is surely not coincidence that Renato's "Eri tu" and Riccardo's "Ma se m'è forza perderti" move at the same pulse, quarter note 52, or that the chorus in its final cry of "Notte d'orror!" ironically echoes, at quarter note 152, its earlier greeting of a "notte de' cari istanti."

Quarter note 40 for "Alla vita" is impossibly slow. (One suspects a misprint, but Mr. Lawton tells me that the autograph confirms the printed scores.) Even Battistini, that master of unhurried grandeur, set a basic tempo of about 66 in his 1907 recording of the aria, and so do Claudio Abbado and Riccardo Muti in their complete modern recordings. So did Mr. Lawton. I did not follow the Wilmington performance metronome in hand—I went to enjoy the opera, not to measure it—and, from the tempo point of view, was conscious mainly of sustained impetus and of speeds often a shade slower than usual which seemed to increase the dramatic tension of the situations. Contrariwise, Riccardo's cry, "*con entusiasmo*," of "Sì, rivederti, Amelia" (after his last aria) became wonderfully passionate and exciting at the tempo of the *festa* music around it; Abbado and Muti—despite Verdi's metronome mark, reinforced by "*lo stesso movimento*"—drop to nearly half speed here.

Wilmington's Grand Opera House is an excellent Victorian theatre, seating fewer than twelve hundred. The pit is small. Mr. Lawton had reduced the orchestration, dispensing with the second oboe, two of the four horns, the second and third trombones, and the cimbasso. He had the pit set rather too deep for self-righting balance between the players and the stage. But every detail told, and the words—Mr. Lawton's own English translation—came across well. (At my performance, there was a substitute Renato, who knew the role only in Italian; the absurdity of an American artist's gabbing away in a foreign tongue to an Amer-

"The first one to fall asleep gets today's competitive-edge award."

ican audience was fortuitously but convincingly demonstrated.) The locale was moved from late-seventeenth-century Boston to the late-eighteenth-century Stockholm of Verdi's original intention (except when Ulrica referred to hearing a rattlesnake). Behavior, in Leland Kimball's staging, was more matey than regal; Ulrica, on learning the King's identity, did not drop to her knees but threw a friendly arm round the monarch's shoulders while warning him that her prophecy was true. There were tiresome pantomimes during the preludes to Acts I and II (anything rather than expect a modern audience to pay attention to music!), but otherwise it was a clean production. David Gordon's décor was simple, adequate, and pleasing.

Philip Bologna, the Riccardo/Gustav, sang with unstrained, ample tones and in a direct, unaffected way that made him a successful hero. He must learn to melt more readily—should study Gigli and Bergonzi, perhaps. He did produce dulcet, melting tones on "oo" vowels at the close of the Act III duettino—where Mr. Lawton renders the final "Addio"s as "Farewell to you." Susan Marie Pierson, the Amelia, was confident, and had a voice of agreeable quality in soft middle-register passages. Jacalyn Bower, the Ulrica, was firm and focussed. Four seasons ago, Opera Delaware presented "La Traviata," and, the following season, "Aida," from scores newly edited by Mr. Lawton, a sterling Verdi conductor, who gives form and sound to the discoveries of scholarship. This "Ballo" confirmed the company's reputation for fresh, spirited, and stylishly studied Verdi performances, executed with modest means. "Stiffelio" is billed for next season.

—ANDREW PORTER

●

RELIGIOUS NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Greenfield* (*Mass.*) *Recorder*]

GREENFIELD—The 7 p.m. Maundy Thursday service is in celebration of Christ's last summer. There will be baptism and communion.

●

Drug interdiction efforts at the California-U.S. border will be dramatically increased by a new anti-drug bill introduced by California Senator Pete Wilson and 26 colleagues.—*Fort Bragg* (*Calif.*) *Advocate-News.*

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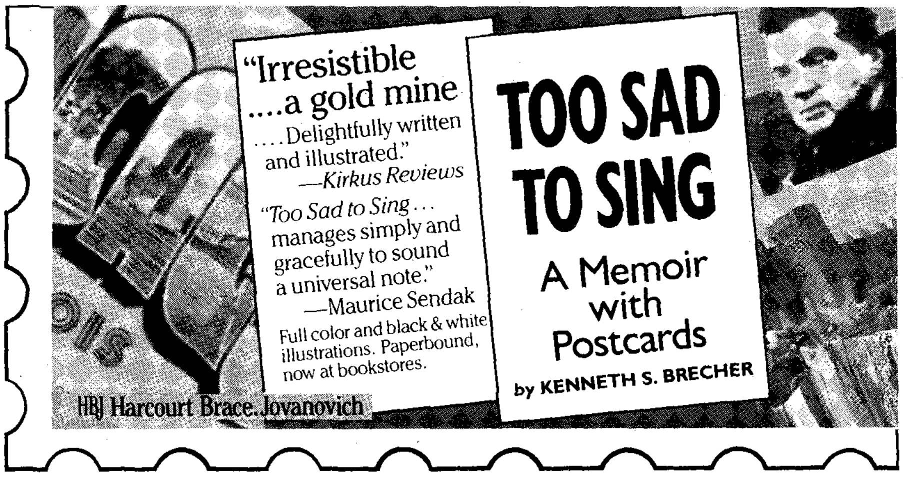

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THE heritage of Marxism is, God knows, a destructive one. But the Marxist method and the reflexes of sensibility which Marx's historicism and materialism underwrite have proved suggestive far beyond the disastrous realities of politics and social despotism. Because of Marx, our understanding and our imagination inhabit a vividly circumstantial world. Almost unawares, we have been awakened to the ideological rhetoric and the strategic gestures that are at work under the masks of symbolic and aesthetic forms. There is a rudimentary but revelatory sense in which our realization that chamber music demands certain specific spaces and patronage relations, or that the bursts of light in some Renaissance paintings depended strictly on the investment in certain pigments and gold leaf, or that the genius of Dickens' narratives is inseparable from innovations in the mass-marketing of fiction, is a Marxist realization. The fact that these perceptions currently strike us as mere common sense shows the power of their source.

While a diffuse, internalized Marxist methodology remains prevalent in art history, in literary studies, and in the analysis of the development of musical means and modes, recent sociology and anthropology have added Adam Smith to the repertoire. Smith's subtle diagnosis of the manifold ways in which mercantile relations, the rationalization of the dialogue between maker and user, and the actual and symbolic (monetary) circulation of the energies of wealth and use penetrate the fabric of personal consciousness and communal action now stimulates aesthetic and critical reflection. Even the most seemingly mandarin, innovative executive acts by an artist or poet or thinker—perhaps even the choices of the mathematician—turn out to be embedded within the humdrum but imperious constraints of technical availabilities, of market conditions, and of consumption. Even the art that proclaims itself to be for art's sake is art for a producer and a consumer.

Svetlana Alpers' "Rembrandt's Enterprise: The Studio and the Market" (University of Chicago; $29.95) is an outright example of art history resulting from the illuminating pressure of economic, sociological, and, in the root sense, anthropological observation. Professor Alpers is a distinguished expert in the paintings and the ambience of the Dutch masters. But her choice of theme here has a particular challenge. Together with Cézanne and van Gogh, Rembrandt has traditionally stood for the myth of artistic isolation. Romanticism saw in him, as in Beethoven, with whom he was routinely matched, the titanic and exemplary scenario of the lone, increasingly unrecognized genius and explorer of transcendent places whom public misunderstanding and economic destitution goaded to new heights of defiant vision. Subsequent scholarship and critical sobriety have amended numerous elements in this emblematic portrayal. Nonetheless, the sheer apartness, the enigmatic obscurity, the obsessive self-reference in the later Rembrandt have continued to exercise a mythical spell. As Professor Alpers points out, the sense of Rembrandt's

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strangeness is being accentuated just now by the fact that so many of his paintings, including some of the most celebrated, are being reassigned to lesser or collaborative hands.

Professor Alpers queries neither the stature nor the originality of Rembrandt's works. She is determined to place them within a specific framework of production and reception. She writes with pungent clarity, and her closely sequential theses can be readily summarized. Rembrandt's strength and idiosyncrasy reside, first of all, in his actual handling of paint. The true, central matter of his canvases is their urgent materiality. What reaches out to us is Rembrandt's constructivist thickness—even verticality—of paint. Masses of paint, often worked with a palette knife, rise toward us and demand attention. The relevant forms are perceived inside the swirl and stab of pigments. It is not the case that Rembrandt could not draw hands well, but the hands of Lucretia or of Aristotle reach toward us as compacted shadows within paint. The paradox is one that Borges would have treasured. Rembrandt paints for and toward blindness. His surfaces almost cry out to be touched. Professor Alpers says:

> Rembrandt investigates blindness or its symptoms in order to heighten our sense of the activity of perception. The father's eyes [in "The Return of the Prodigal Son"] appear to be drained of sight, as if they were literally dimmed in respect to the immediate contact offered by the laying on of hands. One could say the same thing about Rembrandt's fascination with the blessings bestowed by the blind Jacob or Isaac. Blindness is not invoked with reference to a higher spiritual insight, but to call attention to the activity of touch in our experience of the world. Rembrandt represents touch as the embodiment of sight. . . . And it is relevant to recall that the analogy between sight and touch had its technical counterpart in Rembrandt's handling of the paint: his exploitation of the reflection of natural light off high relief to intensify highlights and cast shadows unites the visible and the substantial.

The action in a Rembrandt painting, she adds, is in essence the action of painting. But this concept of action needs to be looked at more closely. The sumptuous drama that strikes us in so many of Rembrandt's groupings, the exotic, lovingly assembled costumes worn by his sitters, the very theatricality of his famous effects of light and dark point to a scenic model. This is Alpers' second thesis—that Rembrandt used his studio as a stage, and his students and assistants acted out diverse dramatic scenes. "Real life," so far as this tag has any verifiable status at all, was perceived via movements and confrontations carefully staged and performed in the studio. To model, argues Alpers, is to act. The modelling by those arresting beggars, by those stout neighbors draped in Oriental splendor, by the women whom Rembrandt chose as wives and mistresses is a performance—a narrative action of which the painter is the producer and director. Thus the Louvre "Bathsheba," she says, "can be described as the memorial in paint of what it is to view a woman acting as a nude model." Even nakedness—or perhaps nakedness *par excellence*—is a kind of "dressing up." And one asks, inevitably, what was there in the sensibility of the early seventeenth century—so notable in Shakespeare—that led the European imagination to theatricalize life, to dwell insistently on the scenic quality of perceived experience.

The third principal argument put forward in this study follows directly. Both Rembrandt's life and his art were "studio events." Drawings from life outside the studio are rare in Rembrandt. (Alpers details one macabre instance.) The spaces that his subjects inhabit with such unsettling density—defined, as they are, by the play and counterplay of light on helmet and golden chain, on withered skin and woven fabric—are, in the strongest sense, "interiors." Even "The Nightwatch," with its awesome scale and its pulsing but illogical motions, is the product of a studio vision. One of that painting's structural motives and pivots is the willful piling on of paint and glaze in the red shoulder patch of one of the self-dramatizing and scenically posed burghers. It is wholly within the mastered privacy of the studio that Rembrandt devises and acts out the successive monologues of self-portraiture. It is here that he bestows upon himself—like a child garbing himself in borrowed or hybrid finery—the wealth implicit in golden ornaments, in royal turbans or plumes. It is inside his atelier, where his authority is godlike, that Rembrandt fixes, in desire or sorrow, on the pristine firmness or the twilit sag of woman's flesh. Rembrandt's late canvases, with their adumbration (literal) of secrecy, are, Professor Alpers writes in a striking analogy, "closet dramas," scripts for entirely private performance:

> The effect of singularity and of individuality given off by Rembrandt's works is a product of this master's domination of the world he brought into the studio. Retirement to rule, and the delight mixed with the horror in the discovery that the self alone is what one rules, is a familiar scenario from Prospero on his island to Monet in his garden. . . . Rembrandt was not the discoverer, but one of the inventors of that individual state. And so his late works became a touchstone for what western culture, from his day until our own, has taken as the irreducible uniqueness of the individual.

From the thronged enclosedness of the studio, Svetlana Alpers' study concludes, Rembrandt pursued his three aims: the retention of his freedom, the autonomous making of his art, and the acquisition of money. All three—the fierce privacy, the technical apartness, the dreamed-of opulence—are indeed represented in that iconic figure, whether (debate is now furious) it is actually by Rembrandt or instead by someone in his studio: "The Man with the Golden Helmet."

This is unquestionably a brisk and highly intelligent analysis. (Illustrations are copious.) Professor Alpers is a historian with an eye for the telling detail. Nevertheless, one is left somewhat disappointed. The Rembrandt monograph is far less convincing than its predecessor, "The Art of Describing," of which it may, in fact, be an offshoot. In part, this is a matter of sheer cleverness. Wordplay and thought-clusters around the crucial terms "act" and "performance" are made to carry a burden of purported insight quite in excess of their substance. "Fictions of enactment" is a characteristically modish turn, now very much in fashion among the "new historicist" school, of which Professor Alpers is, in her own vein, a distinguished representative. The theatricalities of a Calderón, of a Shakespeare, of baroque architecture are no less explicit than Rembrandt's, but they are, concretely, "out-of-doors" and far from the psychology of the studio. What discriminations ought to be drawn? The landscapes in Rembrandt's etchings are as finely observed, as atmospheric, as any we have in seventeenth-century art. Can it be shown that their actual production inside the studio has in any way affected their immediacy? In self-portraiture, Alpers observes, Rembrandt is presenting himself as a model in the theatrical mode: "His performance of the artist as model is matched to the performance of his brush." One gnaws at the sentence. It sounds insightful. Yet what does it really tell us? In what serious self-portrait, be it Dürer's or Delacroix's or Bacon's, is the painter's "performance" (that loaded word) not "matched to the performance of his brush"?

Rembrandt still abides our questions. It is, most assuredly, important that he be placed within the technical devices and the market conditions that, materially, engendered his works. But such placing does not resolve the major problems. The "strangeness" to which Alpers adverts is one of a deepening darkness and weight of darkness (as in the riddling last paintings of Goya). Together with the essays of Montaigne and the quartets of Shostakovich, the sequence of Rembrandt's self-portraits constitutes what may well be the preëminent discipline of introspection—of controlled descent into the creative self—in Western psychology. Theatricality may be a useful notion in respect to the outward trappings of some (but only some) of these boundlessly inward, searching meditations. It misses the core. Somewhere at the heart of Rembrandt's enterprise seems to lie the dread realization that time is on the side of the brushstroke, and not on that of the hand: that the supreme artist—and Rembrandt knew himself to be one—is a formidable creator but his aging and his ineluctable death make of such creation a sort of blasphemy. (Dying, Flaubert pronounced his bitterness over the unworried survival of Emma Bovary.) Was it speculations of this order that drew Rembrandt so close to the Jewish world of Amsterdam—to the very community of sentiment in which art plays so minor and suspect a role? These are not the kinds of issues that Professor Alpers addresses. Paul Claudel did. His pages on Rembrandt are needed still. —GEORGE STEINER

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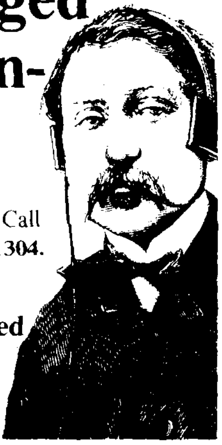

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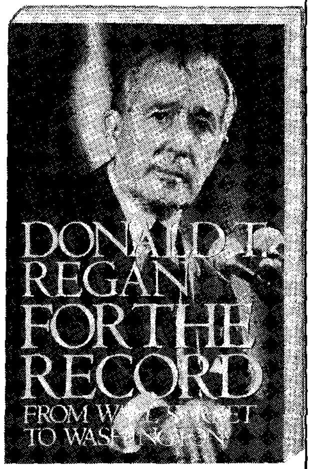

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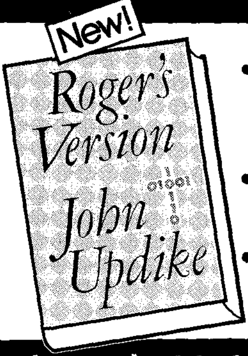

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ROBERT SHAPLEN

Robert Shaplen, who died a few days ago, at the age of seventy-one, had his first byline in these pages in 1943, and from 1952 on he was a much admired and marvellously productive member of our editorial staff. He wrote nearly a hundred and fifty pieces for us, on a broad range of subjects—Alfred Nobel, a nineteenth-century sex scandal, a notorious embezzlement case, Delmonico's—but his most important contribution consisted of dozens of illuminating reports from abroad: articles from, among other places, Algeria, Cuba, France, Ireland, Israel, Yugoslavia, and Zimbabwe. But Asia, whose "mysteries and joys" he loved, was where he was most at home, and, accordingly, there were pieces from Bangladesh, Burma, Cambodia, China, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Laos, Macao, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Taiwan, Thailand, and Vietnam. Professor John K. Fairbank, the eminent China scholar, appraised one collection of these as "the most illuminating work on Southeast Asia that any Western observer has yet produced."

Bob first visited Vietnam, briefly, in 1946, though it was only in 1962 that he began reporting regularly from that country. His initial piece was followed by more than sixty long, informative, and often saddening accounts of the turmoil in that region. The conclusion of a piece published in October of 1966 went, "The Communist strategy, it would appear, is still one of continuing the war until finally, for political reasons, the United States is ready to quit." Bob was always in search of political reasons, and of rational politicians who could provide them. If he had been asked what he believed in, he might have said human rights and self-determination in the face of modern tyranny—political, economic, and technological. Once, explaining to a colleague his quixotically persistent hope that some sort of democracy could be kept alive in Vietnam and Cambodia, he said, "I guess I'm just an obsolete nineteenth-century social democrat."

Bob was a tall, handsome, physically imposing man, with dark hair and prominent dark eyebrows, and he spoke in a deep, throaty voice that commanded attention. Friends sometimes referred to him, even in his presence, simply as Shaplen, as if he were an institution, and maybe he was. Shaplen was a meticulous observer, an astute listener, and a faithful recorder, with thousands of well-placed sources, a broad sense of the sweep of history, and a refusal to let his own substantial contribution to the historical record be distracted or warped by the social or ideological fashions of the moment. He was a territorial man, fiercely protective of what he construed to be his turf. His friends always looked forward to trips to his bailiwick—pan-Asian, in his view—because they could count on running into him, and being enlightened by him, somewhere: perhaps at the Manila Hotel, or at his own comfortable Repulse Bay digs, in Hong Kong (he lived there for sixteen years), or, in the sixties and seventies, in Saigon, where if one wanted to take a helicopter ride Shaplen could readily commandeer a general's chopper. When a *New Yorker* colleague and friend once turned up in Hong Kong and announced that he was en route to Bangkok to write an article on Thailand, Shaplen at first professed outrage and then, no less characteristically, provided the visitor with the names, addresses, and unlisted phone numbers of his own best sources there.

For all the seriousness with which he justifiably took his life's work, Bob was a lighthearted and engaging companion. He loved sports, both as spectator and as participant, and when one Cape Cod weekend hostess thought it would be nice to unpack for him while he was on her tennis court she found in his bag not much besides a baseball glove and a pair of spikes. Bob fancied himself a third baseman, and he took great pride in being able, even at age seventy, to execute the long throw across the diamond to first. In his last days, he clung to his longtime priorities: while others pored over his hospital charts, he seemed impatient to be discharged, so that he could organize his notes from a swing around Korea and Vietnam and tidy up proofs of a piece he had recently completed about China. Until the very end, he remained a consummate pro.

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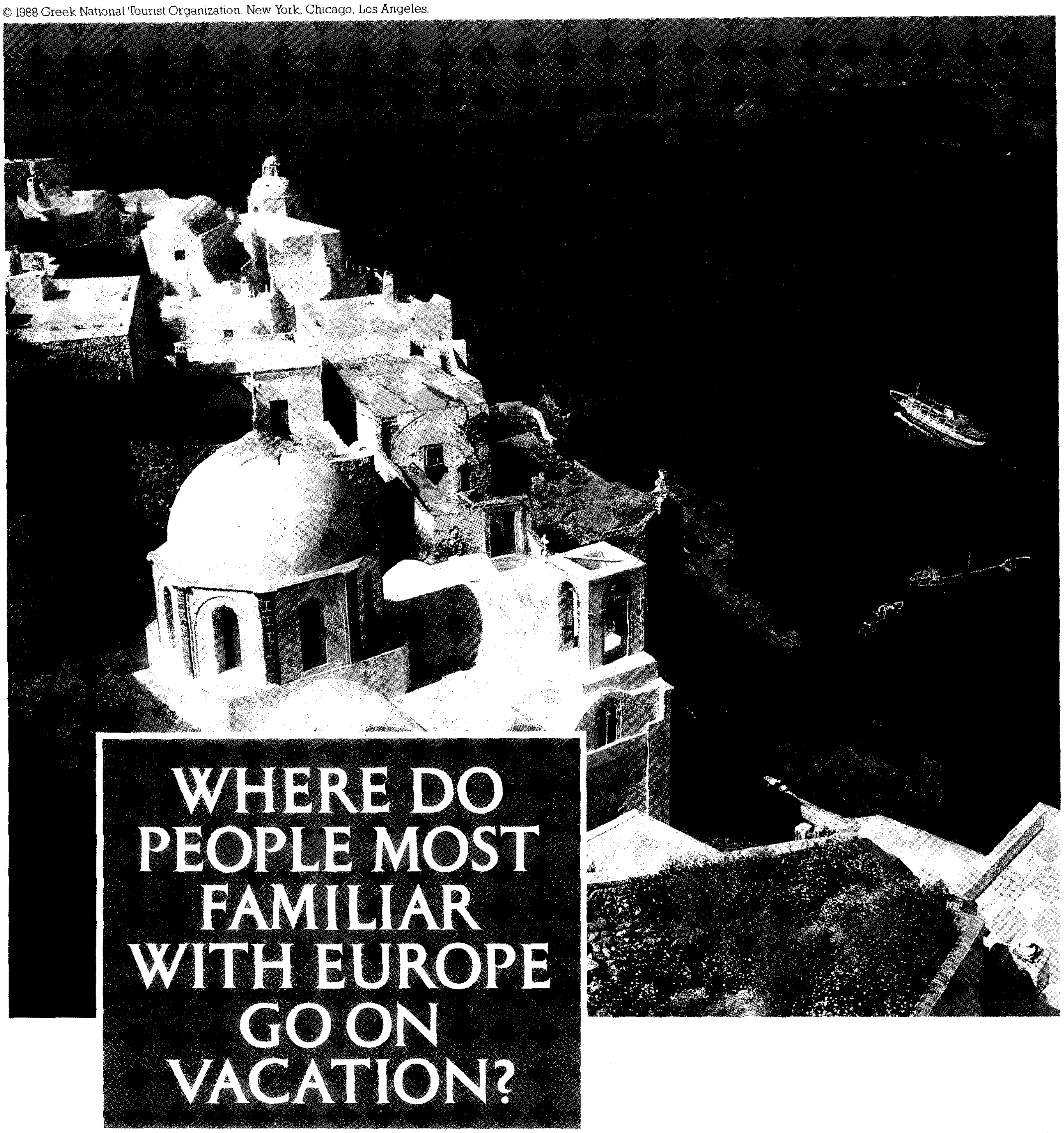

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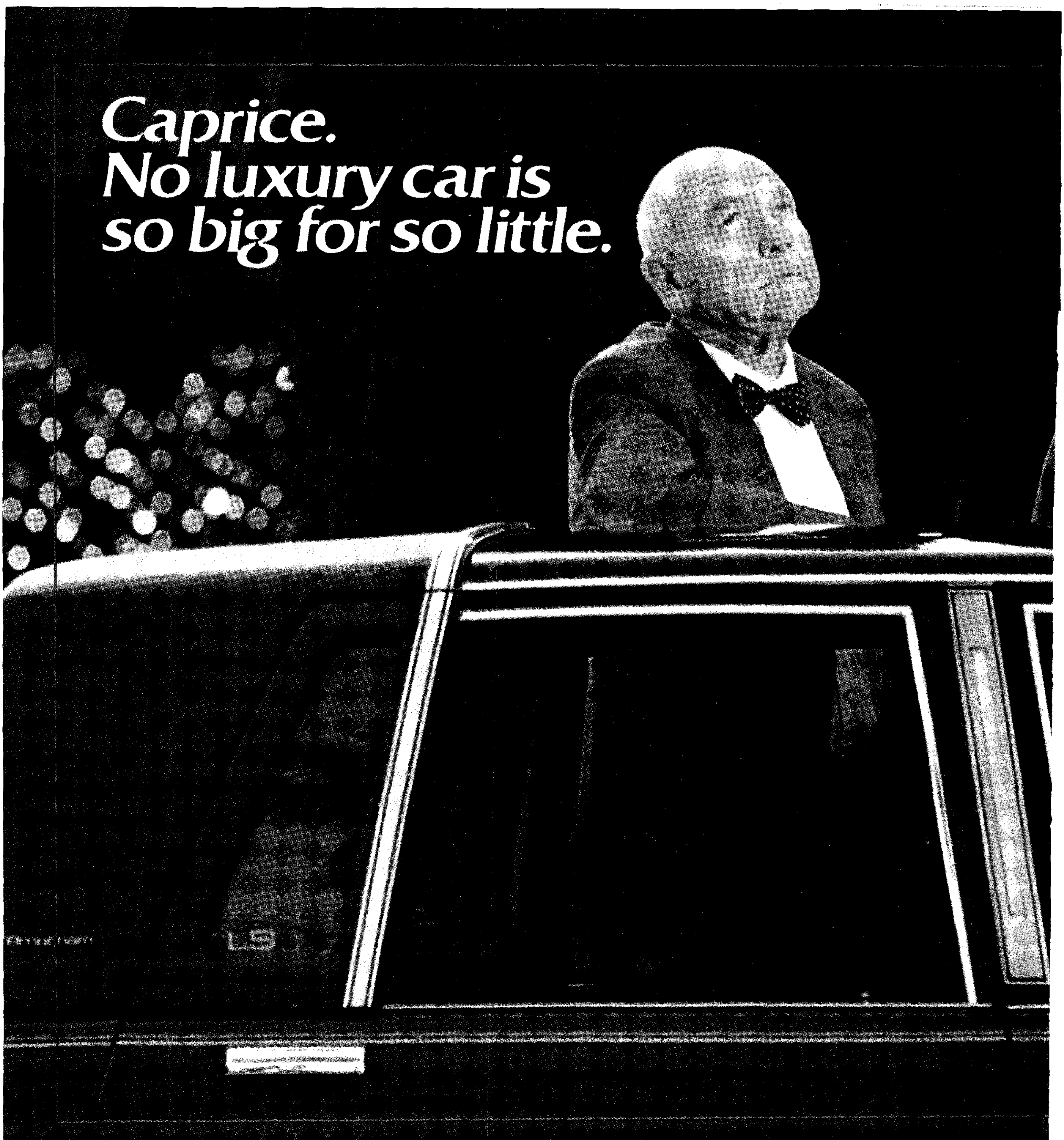

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Full-size luxury for six full-size people. Plus a 21-cu.-ft. trunk.

Power steering, power front disc brakes, AM/FM stereo standard.
Radio may be deleted for credit.

Posh Landau roof on Caprice Classic Brougham LS.

6-year/60,000-mile powertrain warranty.
See your Chevrolet dealer for terms and conditions of this limited warranty.

Affordably priced full-sized luxury.

THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA

TODAY'S CHEVROLET

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charges and optional equipment additional.

With 125 years experience caddying Turnberry,
Willie, Alex, and Sammy can judge the
course of your game from tee one. That is to say,
"Ye'll no do a thing, if ye've nae got that swing."
The good things in life stay that way.

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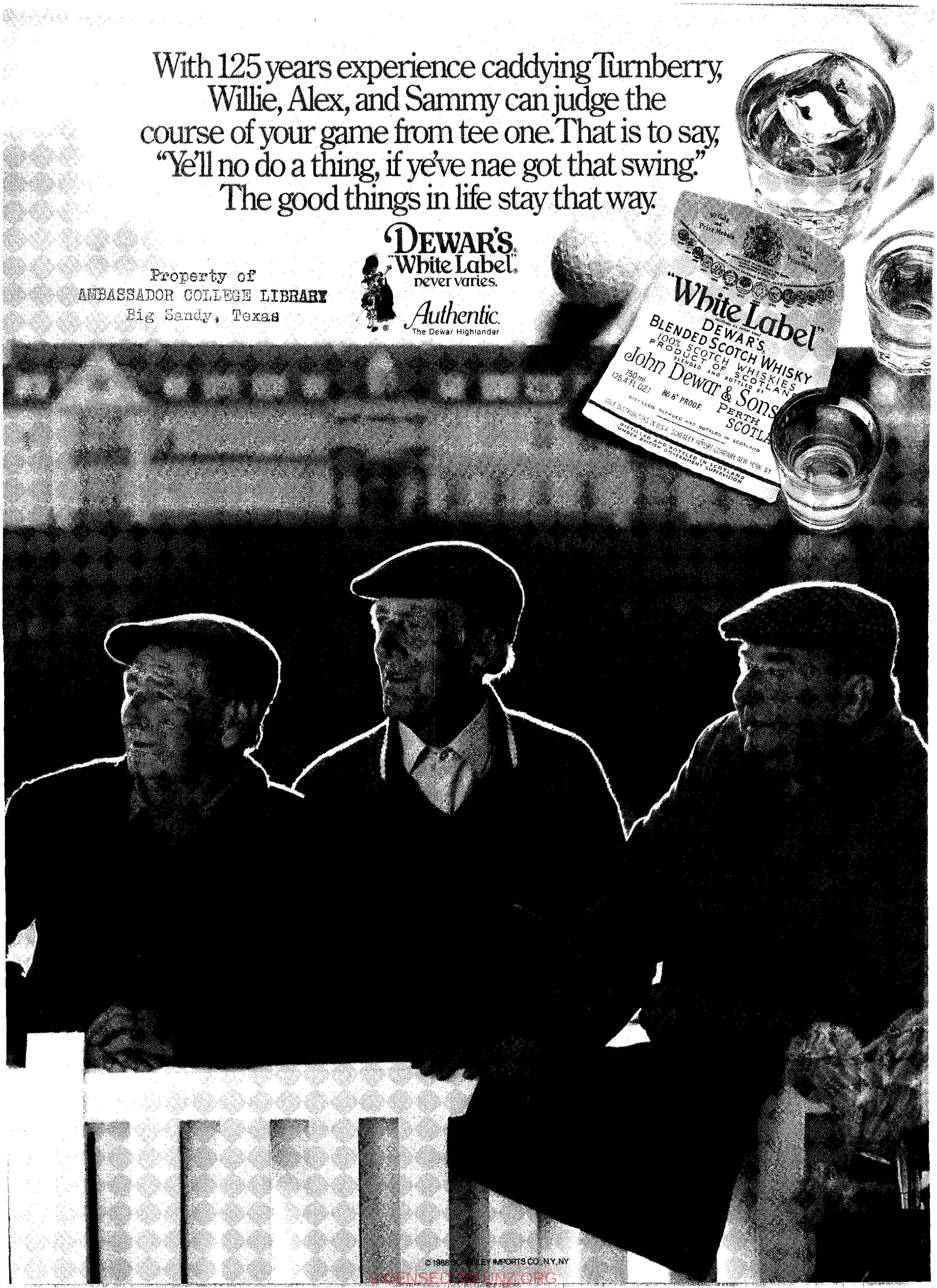

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